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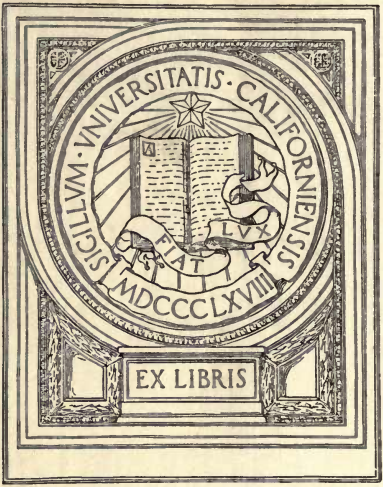

OWEN's

TRAVELS

INTO

DIFFERENT PARTS OF EUROPE,

In the Years 1791 and 1792.

VOL. II.

TRAVELS

INTO

DIFFERENT PARTS OF EUROPE,

IN THE YEARS 1791 AND 1792.

WITH

FAMILIAR REMARKS

ON

PLACES—MEN—AND MANNERS.

By JOHN OWEN, A. M.
LATE FELLOW OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

Mores, et Studia, et Populos—— VIRG. Georg. Lib. 4.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL JUN. AND W. DAVIES,
(SUCCESSORS TO MR. CADELL,) IN THE STRAND.

1796.

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INTO

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IN THE YEARS 1791 AND 1792.

WITH

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PEASANTS—MEN—AND MANNERS.

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LETTER LXXXIV.

Rome, Dec. 17, 1791.

I KNOW not a ſituation more delectably embarraſſing, than that in which I now find myſelf. Such is the vaſt extent of this city, whoſe walls deſcribe a circumference of near ſeventeen miles; and ſo numerous are the relics which yet cover, in various and divided heaps, this ground ſacred to tradition, that it is at once a work of time and addreſs to beſtow a ſhare of attention on thoſe which moſt merit ſelection. Though I have explored the city with patient aſſiduity for more than twelve days paſt, I appear ſcarcely to have made a beginning.

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The Capitol, as firſt in hiſtorical importance, was firſt in the liſt of my enquiries. The aſcent to the Campidoglio, the name it now bears, does not diſgrace the memory of its original magnificence. To the left, ſtands the church of Araceli, elevated above a flight of marble ſteps, once attached to the Temple of Quirinus;—to the right, the abrupt and diſfigured ruins of the Tarpeian Rock. The palace of the Senator in front, the public buildings on the right and left wing, and the equeſtrian monument of Marcus Aurelius in the centre, compoſe a groupe, which would not be thought wanting in dignity, could it be abſtracted from the recollection of the glories that are paſt. It was no ordinary pleaſure which poſſeſſed me, while I trod over this area upon which once reſted the Capitol. "Heavens! ſaid I, and am I "now treading the ſoil which once ſupported "the throne of univerſal empire? Where are "the Temples, and the Forums, the edifices "ſacred to religion, to polity, and to arms,

"which

" which covered this hallowed ground?
" Where are thoſe altars, before which vows
" of peace and hoſtility were made? Where
" are thoſe monuments erected by the ſpoils
" of war, and adorned with the trophies of
" victorious leaders? Alas! they are crumbled
" into ſhapeleſs ruins!"

It would require a volume to enumerate the treaſures preſerved in the Muſeum and different repoſitories of the modern Capitol. They conſiſt of ſtatues, baſſo relievos, ſepulchral monuments, deities Roman and Egyptian; works equally valuable for their exquiſite execution, as the age they bear. The celebrated ſtatue of the dying Gladiator, is a production worthy of all its fame; and poſſeſſes, in point of attitude and countenance, all that pathos which becomes the fallen and languiſhing combatant. A very maſterly groupe, repreſenting a Lion ſeizing upon a Horſe, and four baſſo relievos, relating to the hiſtory of Marcus Aurelius, are admirable productions. It appears extraordinary

that ſo many Temples could ever have exiſted upon a ſpot ſo confined as the Capitoline hill. Certain, however, it is, that very conſiderable changes have taken place in the form of this Hill, as the reduced altitude of the Tarpeian Rock ſufficiently demonſtrates. The old materials have ſo filled up the vallies, as to render it difficult to aſcertain, except upon maps, the preciſe limits of the antient diviſions.

It is by a very mean and ruinous track that the deſcent is made from the Capitol to the antient Forum, now known by the name of Campo Vaccino. It is humiliating to ſee what reverſes have here befallen the proudeſt atchievements of art. The Roman Forum exiſts no more. Its Arches are ſunk, and its Temples demoliſhed: yet noble veſtiges in each ſtill commemorate their paſt exiſtence. Columns ſurviving the general wreck yet totter on their baſes, and point to the traveller's eye where ſtood the ſacred edifices erected to Concord and to Jove. It is im-

poſſible not to feel indignant, in paſſing among theſe ſublime remains, at the barbarous neglect of the modern Romans; who ſuffer piles of rubbiſh to embarraſs and deform the moſt precious relics of antient architecture. Deformed, however, and embarraſſed as they are, by the waſte of time and the indolence of their poſſeſſors, they ſhew traces of art and magnificence, at which the mind, intent upon modern compariſons, is filled with aſtoniſhment.

The ignoble uſes to which this Forum is now converted, and the little reſpect which its monuments or its hiſtory ſeem to preſerve, act ſtrongly upon thoſe feelings which ariſe out of claſſical enthuſiaſm. I confeſs, when I ſaw the drover and the vagabond occupy that ground which was formerly poſſeſſed by gods and heroes,—when I ſaw the Temples, once conſecrated to religion and to eloquence, become haunts for beggars and ſtalls for cattle; I could not ſuppreſs the ſigh of indignation. Who,

that has read the ſtory of antient Rome, would refuſe a tear to her inſulted ruins?

LETTER LXXXV.

THE moſt celebrated monuments, which now exiſt as objects of the traveller's curioſity, are, next to thoſe glanced at in my laſt,—the Temple of Peace, the Palace of the Cæſars, and the Arch of Titus. The firſt of theſe exiſts in a ſublime range of ruined arches, from the roofs of which ſhoot up ſome yet undeſtroyed maſſes—the only remains of the ſecond ſtory. This Temple, built by Veſpaſian, upon the termination of the Jewiſh war, was, agreeably to every teſtimony, an edifice of the moſt ſuperlative beauty and grandeur. A column which now ſtands in one of the modern ſquares, affords a ſpecimen of its taſte and magnificence.

cence. Its ruins are noble. The majesty of Rome hovers over its broken arches, and time has given them, by a loose and grotesque vegetation, a finish, which scarcely allows one to regret that they ever sunk into decay.

Opposite to these—but little discoverable in this situation—stand the remains of the Imperial Palace, covering the Palatine Mount; and exhibiting, when viewed from the scite of the antient Circus Maximus, a very majestic and impressive picture. I have visited the vaults and subterraneous passages still existing; but, vapour and damp out of the question, one glimpse of the ruins themselves outweighs all that I saw within. It is not difficult, from a survey of what yet remains, to see how great and extensive this residence of imperial luxury must in its zenith have been.

The Arch of Titus is one of those monuments in which the valour of the Romans is more conspicuous than their humanity.

It ſtands at the foot of the Palatine Mount, at the point of egreſs from the Campo Vaccino, and covers the road once known as the Sacred Way. It is, in its preſent ſtate, a ruin full of beauty; and was doubtleſs, in the æra of Roman proſperity, a monument of great taſte. This Arch, we are told, was raiſed by a decree of the Senate: The different circumſtances ſuppoſed to have occurred in the ſacking of the Jewiſh metropolis, are exquiſitely expreſſed in tablets of relief. It is, upon the whole, an edifice of conſummate beauty, though already conſiderably injured, and falling faſt into decay. Fortunately for the hero whom it deſigns to commemorate, he has a memorial in the boſoms of thoſe with whom military monuments would find little reſpect. The Jews have formed a path round one of its ſides, and thus evade the neceſſity which they would elſe be under, of paſſing through the Arch. But delicacy, not authority—as has been reported—has effected this; and the

only

only edict they obey in this case, is that of their own feelings—escaping, by this expedient, the cruel chagrin of beholding this insulting memorial of the pillage of their city, and the destruction of their Temple.

Bernardino Baldi, an Italian poet, has a sonnet so closely connected with this subject, that I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of transcribing it. I have given it an English dress; but Italian beauty is not easily transfused into English metre:

Soletta siede lachrimosa e mesta,
Gran madre già di sacerdote e regi
La Giudea vinta, e de' passati pregi
Memoria alto dolor nel sen le desta.
Di gemme ed oro a l'infelice testa
Fan cerchio in vece orribili dispregi;
Ed in luogo ha di real manto e fregi
Servil catena e lacerata vesta.
Da barbarica man, d'empio tiranno
Di Dio già te sottrasse il braccio invitto,
Ingrata e tu del suo figliuol fai scempio?
Del ciel Tito, flagello al mondo scritto,
Mostra in quell' arco il tuo perpetuo danno,
Priva d'onor, di liberta, de tempio.

Lone,

Lone, tearful, ſad, amidſt the dreary plain,
Great parent erſt of prieſts and kings renown'd,
Judea vanquiſh'd ſits—the joys which crown'd,
Her happier days now wake regretful pain.
Grief circles round that brow, and rude diſdain,
Which once the gem-beſpangled chaplet bound;
Nor royal robe now floating ſweeps the ground,
But tatter'd veſt obſcene, and ſervile chain.
From barbarous thrall, and graſp of tyrant fell,
Thee erſt Jehovah's arm relentleſs freed;
And doſt thou, impious! ſlay his righteous ſon?
Titus ingrate! thy ſcourge, by Heaven decreed,
Shall in this arch thy ſhame eternal tell,
Spoil'd by his arms of freedom, temple throne!

LETTER LXXXVI.

AMONG the ruins of the modern Forum is the magnificent portico of a Temple conſecrated to Antoninus and Fauſtina, one third of which is ſunk into the ground; but the vaſt marble columns, and the exquiſite work-

workmanſhip of the remaining frieze and cornice diſcover its original grandeur. A temple of Romulus, and ſome inſulated columns, are alſo among thoſe which are held in repute. Upon a ſpot contiguous to the Arch of Titus, St. Peter is reported to have performed a notable miracle. Here it was, that Simon Magus, by the force of his ſorceries, raiſed himſelf into the air; but Peter fell on his knees, and prayed that the magician might be inſtantly ſtruck down to the earth, which happened accordingly. Upon this ſpot, aſcertained with the greateſt accuracy, the church of Santa Franceſca Romana was built many ages after; and the very ſtone upon which the Apoſtle knelt, is ſtill preſerved. It is incruſted in the wall, and incloſed by an iron grate: an inſcription records the hiſtory.

I muſt now take you under the Arch of Titus, in order that we may contemplate the moſt noble remnant of antient times, in the amphitheatre of Veſpaſian. Though

Goths

Goths and prieſts have raiſed in turns, and for different purpoſes, the deſtructive axe againſt this edifice,—it ſtill continues a ſublime monument of antient architecture, and would in itſelf ſuffice to preſerve the memory of the Roman name. It was upon his return from the Jewiſh war, that Veſpaſian built this amphitheatre. Twelve hundred captive Jews are ſaid to have been employed in this prodigious ſervice. The particulars of this remarkable building excite the greateſt aſtoniſhment. Enormous but uncemented maſſes of ſtone are in its formation adjuſted with ſo great ſymmetry and compactneſs, as at once to contribute an apparent lightneſs and a real ſolidity to the whole. The elevation of the ſoil has buried much of its baſe. Four orders of architecture in its perfect ſtate roſe above each other; and the magnificent appearance of what it once was, can be but feebly conjectured from what it now is. Its form is elliptical—its circumference two thouſand four hundred and

ſixteen

ſixteen feet, and it is eſteemed capable of containing a hundred thouſand ſpectators. The interior is now an heap of ruins.

A friar, upon whom I ſtumbled in my walks about this Coliſæum, aſſiſted me in exploring ſome of the more extraordinary paſſages. My aſtoniſhment was indeed great, on viſiting the upper ſtories, to ſee the ſtupendous maſſes of wall and roof which have yet ſurvived. But my conductor, intent upon religious tradition, began to recount to me the ſurprizing miracles performed here—the edifice being now entirely appropriated to religious exerciſes, and containing no leſs than thirteen chapels. A certain chriſtian Emperor, as the friar informed me, though he knew not his name,—made a viſit to Rome; and was, by the Pope then reigning, conducted to the Coliſæum. On quitting the place, the Imperial gueſt requeſted a relic. The Pope deſired him to take up a handful of duſt, ſaying, that this

this was the moſt precious relic he could beſtow. "How, ſaid the Emperor in amaze-"ment;—this is but duſt!" The pontiff then taking the duſt into his hand, it liquefied with the preſſure into a red ſtream: "This," ſaid he, "is the blood of the martyrs." My conductor aſſured me further, that the architect of the place was himſelf among the firſt who ſuffered martyrdom in it; and in confirmation of this fact, took me into a chapel, where a tablet affixed to the wall did actually record, that the architect, being converted to the chriſtian faith, was himſelf expoſed to the wild beaſts, among the firſt whoſe blood was ſhed within the walls of this theatre. This is, upon the whole, one of the grandeſt monuments which the imagination can paint. Though the arm of the Goth has ſtript the ornaments of bronze, time has dreſſed out its rugged walls with a precious foliage: and although the Porto di Ripetta, the Palace of St. Mark, Farneſe, and

others, have been clothed with its ſpoils, it ſtill remains, in its ſtate of decay, an indeſtructible monument of Roman grandeur.

It is in the neighbourhood of the Coliſæum, and upon the Via Triumphalis, that the Arch of Conſtantine ſtands. This is the moſt perfect building of that kind which Rome preſerves. But here, as elſewhere, the elevation of the ſoil has cut off the juſt proportions of the ſtructure; and cauſed it to wear an appearance, diſadvantageous to its juſt character. The Portal of San Gregorio—a church crowning the Celian hill—affords an admirable terrace for the proſpect of Rome's beſt remains. Here the eye takes in a groupe of objects at once numerous and ſublime; the magnificent Coliſæum ſtretching upon its greateſt diameter: oppoſed to this, the lighter cupolas of the Temples conſecrated to the Sun and Moon. From theſe, extending over the Palatine Hill, the roofs of the Imperial Palaces—the maſſy Arch of Conſtantine, and the picturesque ruins of Aqueducts,

ducts, compose a wonderful scene—a scene which it is impossible to view without strong and lively emotion.

Consider only the wars of the Romans, and you curse them:—consider their government, and you despise them:—their religion, and you pity them:—but look at their architectural monuments,—displaying all the majesty of genius,—and you must, in spite of yourself, admire them. For my own part, I can set no bounds to my ecstasy, when I stand amongst their ruins: I forget their vices, their idolatry, their cruelty, and exclaim,

"Surely, surely, these were famous men!"

LETTER LXXXVII.

Rome, Dec. 30, 1791.

THE feſtival of the Nativity is a very buſy time with both clergy and laity in this place. On the Eve of Chriſtmas, all the ſtreets of Rome were in extreme confuſion, and the images planted in different parts of the city were ſaluted with loud and frequent invocations. It is my misfortune to lodge in a convent, not forty yards diſtant from one of theſe Madonnas. For many nights previous to the Nativity, I was diſturbed, at a moſt unſeaſonable hour, by very noiſy chauntings, intermingled with ſoft reſponſes, from a number of children, who ſupported, as I learnt, in this religious burletta, the character of Angels.

High mass was, on the day of the Nativity, performed by the Pope at St. Peter's, where, on this occasion, there is no admittance but in full dress—for his Holiness, though stiling himself the "Servant of Servants," will not play off his holiday farces to any thing but bags and swords. In the different stages of this ceremonial, the attitudes of the Sovereign Pontiff were as ridiculous and varied as those of a posture-master. They placed him in a low chair—stripped him to his flannel waistcoat, and seemed disposed to shew him every indignity. This, as I imagined,—for it was pantomime throughout,—was to picture to us the humility of the Saviour. They did not, however, suffer him to continue long in this state of degradation. He was soon restored to his former splendor; and paraded before us, as we knelt, displaying his handsome leg and slipper, with much apparent satisfaction. I happened to be posted in an avenue which led to the grand altar, and therefore had

had an opportunity of obſerving cloſely every thing which was conveyed backwards and forwards by the numerous prieſts who attended. It was truly ludicrous to ſee five or ſix men in ſurplices, carrying with great ſolemnity as many diſhes of dreſſed up napkins, and meeting an equal number, who were, with the ſame religious grimace, carrying off thoſe that had been uſed.

I will not diſſemble the wearineſs I felt at the length of theſe ceremonies. His Holineſs was, it muſt be acknowledged, an admirable actor; but the Cardinals did not ſupport their parts with ſo good a grace; and a degree of coldneſs and indifferency pervaded the generality of the ſpectators—evidently portending ſome great approaching change. Devotion is certainly much on the decline. Subjects are handled in general converſation, which have little alliance with credulity and ſubmiſſion. In ſhort, the pillars of papal tyranny ſeem looſening apace; and its ultimate ſubverſion is an event which cannot

long be delayed. In the preſent ſituation of things, the energy operating from within will be aſſiſted by a powerful *impetus* from without; the majeſty of Papal Rome is unqueſtionably and irrevocably doomed to fall, and great will be the fall of it.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Rome, Jan. 4, 1792.

EVERY day increaſes my aſtoniſhment at the numerous remains which are ſtill extant of antient Rome. I had expected to find in every pile of ruins "a rudis indi-"geſtaque moles,"—ſome rude and ſhapeleſs heap, in which few or no veſtiges of their original beauty could be traced. But the treaſures of this city are not of that character, and they are incalculable in number. I am every day travelling to ſome new ſcene. Baths, Circuſes, Temples, Theatres, Aqueducts, Tombs, Obeliſks, &c. call my attention

tion on every ſide, and ſcarcely allow me to beſtow a moment's regard upon the modern ornaments of this auguſt city.

Of the antient *Baths*, the principal remains are thoſe of Caracalla, Diocleſian, and Titus. Very intereſting parts of each are yet in exiſtence, particularly of the two laſt. Thoſe of Diocleſian covered in their original ſtate an immenſe extent of ground, diſtinctly aſcertainable at the preſent time by the roofs and fragments of its walls. One of its chambers is, by an happy exerciſe of art, to which the modern Romans have not been univerſally attentive, converted into a church of great taſte and beauty. The ſubterraneous chambers of Titus's Baths, are yet, by the aſſiſtance of torches, exhibited. They are preceded by ſeven long Corridores, and the number of them is ſaid to amount to thirty-ſix. Some ingenious Arabeſques are ſtill diſcernible upon the walls. The ſpot where theſe Baths are ſituated, was not a little celebrated in ancient times. In its

vicinity, beſides the famous Gardens of Mæcenas, were the Houſes of Horace, Virgil, and Propertius.

The *Circuſes* of greateſt fame are the Circus Maximus, and that of Caracalla. But the naked areas of them are all that now remain. Of *Temples* I have ſpoken in part, when treading over the ground of the Campo Vaccino. The Pantheon, deſervedly placed in the firſt rank, is a building of the moſt exquiſite beauty, but encloſed in a ſituation ſo extremely confined, that all the effect of its ſublime façade is deſtroyed. The magnitude of its columns and the ſymmetry of its proportions, give it a character beyond all praiſe. The interior has been ſo often deſcanted upon, and ſo critically deſcribed, that I ſhall content myſelf with acquieſcing in what others have ſaid—as two opinions cannot exiſt in relation to that, which combines in one perfect example, all that is moſt excellent and admirable in the ſcience of architecture.

The *Theatre* of Marcellus, a conſiderable part of which enters into one of the modern ſtreets, and ſome rude remains of the Military Theatre, are, next to the Coliſæum, the moſt remarkable in this department: and the various arches and walls which once exiſted as Aqueducts, are ſome of the moſt ſtupendous ruins in the catalogue of Roman remains. Indeed the *Aqueducts* and *Baths* are among the moſt ſurpriſing teſtimonies of that grandeur which Rome in her glory muſt have poſſeſſed. All that this people undertook was deemed worthy of perfection; and trifles the leaſt ſignificant acquired a dignity in their hands. Of the Baths of Diocleſian in particular, ſo vaſt is the extent, ſo ſumptuous the ornaments, ſo commodious the apartments appropriated for ſtudy, for exerciſe, for indolence; ſo numerous the Cabinets, Libraries and Repoſitories of the fine arts, as well as the Sanctuaries for eaſe and luxury; that the feelings are rouzed into rapturous admiration at the diſplay of ſuch amazing magnificence.

LETTER LXXXIX.

THE Romans were very ſtrict on the ſubject of burials, and guarded very carefully againſt the interment of human bodies within the walls of the city. On ſome extraordinary occaſions, an honor of this kind was granted, but it was eſteemed a mark of ſingular diſtinction. There exiſts at this day, in one of the ſtreets conducting to the Capitol, a ſepulchral monument incorporated in the walls of the houſes now inhabited. From that portion of the inſcription which yet remains, it appears that Caius Bibulus, Ædile, was the man to whom this honor was decreed; and that the ſignal ſervices he rendered the ſtate, had procured him this rare and unuſual teſtimony of public regard.

It is upon the highways, and the different roads which iſſue from the gates of the city,

city, that the antient Tombs are found; and there are yet extant ſome very valuable remains of this deſcription. Encloſed in a vineyard is a ſubterraneous vault, which, by the aſſiſtance of torches, preſents to the view a range of inſcriptions to the memory of the celebrated family of the Scipios. It impreſſed me with ſentiments of high veneration, to deſcend among the manes of Rome's antient Heroes:

"Quis te, magne Cato, tacitum; aut te, Coſſe, relinquat?
"Quis Gracchi genus? aut geminos, duo fulmina belli,
"Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ?"—

VIRG.

Some looſe fragments of what once were columns, ſcatter the ground under which this vault paſſes; and ſhrubs loaded with luſcious oranges, over-hang the avenue which opens upon that ſpot, "thus ſacred "by their relics made."

The Capo di Bove, as it is now called, and anciently the Tomb of Metella, is a Monu-

Monument of unparalleled beauty in its kind, and ſtands at a little remove from the Appian Way. It is a circular building, raiſed upon a quadrangular baſe. By a ſimilarity of ſtructure to the Coliſæum, the materials of which it is compoſed unite without cement; and reſemble, by their accuracy and compactneſs, a ſolid block of ſtone, chiſeled into its preſent form. The Pyramid of Caius Ceſtius is another ſepulchral monument of great eſtimation. It is a building of conſiderable height and magnitude, in a pyramidical form, compoſed of marble in its exterior, and overlaid with ſtucco in the interior—decorated with paintings of vaſes, and various ſymbols, alluſive to the office of Septemvir, which he held. This Monument ſtands by the Oſtian gate, in a field, part of which is appropriated to the interment of thoſe ſtrangers and heretics, who, dying in the diſbelief of what they cannot underſtand, are not held worthy of chriſtian burial. The Caſtel St. Angelo was itſelf,

itſelf, in its antient ſtate, a ſepulchral monument, and bore the name of Moles Adriani—a name which a ſingle *coup d'œil*, without any reference to tradition, diſcovers it eminently to have deſerved.

Of the Mauſoleum of Auguſtus, the magnificence may be conceived from a ſight of the baſe, and the deſigns given from the accounts of ſucceſſive writers. A large circular maſs of wall, with paſſages and arches, is all that now exiſts of this edifice, intended to perpetuate the fame of a man, who ſought to conceal the oppreſſor of public virtue, in the patron of the arts. But Time, the great ally of Truth, has pierced the veil which covered his real character; and notwithſtanding the venal incenſe of the Poets, he has juſtly incurred that univerſal indignation and hatred, which he appears to have been ſo eagerly ſolicitous to avert.

LETTER XC.

WHEREVER the eye turns, the full intereſt of the mind accompanies its enquiries. The Fountain of Egeria, whoſe remains are ſtill extant, throw no new light upon the hiſtory of Numa: yet it is impoſſible to view ſo wild and groteſque a ruin, without receiving a ſtrong impreſſion of fact and circumſtance; and familiarizing to the mind the deſigns of that Legiſlator, in a manner which no tradition or recital can effect. There is a conſiderable degree of romantic beauty in what has ſurvived of this antient cave. It is over-arched with a wild and pictoreſque ſhrubbery; and the ground is ſtrewed with the fragments of thoſe ſtatues ſacred to the Muſes, which once adorned its niches.

But

But of all the *picturesque* ruins which Rome poſſeſſes, thoſe of the Temple of Minerva Medica are the moſt delicious and enchanting. In its perfect ſtate this Temple was decagonal, with niches in each of its compartments, and covered in with a cupola. The form of this Temple is ſufficiently preſerved in its ruins, and bears the marks of the moſt chaſte and perfect ſymmetry. The cupola is conſtructed with an accuracy and lightneſs, to which I have yet ſeen no parallel. Part is indeed fallen; yet ſo delicate have been the touches of decay, that all its proportions are minutely diſcoverable. Vegetation has healed the wounds of time, and ſcattered a luxuriant verdure over its tottering walls and mutilated arches. A variegated foliage depends from the different chaſms of the edifice, and adorn this charming relic of antiquity with imperiſhable tints.

I have made no mention of the Temple of Veſta, of Bacchus, of the Arch of Janus, the Forum of Nerva, and a hundred other

ſuch monuments. They are ſubjects indeed of admiration and ſtudy, and though incloſed for the moſt part by walls and houſes, they have beauties which no circumſtances of diſadvantage have been able to deſtroy. Such indeed is the negligence and ill taſte of theſe degenerate Romans, that the column of Trajan—the firſt object of its kind in the world—is placed in a mean and narrow ſpot, ſcarcely acceſſible for the filth which is ſuffered to ſurround it. The column of Antoninus, which is in the ſecond claſs, has fortunately a more favourable poſition. It is made a central ornament to a ſquare which bears its name—and is one of the handſomeſt in Rome. Veſtiges of the antient bridges, and particularly thoſe of the Pons Sublicius, are diſcernible in the Tiber, when its waters are ſunk a little below their ordinary level. And along its ſhores are yet viſible, the remains of various antient buildings.

It is among thoſe pleaſures which I value moſt, to ramble along the banks of this antient ſtream. Doubtleſs its ſands are immenſely rich, and were it not for the apprehenſion of ſome peſtilence from ſo large a maſs of ſtagnant water, the Jews would have drawn an ample profit from their engagement to cleanſe the channel of the Tiber, for the chance of its treaſures. But the air of the Campagna is ſufficiently infected already by noxious exhalations, and the waters of this river, if turned into the plains, would probably generate ſo great a corruption of the atmoſphere, as would not eaſily be ſubdued. The complexion of the Tiber muſt have undergone ſome changes in different periods of its hiſtory. The name of Albula, which it once bore, has far leſs relation to its real aſpect, than the "Flavus Tiberis," which it afterwards acquired. The yellowneſs of its ſurface is, indeed, ſcarcely peculiar to the Tiber. It belongs

belongs in a degree to all the rivers in Italy, whoſe waters are uniformly turbid.

Independent of its claſſical fame, the Tiber has little to boaſt. It makes, before its arrival at Rome, a courſe of one hundred and fifty miles, riſing among the Appennines in Tuſcany, and receiving on its way the tribute of forty-two ſtreams, till it falls into the ſea at the diſtance of eighteen miles from Rome. Rivers, it ſhould ſeem, partake of the chances which their cities experience. Rome had her reign; and fate allows no perpetuity to the ſuperiority of ſtates. Britain, once her vaſſal, looks down with proud contempt upon her ruins:—

"And Tiber's gods now bend to thoſe of Thames."

LETTER XCI.

Rome, Jan. 6, 1792.

THE political convulsions of so large a portion of the Catholic empire as France are not idly regarded here. Independent of that blow which St. Peter's successor has experienced in the south, by the loss of his hereditary dominions, the general apostacy of the country from the papal faith, and all its probable consequences, are said to excite serious commotions in the breast of the Pontiff.

In the commencement of that revolution which has changed so completely the aspect of France, steps of precaution were deemed necessary in the ecclesiastical dominions. The spirit of change was thought epidemical by the Holy Father, and the priests were ordered to double their diligence. Masses

were multiplied; proceſſions were more frequently repeated, and all the ſymbols of impoſing ſuperſtition were brought out, to retain the allegiance of a credulous multitude to the worſt government and the moſt corrupt faith in Chriſtendom. It ſhould indeed have appeared unneceſſary, and even impoſſible, to augment the ſervices of devotion in a city like Rome. The *ordinaries* engage ſo large a portion of the day, that I am at a loſs to know where the *extraordinaries* would find a place.

For ſome days after my arrival, I could not command the ſervices of any manufacturer—days of devotion, faſts, and feſtivals, crouded ſo thick upon them, that the plan of their labours ſuffered a moſt fatal interruption. The conception of the Virgin, which fell in the firſt week of my reſidence here, was a day of great and ſolemn proceſſion—monks, friars, prieſts of every order and fraternity, from the portly Benedictine to the ghaſtly brother of St. Francis,

paraded the ſtreets. Lighted tapers and prodigious crucifixes were the ornaments they bore, and the ſtreets reſounded with their anthems and chaunts. In this ſuite was that poor and miſerable ſhadow of Rome's antient authority, the *Senator*, mounted upon his palfrey, and trailed behind this groupe of religious actors. It was new to me, and I gazed at it with that degree of curioſity, which, making allowance for ſome portion of indignation, is not wholly without its pleaſures. But how thoſe who found no novelty, could find any delight in ſuch a pantomime, was a myſtery which nothing can account for, but the wretched credulity of the human mind when kept from the means of knowledge. To the plebeian croud, this groteſque proceſſion communicated an involuntary impulſe; convulſed their countenances, threw them on their knees, and ſeemed to "bring "all Heaven before their eyes."

The churches, which approach very nearly the number of four hundred, are rarely without ſome worſhippers: I have viſited them at all hours, and been generally obliged to mix with pilgrims and devotees, in order to obtain a ſight of their altars. The ſtreets are lined with chapels, crucifixes, and altars: "black, white, and "grey; cowls, hoods, and habits," with their wearers, fill every avenue of the city. Religion is the ſtaple commodity of the place—"indulgences, diſpenſes, pardons," are the only articles of commerce which have any repute at Rome; and to judge from the liveries of the cardinals, who are undoubtedly the principal merchants, this has not yet ceaſed to be, malgrè the ridicule of half Europe, a lucrative traffic. Indeed, the clergy are ſo interwoven in every condition of the ſtate; they are either nobles, or related to nobles, and their houſehold contains ſo many plebeian dependants, that if you take the church as a body, and add to it

ſome

ſome few ſcores of artiſts, maccaroni-dealers, lacqueys, and beggars, (the laſt of which are in a very great proportion,) you will have the ſum of the population of Rome.

LETTER XCII.

Rome, Jan. 10, 1792.

I TOLD you in my laſt, that his Holineſs, as not among the leaſt intereſted, was not among the leaſt diſturbed at the changes in the civil and eccleſiaſtical ſyſtems which France has adopted. The projected eſcape of Louis XVI. was therefore an event of no ſmall moment to the court of Rome; and from the very early intelligence, which this and other courts received, of this ſuppoſed ſucceſsful expedition, it ſhould ſeem to have been a meaſure concerted in very high councils. The Pontiff is ſaid to have ſur-

rendered himſelf, upon the firſt intelligence of his Majeſty's eſcape, to the tranſports of joy which he could not but feel. He penned a brief expreſſive of his congratulations, and diſpatched upon this ſervice, to the moſt Chriſtian King, a nuntio extraordinary. As this curioſity may not yet have fallen into your hands, I will give you ſome extracts expreſſive of the Pontiff's joy; vouching however, no further for the authenticity of the whole, than I am borne out by general opinion, and by the internal evidence it bears.

After declaring with what joy himſelf, the Cardinal de Bernis, the royal aunts, and the inhabitants of Rome, received the intelligence of his Majeſty's eſcape from the hands of the outrageous and inhuman Pariſians, whoſe barbarities had ſo much diſturbed his Holineſs's quiet, he proceeds:

" Nunc vero hæc omnia tanto ſolantur
" magis, quod hoc ipſo egreſſu tuo perci-
" piamus, qui tuus ſemper animus fuerit
" erga

" erga religionem, atque ecclesiam, ac erga
" egregios illos penè omnes Galliarum an-
" tistites, quibus summa est, vel per exilia
" dispersis, in fide, omnique virtute constan-
" tia. Quid jam dicemus de immenso bo-
" norum virorum numero, de profuga præ-
" clara illa nobilitate in te respiciente, pro
" teque capita sua devovente? Horum om-
" nium te in libertatem vindicato, teque
" suo recepto rege cumulantur in nos gau-
" dia; eorumque de te vota, spesque maxima
" in nos nunc ipsos redundant."

" These our anxieties are the more com-
" pletely relieved, inasmuch as we perceive
" in your departure, a proof of that affec-
" tion you have ever born to religion, the
" church, and its dignified prelates, who,
" though dispersed and exiled, still maintain
" a constancy in faith and virtue. Need
" we mention the illustrious nobles, those
" numerous and worthy characters whose
" eyes are fixed upon you, and who are
" ready to serve you with the sacrifice of

" their lives? The joys they feel at the " liberation and recovery of their monarch " are ardently ſhared by us: the vows they " breathe, the hopes they nouriſh, are our " own."

The Holy Father then adds, how fervent his thanks have been to the Deity; and he concludes by the following prayer, to which is annexed the apoſtolic ſalutation:—" Im- " ploramus tibi promptum, pacificum, glo- " rioſum in regnum reditum, receptam ad te " *priſtinam* poteſtatem tuam, reductas leges, " juraque *omnia* reſtituta. Te illuc religio " deducat, cum ampliſſimo præſulum in ſuas " ſedes redeuntium comitatu: tecum illa " regnet in populos, quorum jam contu- " maciam licentiamque fregerit; volenteſque " animos ad mores, ad pietatem, ad officia, " revocant," &c.

" We pray for your ſpeedy, peaceful, and " glorious return to the kingdom of your " anceſtors; a recovery of your *antient* au- " thority; a re-eſtabliſhment of the laws and

" rights

" rights of all.—There may religion conduct
" you, escorted by the goodly company of
" returning prelates: may this assist you, by
" subduing revolt and licentiousness, to bring
" back the minds of your subjects to piety,
" good morals, and allegiance," &c.

I could not refuse myself the pleasure of putting these, which are the most emphatic parts of the Pontiff's brief, into an English dress. In what manner the counterpart of this transaction operated upon his feelings, and I might add—if such a thing can reside in the breast of a Pope—his pride, the extracts will enable you to conclude.—You will also perceive, if you had not already conjectured it, that the Pontiff's demands go to the full restitution of the antient authority, civil and ecclesiastical; so that the National Assembly and the holy conclave are not likely soon to agree.

LETTER XCIII.

THE Farneſe, the Borgheſe, the Barberini, the Ruſpiglioſi, the Spada, are accounted among the principal palaces in this wonderful metropolis, and moſt abounding in works of antient and modern art. I cannot avoid particularizing, among thoſe ſubjects from which I have received the moſt pleaſure, the four Evangeliſts by Guido. Theſe claimed the more attention, as ſimilar portraits by Guercino, have already been critically noticed in the palace Ricardi at Florence. Two ſtatues, repreſenting ſeverally "the Sleeping Faun," and "the Sick "Satyr," were diſtinguiſhed by the extreme accuracy of their expreſſion, and delicacy of execution. "The Sick Satyr" would make a very excellent counterpart to "the Dan-

"cing

" cing Faun," in the Tribune at Florence. All which I have now named, are in the Barbarini palace.

The famous ſtatue of Pompey, at the feet of which Cæſar fell by the hand of Brutus, is a coloſſal figure, of bold and manly character; and is the principal treaſure which the Palace Spada poſſeſſes. The Ruſpiglioſi derives its chief reputation from that incomparable work of Guido, repreſenting " the " Aurora." It has been ſo often engraved, that a tranſcript of its beauties—ſo far as freſcoes can be copied into miniatures—is in the collection of every one who is at all an amateur of the fine arts. The compoſition is itſelf ſufficiently poetical: Apollo ſeated in his flaming car; the roſy-fingered hours dancing around; Aurora piercing the clouds before his courſers; and Cupids gently " ſcattering the rear of darkneſs thin," are images which the mind of the Poet muſt have furniſhed to the hand of the Painter. Notwithſtanding the criticiſms of which this

this painting has been the ſubject, it is, upon the whole, one of the moſt charming productions I have ever ſeen.

The villas are ſcarcely leſs numerous than the palaces, and they are for the moſt part repoſitories of all that is valuable in the fine arts. The villa Albani is a paragon of magnificence, *virtu*, and good taſte. The villa Medicis was once of great character, but the gallery at Florence has been enriched at its expence, and it is now falling faſt into decay. The Borgheſe is a ſpecimen of admirable taſte, as well in the diſtribution of its grounds, as in the treaſures of its cabinets. There is in one of its ſaloons, a baſſo relievo, repreſenting Curtius precipitating himſelf into the gulph, which is a moſt maſterly work of the kind,—though the countenance is perhaps rather expreſſive of the deſpairing lover, than of the hero and patriot. It is in this collection that the famous ſtatue of "David ſlinging the Stone," by Bernini, is found. The character of David

was never more groſsly conceived; but as a "ſlinger," the ſtatue has merit. When I entered the room, in the centre of which it ſtands, I ſtarted, and ſeemed to feel an emotion of alarm and apprehenſion reſpecting the iſſue of the throw. Of the far-famed fighting Gladiator, it may be ſaid, that it is one of thoſe prodigies of art, which defy criticiſm, and ſtretch beyond the line of panegyric. The figure is thrown into an attitude moſt favourable to vigorous attack, and ſecure defence. The right hand is prepared to ſtrike, the left to parry. Nothing can do juſtice to the merit of this ſtatue, but the ſilent contemplation of its excellencies. Countenance and figure exactly harmonize; and the full energy of poſition is rendered, with the ſtricteſt obſervance of anatomical preciſion. This ſtatue was found at Antium, in the gardens of Nero; and is no leſs in point of accuracy than effect, one of the moſt perfect remains of Grecian ſculpture.

But

But my diſquiſitions upon palaces and villas, paintings and ſtatues, have run beyond all reaſonable limits. It is difficult to ſuppreſs thoſe feelings of admiration, which a ſucceſſion of ſuch miracles of art is calculated to excite. I am enjoying a ſort of paradiſaical viſion, not leſs enchanting than the viſion of Mirza; and you may expect, that on leaving this place I ſhall conclude my narrative with ſaying, in the words of the oriental allegoriſt, "And I awoke, and be- " hold it was a dream."

LETTER XCIV.

THE cathedral of St. Peter would of itſelf ſuffice to elevate this metropolis to a diſtinguiſhed rank among the cities of Europe. The ſtreet which conducts to it from the bridge of St. Angelo, is one of the meaneſt

meaneſt in Rome; but the open area before the church offers the moſt magnificent ſpectacle that the eye can take in. Two ſemi-circular—or ſemi-eliptical ranges of columns, ſeverally compoſed of four rows, from the right and left wing. Two fountains of uncommon beauty play on each ſide; and in the centre ſtands an Egyptian obeliſk, the only one in Rome which has eſcaped entire from the ravages of time.

The façade of St. Peter is rich, and ſtupendouſly ornamented; but the component parts are perhaps too numerous. The eye looks in vain for bold and prominent parts. The interior is all that wealth, taſte, and ſuperſtition can contribute, to create ſublimity and beauty. Altars, walls, and floor are overlaid with marbles of every grain and colour. One hundred and twelve lamps of ſilver, continually light up that hallowed altar, beneath which is imagined to repoſe the mortal part of St. Peter. And the ſpiral columns which ſupport the canopy, conſiſt

conſiſt of one hundred and ninety thouſand pounds weight of bronze—the whole of which was taken from the portico of the antient Pantheon. This circumſtance may in itſelf ſuffice to expreſs, what muſt have been the wealth and magnificence of that Temple, conſecrated to all the gods.

The aſcent of the ball and croſs is very commodious, paſſing between the exterior and interior cupola. Arrived at the ſummit of the cupola, the ball is entered by a ladder; and will, by computation, contain ſixteen perſons. As the extent of curioſity is not readily aſcertained, a ſecond ladder is affixed to the exterior of the croſs, for the accommodation of thoſe who are diſpoſed to ſtretch to its extreme length the chord of ſafety. Of the Vatican it is impoſſible to be ſilent, and difficult to ſpeak. The chapel of Sixtus, the Clementine Muſæum, the painted Corridores, the immenſe Library, are ſeverally ſuch as might well conſtitute the ſubject of a volume. The Muſæum is daily

receiving

receiving improvement. A large bath of porphyry is among the additions which Pius VI., who is a great patron of the arts, is making to this noble collection of antiques. It may give you some idea of the superiority of the artists of Rome's better days, to be told, that this substance, which in the vases and baths of the antients received so high a polish, will scarcely yield to any instrument of modern temper; and though numbers are employed to restore in this bath the beauty which time has impaired, the process is attended with great difficulty and expence.

Of the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Antinous, &c. it is now too late to indulge in amplification: genius and criticism have united in their admiration: the sculptor, the painter, and the poet, have transcribed them into models, designs, and descriptions, and the warmest breathings of enthusiasm could find no term, but what has been already employed in their praise. The countenance and

preſence of the Apollo is, in my judgment, a better expoſition of what the antients intended by the term *Numen*, than all that the lucubrations of the learned have offered. The countenance of Laocoon has been thought too little expreſſive of anxiety for his children. But the artiſt copied nature and Virgil, in making the feelings of the parent ſubordinate to the agonies of the man:

" Ille ſimul manibus tendit divellere nodos,
" Perfuſus ſanie vitas atroque veneno;
" Clamores ſimul horrendos ad ſidera tollit.

ÆN. Lib. 2.

The Laſt Judgment, of Michael Angelo, and the School of Athens, by Raphael, are ſtudies upon which the mind is more delighted to fix, than to expatiate. The plans which Ganganelli formed, Pius VI. has proſecuted with much taſte, and at a vaſt expence. Such is the ſuperlative excellence of this repoſitory of the fine arts, that however

ever devoutly the fall of the ſpiritual Babylon is to be wiſhed, one cannot help pronouncing of this emanation of its grandeur, "Eſto perpetuum!"

LETTER XCV.

THE church of St. John de Lateran, next to St. Peter's, is that to which the admiration of the traveller and the devotion of the pilgrim are principally directed. It is indiſputably a Temple of great beauty and magnificence. The interior of this church is divided into five ſpacious aiſles, the central being adorned with coloſſal ſtatues of the twelve Apoſtles; and the ſeveral altars and chapels abound in ornaments of great value and taſte. Rich as this church is in gold and ſilver, it is richer ſtill in precious relics. They have the ge-

ruine heads of St. Peter and St. Paul; they have the pillar on which the cock crew, when the former denied his maſter; and many other things no leſs eſtimable in the view of the believing and devout catholic.

Appendages to this Baſiliſk, are the Baptiſtery of Conſtantine, in which yet ſtands, if tradition lie not—the very baſon of porphyry in which that prince received his baptiſm from the hands of Silveſter. I could not help remarking, that over one of the chapels an inſcription declared it to be a ſanctuary of the greateſt purity, and forbad the entrance of women. There is alſo affixed to an antient wall, a ſpecies of altar, known by the name of the Triclinium. What renders this of importance is, the irrefragable proof it contains of the juſt authority of the papal Chair over the States and Sovereigns of Chriſtendom. This is no other than an antient moſaic, repreſenting the Coronation of Charlemagne, by Leo III. who, in the act of giving him the crown, *undoubtedly*

edly transferred to that famous monarch the empire of the Weſt. Notwithſtanding the idle cavils of heretics, this is regarded as an unequivocal and unconditional acknowledgment of the pontifical right, and a complete refutation of the impious reaſonings of thoſe who preſume to controvert the claims of the Succeſſor of St. Peter.

There is, beſides, immediately adjoining to the church, a curioſity deemed infinitely precious—I mean the Scala Santa. Twenty-eight ſteps of marble, which once conducted to Pontius Pilate's houſe, and which were, by that great importreſs of religious relics, Helen, mother of Conſtantine, conveyed hither from Jeruſalem, now form a Theatre for the moſt ridiculous farce that ever aſſumed a religious name. It is imagined, that to aſcend thoſe ſteps with true devotion will infallibly bring down bleſſings from Heaven upon the head of the climber. As the ſtairs are too ſacred to admit of contact with the feet, the aſcent is made by a ſpecies of

motion, which has no name in language. The variety of perſons of all ages, ſexes, and conditions, reſorting hither, is aſtoniſhing. The altar to which it conducts, contains an image of our Saviour, begun by St. Luke and finiſhed by an Angel. The virtue which ariſes from an union of this portrait with the marble ſtair-caſe, is conceived to be more efficacious, than any thing of the ſame claſs, the holy houſe of Loretto not excepted.

Indeed, there are ſo many mechanical ways of compoſing the conſcience at Rome, that I am at no loſs to account for the profligacy which abounds on the one part, and from the religious artifice and induſtry practiſed on the other. Various tablets in the churches, and even in the public ways, announce the promiſe of pardon for many days, upon a ſimple repetition of ſome well-known prayer. The name of the Pope who has made ſuch bequeſt, is uſually affixed, with as much formality, as though the

pardon of ſins were a ſpecies of real eſtate, and could be willed and bequeathed *in ſæcula ſæculorum.* I am confident that the aggregate of pardons, which a diligent worſhipper might collect in a week from the different grants of the Popes and Prelates, would extend beyond the ordinary neceſſities of purgatorial purification.

LETTER XCVI.

THE church of Santa Maria Maggiore, follows the Lateran in rank. Riches and ornaments are laviſhed in profuſion upon this edifice. Oriental diaſper, agate, and all imaginable decorations, are the trappings of its altars. Among the important relics preſerved here, is the *Culla Sacra,* or identical Cradle uſed in the infancy of our Saviour. This is elevated among the ceremonies of

the Chriſtmas Eve. The prieſthood are very unwilling to allow a near view of theſe precious depoſits. Upon preſſing the guide to grant me a ſight of it, "Coſpetto!" exclaimed he, "ſi moſtra ſoltanto ai re;" *i. e.* "It is only ſhewn to kings."

The church of San Paolo, out of the walls, is the fourth and laſt of theſe ſacred edifices which have the Porta Sancta, and hold the firſt rank in the liſt of Chriſtian Temples; and I have no where ſeen a building which better deſerves the attention of the curious. No leſs than one hundred and eighteen vaſt columns of precious marble ſupport the roof of this church. Theſe, diſtributed into four ranks, divide the area of the church into five majeſtic aiſles. Of theſe columns, twenty-four are of a choice ſpecies of marble, called Pavonazzetto, of a ſingle block each, in the manner of the antient artiſts. The reſt are either of Parian marble, porphyry, &c. The arch which terminates the aiſle, reſts upon ten of the

largeſt

largeſt granite columns. In one of the chapels, a Crucifix is erected, very famous in the records of the church, for having once harangued St. Bridget. The lordly Benedictines, to whom this church and monaſtery belong, have amaſſed immenſe riches by theſe impudent frauds. One is aſtoniſhed that the thunderbolts of Heaven delay their vengeance. Under the great altar of this church, the body of St. Paul is ſaid to be depoſited; though St. John de Lateran has the head of this Apoſtle, and St. Sebaſtian his aſhes. Pretenſions like theſe are not eaſily reconcilable. Upon the road which conducts to this church from the gate, and antiently known as the Oſtian way, little altars pretend to aſſign the ſpot at which St. Paul bade St. Peter adieu, when going to be martyred;—that at which he received a bandeau, to cover his eyes; and laſtly, that at which he bowed his head to the axe.

Santa Maria della Croce is another of thoſe remarkable churches, whoſe relics

make

make a figure in the ſcrolls of ſuperſtition. Helen, that great dealer in Jeruſalem toys, brought over, among other things, the real and genuine Croſs. This ſhe depoſited there. The church is named from this relic, and the fathers of the monaſtery, who ſeemed well fed and lodged for their ſervices, guard this treaſure as the pledge of their exiſtence. It is not to be ſeen, without an order from a Cardinal. Under the church of St. Sebaſtian, are the celebrated Catacombs, in which the early chriſtians ſought ſhelter from the barbarous rage of their perſecutors. The Bernardine who attended in ſhewing theſe ſubterraneous paſſages, aſſured me, that he had made the tour of them about a year ago. Taking flint and ſteel, and a ſupply of proviſions, he followed their various windings, which occupied many days; and he found them penetrate ſixty-three miles under ground. Here are two gilt urns, containing the *unqueſtionable* aſhes of St. Peter and St. Paul.

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There are three churches conſecrated to St. Peter, beſides the grand cathedral. The firſt of theſe is in the Forum—and has to ſhew, under its foundation, the cell in which St. Peter was confined. This church is called St. Pietro in Carcere. The ſecond of theſe, is San Pietro in Montorio—a church ſituated upon the antient Janiculum. This ſpot is venerated as that upon which the Apoſtle ſuffered martyrdom; and the church owes its exiſtence to this tradition. Connoiſſeurs find in it a treaſure beyond the merit of its hiſtory. "The Transfiguration," of Raphael, is the great ornament of its altar. I have paſſed many hours in contemplating this painting, which, with the St. Peter and St. Paul at Bologna, paſs in my judgment for two of the beſt paintings in Italy. From the terrace which connects with this church, one obtains a moſt extenſive view of the city.

St. Pietro in Vinculis is the laſt of theſe. This church is founded on a whimſical tradition:

dition: Eudoſia, wife of Valentinian II. it is ſaid, built it at her own expence, in order to preſerve the chain with which Herod had bound St. Peter. The Pontiff of the time conceived a deſire of meaſuring the chain with that which had bound the ſame Apoſtle in the Marmertine priſon; when, lo! on the experiment being made, the chains miraculouſly united. This wonderful depoſit has given name and importance to the church. Here is the famous ſtatue of Moſes, eſteemed the chef d'œuvre of Michael Angelo.

If I could perſuade myſelf that you were not ſaturated with miracles, I could call in a thouſand others to my aſſiſtance—ſuch as the church of Praſſade, in which I have been ſhewn the identical pillar to which Chriſt was faſtened, in order to be ſcourged;—that of the Sabina, in which is preſerved a maſſy ſtone thrown by the Devil at St. Dominick—and laſtly, wells filled with the blood of martyrs, and efficacious for the cure of diſeaſes through their holy interceſſion.

LETTER XCVII.

THERE are in this city numerous coffee-houſes. I frequently paſs an hour at the cloſe of the evening in ſome one of them, and hear political ſubjects occaſionally debated, with a degree of freedom and publicity really ſurpriſing. During the carnival, theſe caffé's are much reſorted to, after the cloſe of the opera, or comedy, by all ranks and conditions of men. I have frequently noticed the entrance of a cluſter of the meaneſt plebeians, who called as authoritatively as their betters, for their cup of coffee, or glaſs of roſolio. A cup of coffee is obtained for a baiocco, *i. e.* an half-penny Engliſh; and I have had pint glaſſes of iced lemonade for two baiocchos and a half. Roaſted cheſnuts, which are a very

general food throughout Italy, are univerſal at Rome. Stalls abound in every part of the city, at which cheſnuts and macaroni ſmoke every hour of the day; and theſe ſeem to ſerve the common people as the principal means of ſubſiſtence.

The Romans appear to have a ſtrong propenſity for ſtage diverſions. This is very little to be wondered at, when it is conſidered, that Theatres are only allowed during the carnival; and that the whole of the year, that ſhort period excepted, is ſpent in the gloomy ſervices of ſuperſtition, occaſionally enlivened by ſome gaudy proceſſion, which, while it forwards the intereſt of the prieſthood, ſerves as a raree-ſhow for the people. The approach of the opera ſeaſon is anticipated with joy. People of the meaneſt condition will expend the income of a week, or more, upon the purchaſe of a ticket for the firſt night of the repreſentation. The great Lords uſually treat their dependents with tickets on this occaſion, and theſe

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are ſold and re-ſold, till they bear a very high price. A very ordinary mechanic aſſured me, that he had diſpoſed of his ticket for what had enabled him to treat his friends with a handſome ſupper.

The ſerious opera is grand; but the ſevere edict which forbids, throughout the eccleſiaſtical ſtates, women to tread the ſtage, renders the comedy inſufferable. The comic opera, or buffo, is that in which the Roman talent moſt diſplays itſelf. Play of muſcle and flexibility of voice render them perfect maſters in colloquial and dramatic ſing-ſong. Two Virgins diſtracted for the loſs of their lovers, firſt enter the ſtage, and tell you in plaintiff treble, how the Nightingale ſighs if ſhe loſes her mate. A Valet de Chambre preſently diſcovers himſelf, and utters in a bold tenor, the miſeries of him who cannot adjuſt the curls of his maſter's hair. A Major-domo now takes up the ſong; and in a ſolemn ſtrain of baſs, expreſſes the afflictions reſulting from the non-ſettlement of accounts. This done—all at once ſtrike out

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in a quartetto, moſt muſical, moſt melancholy. Such are the uſual combinations upon the Roman ſtage.

Dramatic ſinging, at leaſt in the line of common incidents, approaches not in any town in Italy that degree of perfection which it has attained among the Romans. Nature has given them a ſtrong portion of genius; and though the bold traits of their great anceſtors are nearly effaced, I cannot look upon either their countenance, or their character, without concluding, that a *Roman* is ſomething more than an *Italian*.

LETTER XCVIII.

Rome, Jan. 18, 1792.

IT is ſurpriſing to ſee by how many arts the Romiſh prieſthood ſtudy to amuſe, and to profit by the credulity of their followers. The feſtival of St. Antonio, not the Paduan Antony, the patron of fiſhes, but

but Antony the protector of horſes, mules, and aſſes, afforded me a ſtrong proof of the artifices of catholic impoſture. This ceremony was performed in a public ſquare. A prieſt in ſurplice ſtood at the door of the church, and with a long bruſh, dipped, as often as occaſion required, into a pail full of holy water, ſcattered this unction three times upon the horſes, as they entered into the court. Here all the equipages of the nobility, no leſs than the horſes of hire, are driven, decorated with ribands. The prieſt received from the votaries of the Saint, large wax candles, money, &c. according to their choice or means; while he gave them in return, a ſmall print of the Saint, and a ſlight ſprinkle of holy water. I treated the ceremony with ſome degree of levity, and received a rebuke from a true ſon of the church; who told me of many fatal accidents which had befallen thoſe who refuſed to have their horſes carried to the benediction of St. Antony.

The church of the Jeſuits alſo offers a ſcene of barbarous and abſurd ſuperſtition. Within this church, the ſcourge is nightly uſed; and I have it from a catholic, who, I dare venture to affirm, has been of the number, that multitudes reſort to the penance which is here adminiſtered. The lights are extinguiſhed, and the penitents of both ſexes offer their bare ſhoulders to whatever number of ſtripes their ſins may appear to deſerve. I have more than once reſolved to acquaint myſelf of the fact; but, underſtanding that the ſtilletto would certainly diſpatch me, were I found thus obtruding upon their ſolemn myſteries, I have concluded to admit the hiſtory upon the credit of my reporter.

I frequently encounter in my evening walks, funeral proceſſions, attended by mourners, having white maſques and lighted candles, chaunting with hollow tones their Latin dirge. Whatever be the hour of the day, they equally bear the lighted candles.

candles. A gentleman related to me, that being indiſpoſed for a few days, he was ſurpriſed to find that his valet had lighted up two wax candles of a coſtly ſize during his confinement, in order to propitiate the virgin Mary. And yet in the midſt of all this, nothing is reſiſted more ſtrongly by theſe ignorant enthuſiaſts, than the charge of idolatry. Obſerving a concourſe of people the other day about a ſmall church ſituated in the Piazza Colonna, I enquired the meaning; and was told, that a portrait of the Virgin there depoſited, had lately performed a great miracle. The Madonna had, it ſeems, quitted her frame, in order to communicate to a Roman lady who had been robbed, ſuch information as led to the ſubſequent diſcovery of the parties, and recovery of the property. This report getting abroad, had given great fame to the picture; and the devout are now crouding to the church, to pay it their daily homage.

LETTER XCIX.

Rome, Jan. 26, 1792.

MY paſſion for claſſical ruins has lately been gratified in a very high degree, by an excurſion to Tivoli, the antient Tibur of the Romans. A bridge conducted us over the Anio, when ſcarcely two leagues from the gates of Rome. At little more than twice that diſtance, the ſtrong exhalation from the Lago della Solfaterra began to aſſail us, and we traverſed on foot two miles of ground, in order to ſee thoſe *iſole natanti*, or ſwimming iſlands, which the violent fermentation of this ſulphureous matter has detached from the contiguous ſoil.

The antients annexed great virtues to theſe waters, and paid them a ſpecies of worſhip. The cardinal d'Eſte has acted a wiſer and more uſeful part: for he has cut a canal,

a canal, by which their ſuperabundant waters, once productive of conſiderable miſchiefs, are now conveyed into the Teverone. The ſoil for a conſiderable way round is encruſted by the exhalations which ariſe from this ſtagnant pool; and leſſer lakes are formed, in which the bituminous matter is in conſtant agitation. The Lucan bridge, which we next paſſed, is remarkable for a monument to the memory of the Plautian family. As the day was but two-thirds ſpent, we paſſed the remaining hours of clear light upon our arrival at Tivoli, in viewing the elegant remains of the Sybils Temple. Time, which has preyed upon the building, has yet left it a ſemi-circular range of columns, in the face of that hill whence it is generally viewed. The verdure, which in ſpring and autumn crowns this Temple, was not yet apparent, but the lightneſs of its ſtructure, the ſingularity of its ſituation, and the elegance of its decay, required no

additional circumſtances of ornament to render it impreſſive.

A very intelligent guide conducted us the following day over the various ruins of this romantic ſcene. The villas of Mæcenas, of Horace, of Varus, Propertius, &c. once hung upon theſe delightful hills; and ſome indiſtinct fragments of the three firſt are ſtill in exiſtence. Lucretilis has contended with Tibur for the villa of Horace, and very bloodleſs battles have been fought upon paper to ſettle this diſputed point. For my own part, when I entered the few remaining chambers, and was told to recognize in theſe, the *quondam* abode of the lyric bard, I was happy to find the tradition encouraged by thoſe emphatic lines:

—Ego apis matinæ
More modoque
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum, circa nemus uvidique
Tiburis ripas, operoſa parvus
Carmina fingo.

Wines

Wines of antient celebrity were here offered us, and we gratefully poured out a libation to his manes. A Temple, very much upon the model of that of Minerva Medica, yet moſtly inferior in ſize and beauty, is alſo among the elegant ruins at Tivoli.

But the celebrated Fall of the Anio conſtitutes the chief ornament of this delightful ſpot. This rapid ſtream precipitates here with noble violence among a cluſter of rocks, burſting through ſeveral chaſms formed by its own fury, till it finds a level bed, and an unobſtructed channel. It was a luxury to paſs from point to point, in order to take in all the varieties which this noble caſcade preſents. The Anio, at the ſpot where the caſcade commences, is incloſed between two mountains, covered with ſhrubs of perpetual verdure. On one of theſe ſtands the little town of Tivoli, and the charming Temple of the Tiburtine Sybil. The oppoſite mountain is that, upon the ſloping ſides of which ſtand the ruins of

thoſe villas once inhabited by the Poets; and they communicate, by means of bridges thrown over the Anio. The river rolling between theſe mountains, broken into different forms and attitudes, tumbles from precipice to precipice; till, deſcending at length to the vale beneath, it recovers its uſual tone, and falls without a murmur into the parent ſtream. We ſtood and ſaw, amidſt a cloud of foam, the full body of the river, forcing its way through a hollow channel, with great force and magnificence. There we watched its branching ſtreamlets falling beſide us, and ſcooping from the ſolid rock paſſages that reſembled the effects of art.

The Gardens of Eſte, the Villa of Adrian, &c. are alſo among the important curioſities of the vicinity—the firſt for the fantaſtical diſtribution of its grounds, but more for the magnificent proſpects which are ſeen from its terrace. The Villa of Adrian is a vaſt track of ruins, meriting an attentive examination. Labourers are ſtill employed in turning

turning up this ſoil at intervals, and the ſpeculation is found to anſwer extremely well.

We accepted the propoſal made by our Cicerone, of conducting us to the Comedy. A groſſo, *i. e.* three-pence, was the price of admittance to the boxes. The exhibition was truly ridiculous. The main part of the plot was a trick diſplayed by Punchinello upon a great Connoiſſeur. A Cavalier, who was in love with his daughter, introduces himſelf to the eſteem of the Connoiſſeur, by telling him, that he has in his poſſeſſion a very fine ſtatue. The Connoiſſeur intreats the favor of a ſight. This antique ſtatue—which is no other than Punchinello himſelf, accoutred for the purpoſe—is at length preſented to the view of the enraptured Connoiſſeur. After ſome ridiculous circumſtances of extacy on the part of the one, and grimace, of the other, the virtuoſo approaches to handle the god. Punchinello ſprings from his baſe, and beſtows upon the Connoiſſeur

noiſſeur a ſevere baſtinadoing, to the great pleaſure and ſatisfaction of the audience, and the curtain was dropped amidſt loud and general plaudits.

LETTER C.

THE Roman juriſprudence does not appear to advantage in the mode of adminiſtering its civil puniſhments. Independent of that partiality which connives at a murder, and wreaks its vengeance upon a fraud, what wiſdom can you diſcover in diſlocating the limbs of a felon, and then ſending him abroad to join the fraternity of cripples and beggars? In performing this barbarous operation, a ſignal is made, and the miſerable victim is dragged up by a pulley to a conſiderable height in the air. This is repeated three times, by ſlackening and drawing the cord alternately; and

that

that with more or leſs violence, according to the circumſtances of the caſe.

The uſe of the ſtilletto, though greatly diſcontinued, is by no means at an end. It is the invariable companion of the common people; and the meaneſt raggamuffin in Rome has his pack of cards in one pocket, and his ſtilletto in the other. Two-thirds of the aſſaſſinations which are committed, are ſuppoſed to take their riſe in diſputes at play; and the knife is ever at hand to avenge a quarrel. Thoſe who have been reſident here for a number of years, report very unfavorably of the Roman temper, as vindictive and unforgiving. I have heard, that aſſaſſinations have ſometimes amounted to ſixteen in a day. A Painter of repute here, ſpeaks from recollection of at leaſt an equal number. He himſelf, as he relates the ſtory, had taken a pupil from a Roman family; and chancing ſhortly afterwards to miſs his watch, he took an opportunity of intimating to the lad his ſuſpicions that he was the

thief. The boy denied the fact, and the matter ſeemed at reſt. Some time after this, the Painter being at his buſineſs, diſcovered, on accidentally turning round, the boy with a naked poignard, ready to ſtrike. The boy ruſhed from the room, and in quitting the houſe, ſtabbed a female ſervant, whom he ſuſpected to have been the informer, and then took ſhelter in ſome ſanctuary. The Painter determined to proſecute to the laſt extremity ſo complete a villain. The woman, after languiſhing for ſome time, recovered; and the proſecutor, finding the difficulties of bringing the offender to juſtice daily increaſe, and being threatened with ſome fatal vengeance if he ſhould perſiſt, was compelled to relinquiſh his ſuit, and the aſſaſſin now walks the ſtreets with impunity.

I have myſelf ſeen a flagrant inſtance of this nature upon a late occaſion, in one of the moſt public quarters of the city. A man, who ſeemed to be tranſported with rage, was ſtruggling with two or three, who found

great

great difficulty in holding him. His knife glittered in his hand, and he uſed every effort and expreſſion of violence. I had ſcarcely turned into the Piazza del Popolo, when I ſaw a number of people hurrying away another, armed alſo with a ſtilletto, who appeared the antagoniſt of the former. This laſt quickly forced his way from his friends, and ruſhed into the houſe occupied by the other, where in all probability the miſchief was completed. What ſurpriſed me moſt in viewing this circumſtance was, that though happening in the face of day, it ſeemed ſcarcely to engage at all the attention of the people; who, while I took refuge in my apartments, chilled with horror, paſſed to their devotions, or their buſineſs, with apparent unconcern.

At the Theatre of Capranica I lately ſaw the repreſentation of a drama, which induced me nevertheleſs to doubt the vengeful ſpirit of this people, in the extent which ſome have aſſigned. The characters of this

piece

piece were, the King of England, a Duke of Mompford, Milord Veal, &c. This Engliſh Duke, a man cruel and inexorable, had in the rage of jealouſy confined his wife in a cell, where was depoſited the mouldering ſkeleton of her murdered lover—the fable is not original.—The horrors of this ſcene excited great murmurings in the audience; but when they ſaw her proſtrate at his feet, diſhevelled, and in tears, and witneſſed the unnatural violence of his repulſe,—they could no longer reſtrain the emotions of their indignation, and the play could with difficulty proceed. At length, the huſband begins to ſoften; and, yielding to the impulſe of nature and the return of affection, he embraces her with a declaration of unreſerved forgiveneſs. The audience now broke forth into the moſt paſſionate expreſſions of joy and admiration. The acclamations ſeemed at once involuntary and univerſal.

During

During the repreſentation, I heard it obſerved, "Per dir il vero queſt Ingleſe é un "po crudele." "To ſay the truth, this Eng-"liſhman is rather cruel."—"Si, (was the re-"ply,) ma biſogna avere gran coraggio per "eſſer coſi crudele." "True, but a man muſt "have great courage to be ſo cruel."—This is a ſentiment of true Italian growth.

I confeſs, were I inclined to admit this obſervation as illuſtrative of general character, I ſhould conclude but ill of a people, with whom *courage* and *cruelty* are confounded: and an indiſpoſition to violent revenge, conſidered as a deficiency of ſpirit and reſolution.

LETTER CI.

THE Romans make great uſe of the evening. In ſummer, they are rarely ſeen abroad till ſunſet; and this is with them the ſignal for enjoyment. The ſong, the dance, the promenade, then commence; and the greater part of the night is paſſed in thoſe kinds of feſtivities. I aſked a Roman, What was his chief delight in the ſummer months? He told me, "mangiare le fiche tutta la "notte;" "to eat figs all night." And of theſe they have abundance, of an excellent quality. Even at the preſent, which is not one of their leaſt ſevere ſeaſons, the evening brings out many upon the public walks. The wind has blown very ſharp in the courſe of the laſt month; and they call it a hard winter, becauſe it ſnowed for a little more

than half an hour. I thought at the time, that the ſnow would have ſettled, but a Roman corrected my conjecture—" non " reſta mai la neve quì," " the ſnow never " ſettles here,"—which proved to be the fact. The great cloak, which is worn by all when walking the ſtreets, ſerves as a ſufficient diſguiſe for what is worn, or what is wanting underneath ; and as this can be looſened at pleaſure, it anſwers for every ſeaſon of the year. When about to iſſue from their chamber, they throw this cloak over their ſhoulders, and bring it ſo far over the lower part of the face, as to encloſe a ſpace for breathing. This they do, agreeable to their own account, in order that they may reſpire the air of the chamber in walking the ſtreets, and not be expoſed to the natural element.

The conſecration of days is a ſource of great idleneſs to this people, as it is to the inhabitants of catholic countries in general ; and the ſuſpenſion of work ſo frequently

commanded, muſt in its part contribute to the poverty which reigns among them. It is difficult to know what the ſtate of ſociety is, in the humbler aſſemblies of this people. They ſeem ſcarcely to ſeek any higher amuſement, than that of gazing at the equipages of their nobles and cardinals. The higher ranks have, on their part, very little to boaſt. Provided they are gazed at, their end ſeems anſwered. Hence they dreſs themſelves out in diamonds; or, where theſe are wanting, in ſpangles:—ſhow themſelves half an hour at the different converſaziones, and then retire to their macaroni and their beds.

The king's aunts, the Abbè Mauri, and ſome celebrated emigrants are among the principal objects of attraction, which theſe aſſemblies hold out to a ſtranger; and it is ſcarcely a ſufficient recompence for being bound in velvet, and accoutred in the gaudy trappings of an obſolete age. Occaſionally ſome departure is made from this dull routine,

tine, and an academia or concert is given. At ſuch times the Roman pride allows itſelf full ſcope, and the entertainment is conducted with liberality and ſplendor. The Prince of Carignan was honored with a ceremony of this nature, and a very grand diſplay of muſic and magnificence at the Palaces Doria and Colonna. The peace between Ruſſia and the Porte gave occaſion to another entertainment at the Palace of the Ambaſſador of the court of St. Peterſburgh. An ode was performed, in which the *pacific* virtues of Catherine were highly extolled;—and proofs of her *humanity* enumerated:—the ſtorming of Iſmail was not in the catalogue. The ode was ſucceeded by a ball, in which an attempt was made to unite the Engliſh and the Romans in a dance. It produced however ſo great confuſion among the latter,—who content themſelves principally with inflexions of the body,—that, after many fruitleſs efforts on the one part and the other, the cuſtom of the country was

ſuffered to prevail, and the Romans were left maſters of the field.

The defect of education is ſtrongly viſible in the Roman ladies. Their converſation is confined to the moſt ordinary topics. Few of the firſt condition can write their names; at leaſt ſuch is the report which I have frequently heard: and for ſo much I can anſwer, that an Engliſh Lady has written to a Princeſs of great beauty at Naples, who has cauſed her to be informed, that ſhe is learning to write; and hopes, in courſe of time, to acquire the art ſufficiently for the purpoſe of correſpondence. Her ſiſter is married to a Roman Duke—and the Neapolitan Princeſs is ſaid to be the beſt educated of the two. I remarked to a native, how extraordinary it was, that the education of the females ſhould be ſo groſsly neglected. He replied, "By no means—it was totally un-
"neceſſary; for that a woman before ſhe is
"married, is cloſely confined, ſees little ſo-
"ciety, and muſt have no communications;

" and that when ſhe is married, il Cavaliere " ſervente fa tutto per lei,—her Ciciſbeo " undertakes every thing for her."

Morals are ſurely at a low ebb in this city. All circumſtances concur to favor their corruption; and although it would be juſt to uſe caution in pronouncing upon eccleſiaſtical morality, yet a life of ſplendor and faſhion under the law of celibacy, is not the beſt ſecurity for private virtue. The darkneſs of the ſtreets has been in itſelf alledged, as having an object not ſtrictly ſpiritual; and the reproof which I received from an Abbè at a converſazione, for carrying a torch, on my return late in the evening from a Caffé, led me to infer—that the churchmen may have reaſons for prohibiting lights, which it would be little to their credit publicly to avow.

LETTER CII.

Rome, Feb. 13, 1792.

THE mind, that takes a pleaſure in viewing the contraſts of character, will find a ſingular gratification in viſiting this city at the different ſeaſons of penance and devotion. A long and uniform ſolemnity, inſperſed only with a few private concerts and heavy converſaziones, had almoſt taught me to forget, that there is—among other times—"a time to laugh." The gaieties of the carnival have quickened my recollection. Since Saturday noon, all has been mirth and frolic in this metropolis. The whole length of the Corſo—extending more than an Engliſh mile—was crouded with ambulatory maſks in its centre; and double rows of carriages, on each of its ſides. All ſorts of inven-

inventions, uſual on ſuch occaſions, were here exhibited; and the air reſounded with ſongs, ſhouts, and clamors.

It ſeemed to be a point of religion with all perſons throughout this capital, who were not incapacitated by infirmity, to mingle in the proceſſion of the maſks. The young and active were exhibiting their poſtures, as Harlequins, Quack Doctors, &c.—the old were ſeated in elbow chairs at the doors of their houſes, ſhaking their aged ſides at the humours that were paſſing in review before them. It appeared very greatly the rage, for men to veil themſelves in female dreſſes. This is, I ſuppoſe, in revenge for the liberty ſo generally taken by the Roman women, of aſſuming, for ſome convenient purpoſe, the male habit. I am informed, that this is by no means unuſual in their attendance even on the Theatres.

It was not till late in the afternoon, that the whimſical races, of which you have heard ſo much, began. It is difficult indeed

to ſpeak of *beginning*, when the whole is conſummated in the twinkling of an eye; and the commencement and termination are ſo nearly coincident. A ſheet drops; ten or twelve ponies ruſh, like a guſt of wind, through the channel formed by the carriages; and in a competition, which is uſually fatal to ſome of their number, ſtruggle for a paltry piece of velvet. The eye has very little ſhare in the gratification which this race is ſuppoſed to produce. But then, ample amends is made by thoſe harmonies, which the clattering of the pavement, the jingling of the tinſel ornaments, and the ſhouts of the ſpectators, convey to the ear.

The maſking and racing have been repeated this day; and I will confeſs, that the repetition of theſe fooleries reconciled me to the decree which fixes our departure from this place for to-morrow. Our profeſſed object in this arrangement is, to catch a gleam of Neapolitan humour, in the cloſing ſcenes of this feſtive ſeaſon. Humour is a

leaven;

leaven; and, wiſely adminiſtered, it improves and benefits the maſs. But exceſs, in no caſe more than this, ſurfeits and revolts a rational mind. But Goldſmith has expreſſed this truth with ſo much accuracy, that I ſhall borrow his remark, as a final deſcription of the effect which a Roman carnival has upon my temper and ſpirits. "The company of fools may at firſt make us "laugh, but never fails in the end to make "us melancholy."

LETTER CIII.

Naples, Feb. 18, 1792.

THINGS have changed ſince Horace travelled. "Minus eſt gravis Appia tar-"dis,"—he tells us. The maxim is now inverted, "Il n'y a (ſays M. Dutens in his "Itineraire) qu'a Piperno ou Gaeta, ou l'on "puiſſe coucher ſur cette route: mais il "vaut

"vaut mieux voyager *toute la nuit.*" Velletri was the firſt place that offered us quarters; and here we were wretchedly entertained, at the rate of half a guinea per head. The humours of maſking had found their way into this miſerable place, and the night was conſecrated to clamorous feſtivity. Terracina bounded our ſecond day's journey; the chief amuſement of which conſiſted in ſpeculating upon the Pontine Marſh, and picturing, as our carriage rolled over the Appian road, the Poet's journey to Brundiſium.

At Tre-ponti, about mid-diſtance between Velletri and Terracina, labourers were employed in carrying on thoſe works of public utility, which, amidſt all his bigotted follies, the preſent Pope is induſtrious to complete. As an *Ater Palus*, this tract of marſhy country has experienced a very ſalutary improvement: and though the complexions of the labourers and inhabitants at Tre-ponti indicated the ſickly temperament of this region, yet advances have been ſo

ſar made towards ſalubrity, as to render habitable through the year, what was formerly deemed hazardous even for a night. As the ſalubrity of Rome ariſes in great part from the exhalations which the Pontine marſhes engender, it is a deſign of no mean dignity to cleanſe and fructify thoſe noxious ſwamps; which extend between eight and nine leagues in length, and infeſt the whole circumjacent country with peſtilential effluvia. The approach to Terracina announces a moſt agreeable change of ſcene and climate. Fine orangeries, loaded with fruit, covered the hills, and gave us, in exchange for wildneſs and ſterility, the higheſt degree of luxuriance, fragrance, and beauty. "Impoſitum ſaxis late cadentibus," is a very accurate deſcription of this ancient town. This is more particularly the caſe in its preſent ſtate, as Jupiter, its original patron, having apparently abandoned its concerns,—nothing remains to fix the traveller's attention, but the peculiarity of its ſituation,

ſituation, and the aſpect of its rocks. The "Circæum jugum," or Monte Circello, as it is now called, ſtands full in front: and a diſh of figs, ſerved up for our evening's entertainment, afforded us a delicious ſpecimen of its fruits. Its fame, however, principally depends upon its being regarded as the ſeat of witchcraft, and the ſtrong hold of necromancy and conjuration. Our third day brought us, over great inequalities of country, to Mola di Gaeta.

In iſſuing from Terracina, the road ran along the ſea coaſt, under the frowns of ſteep and abrupt rocks. Then winding among the mountains, it conducted us through ſcenery of the moſt pictureſque character. The hedges were almoſt invariably of myrtle, intermixed with laureſtina, yellow jeſamine, and ſhrubs the moſt beautiful and odoriferous. Fundi, or Fondi, as it is now called, was ſituated in the very boſom of beauty. A viſit from the police and revenue officers of his Neapolitan Majeſty,

jeſty, upon our entrance into his dominions, gave me an opportunity of glancing upon the romantic and variegated mountains which ſurround this ſhadow of a town. Whether the deformity of the Campania have ſharpened my reliſh for natural beauty, I know not; but my admiration was excited by the ſcenes of this day, to an extravagant degree; and I ſeemed, in my enthuſiaſm, to have found myſelf in the midſt of enchantment.

Our inn at Gaeta was the center point of the bay, and commanded a grand ſcope of proſpect both over land and ſea. Here the red mullet is, by epicures, ſaid to abound in great perfection. We paſſed, on our fourth day, the marſhes of Minturnæ, famous as the hiding-place of Marius; and croſſing the Gagliarno, deſervedly called *taciturnus amnis*, indulged in a pauſe of half an hour at San Agato, ſituated in the vicinity of the antient Sinueſſa. Of this place I neither know nor care more than its having been the rendez-

vous

vous of that meeting, ſacred to genius and friendſhip, of which Horace has given ſo rapturous a report. We entered Capua in a violent ſtorm of thunder and hail. Had Hannibal marched his victorious veterans into modern Capua, they would have been in no danger of being enervated by its luxury. Retiring early to our beds, we mingled our murmurs with thoſe of the ſtorm, which played through the broken caſement.

I could not quit this town without feeling a portion of that melancholy to which the retroſpective view of human viciſſitudes gives birth. The whole extent of Italy is a field of ſimilar reflection. Wrecks and monuments of antient importance are, throughout this country, the perpetual food of thought. Capua once held a place among the firſt of cities; and the ruined materials of what once exiſted, yet catch the ſpectator's eye. The tradition of her greatneſs is, however, the only monument which preſerves its memory; and the traveller finds a difficulty

ficulty in believing that this miſerable town was—

" Altera dicta olim Carthago, et altera Roma."
" A ſecond Carthage once, a ſecond Rome."

LETTER CIV.

Naples, Feb. 24, 1792.

I AM impatient to catch and convey the manners, dreſs, air, and folly of this gay and glittering city. Fortunately for my deſign, all is open and undiſſembled. I have ſeen no place in which nature is leſs reſtrained by the laws of morals, or even of decorum. That thin and flimſy veil, which, diſguiſing the groſſneſs of vice, renders it—if not leſs criminal—leſs offenſive, ſeems here to be either unknown, or unregarded. The paſſions ſpeak a language of the moſt licentious depravity.

Notwithſtanding the tedioufneſs of our journey from Rome, we arrived in ſufficient time

time to catch the parting rays of the Carnival. Feſtinos, operas, and proceſſions of maſques, were yet following each other in rapid ſucceſſion. The tide of amuſement at theſe places does not ſet in till the day is cloſed. With the light, yet perfect diſguiſe of an artificial *noſe*, I mixed at midnight with an aſſembly, diverſified by all the varieties of harlequin, ſhepherd, mountebank, and a thouſand indefinable characters. The opera houſe of San Carlos was the Theatre of Rendezvous; and the lamps with which it was decorated, reflected from the numerous mirrors, exhibited a blaze of ſplendor. The king's guards, dreſſed in their gala ſuits, paraded round the theatre; and ſome fantaſtical devices were played off, amidſt the blended ſounds of muſic and clamor. Form was ſoon given up, and all ranks mixed without reſerve. I did not feel myſelf quite at home in this new element. The heat was inſupportable, and the preſence of the king rendered it impoſſible

to

to unmask. Among the various forms that moved before me, was a mask of grave and solemn guise; speechless throughout the night, and cautious in all his actions. He bore upon his forehead the following inscription:

"Chi sono e d' onde vengo io ignoro,
E la solitudine io adoro."

"Nor who, nor whence I am, I know aright;
But perfect solitude is my delight."

This seemed to convey a reflection sufficiently satirical upon the multitude assembled around him. My entertainment was considerably abridged, by the difficulty I found in conversing with the natives, whose language is a grossly corrupt dialect of the genuine Tuscan; and habit, rather than study, seems requisite to understand its deviations. The monosyllable *mo* is used with a frequency and variety, for which I am entirely unable to account. It seems to enter into almost every sentence, and is a

perfect catchword with the common people. A boatman, who conducted me acroſs the bay, uttered, with a loud and emphatic tone of voice, to a fiſherman at a diſtance, *Mo!* The other, lifting up two fingers of his right hand, and inclining his head, replied, *Mo!* From the circumſtances of the caſe, I was enabled to interpret this ambiguous term, which meant in the queſtion, "Have you caught any fiſh?" and in the reply, a deciſive negative.

I confeſs to you, that this ſingle circumſtance has deterred me from meddling with a language in which ſuch artificial variety, but real ſameneſs, prevails. It would be a hopeleſs labour to ſeek in ſyſtem, what is ſtrongly connected with habit; and that language promiſes but ill to a ſtudent of rules, whoſe terms depend—not only for their emphaſis, but alſo for their ſenſe—on nods and geſtures; on flexions of the muſcles, and contortions of the body.

LETTER CV.

THE Bay of Naples and its environs form a draught of higher and more finiſhed ſcenery, than I have yet ſeen under any meridian. The Hotel we inhabit, furniſhes every advantage to the eye, and embraces a ſphere, into which enter all the objects of any magnitude for which Naples is viſited. To the right, Puzzuolo, Miſenum, Baiæ; the duſky and majeſtic Veſuvius to the left; and a fine opening of the ſea in front, terminated by the charming iſlands of Capré, &c. compoſe a groupe which the mind of the Painter, intent upon artificial arrangement, would find it difficult to improve.

The Promenades upon the Quay, diſpoſed with more attention to regularity than beauty, have at leaſt the advantage of a

noble and varied proſpect. Indeed, I have not yet found, in all my wanderings round this place, a ſpot of ground wholly deſtitute of natural or local beauty. Where the view of ſea, iſlands, or promontories, happens to be intercepted, this loſs is almoſt invariably compenſated by ſome pictureſque enchantment. Some looſe and delicate ſhrubbery fixes, by its wanton ſhoots, the ſpectator's eye, and prevents him from regretting the bounds which intercept the grander objects. The whole of this country is indeed the ſeat of beauty, and Nature ſeems to have beſtowed one of her richeſt climes upon the moſt unworthy of her ſons.

As a tranſient traveller, I pretend not to aſſign the beſt inveſtigated reaſons for the characters I draw; but here the bold and maſculine features of vice and profligacy render it only difficult to find terms ſufficiently forcible to expreſs the genuine colours under which they appear. That the lower orders in this city ſhould be corrupt and

and abandoned, is a matter of little ſurpriſe to thoſe who ſee the condition of life to which they are expoſed. From twenty to thirty thouſand *Lazzaronis*, almoſt unclothed, and totally unhouſed, ranging this great city for a precarious ſubſiſtence, are a ſort of people well calculated for corrupting and being corrupted. It is natural to ſuppoſe, that the evil commencing here, will have a wide circulation, and corrupt, by a powerful leaven, the great maſs of the common people. For theſe Lazzaroni are not a looſe and diſorderly number; they are an army of raggamuffins, under an eſtabliſhed ſort of diſcipline; and are conſidered by the State, as an order not to be neglected, or more properly ſpeaking, not to be oppreſſed beyond a certain point. They have, it ſhould ſeem, an inviſible bond of union; and, when their rights are invaded, endeavour to make their importance felt. So far, however, as I can learn, they have not yet framed a Charter of Rights, which might

not with equal propriety include the dogs that follow them. Nakedneſs, hunger, expoſure to the elements, are grievances which have never entered into any of their remonſtrances. The members of this Corps are generally ſelected, as inſtruments of perjury and aſſaſſination, crimes very prevalent in this country, from the corrupt ſtate of their Courts, and the tenderneſs of their laws againſt the ſhedders of blood. If credit might be given to the current eſtimates, five thouſand have periſhed in one year by the knife of the aſſaſſin.

A conference is ſaid to have been lately held with his Neapolitan Majeſty, upon the ſubject of aſſaſſinations, and the neceſſity of puniſhing the aſſaſſin with death, ſtrongly contended for. His Majeſty begged leave to differ from his learned adviſers, on the propriety of this ſtep;—"For at preſent," ſaid the Monarch, "I loſe five thouſand of "my ſubjects by aſſaſſination; if, there-"fore, I were to put to death every aſſaſſin,

"I ſhould loſe double the number." This reply will ſerve to ſhew, that, in ſome countries, at leaſt, the executive and legiſlative powers are wiſely kept diſtinct.

LETTER CVI.

IN accounting for the corruption of the *lower* orders of people in this metropolis, the ſources were ſufficiently apparent, and a ſort of apology was at hand. It is not however ſo eaſy to find a ſolution, or excuſe, for that barefaced profligacy, which the higher claſſes, without ſcruple, admit; and over which it is ſcarcely held neceſſary to throw a veil. The obligation of the marriage vow is treated as a mere illuſion; and the ceremony itſelf conſidered in no other light, than as affording a ſort of ſanction to the indulgence of an unreſtrained licentiouſneſs. Indeed, the example of the

Sovereign gives little countenance to the oppoſite virtues. His favourites are known to be numerous; and, under this vicious meridian, all attention to decorum is diſcarded as ſuperfluous—if not ridiculous.

The grand amuſement of Naples is the Opera, ſerious and comic; but at the period of our arrival, it was already much in the wane. The celebrated Banti, a ſinger of uncommon powers, filled indeed the Theatre with the ſtrength and melody of her notes; but ſcarcely an attraction ſubſiſted beſides. Since the termination of the Carnival, the Academia forms the only public rendezvous of the faſhionable world. To this noble Academy, as it is called, a ticket of admiſſion is without difficulty procured from the Engliſh Miniſter. I think I never paſſed through quite ſo many apartments, in order to arrive at *one*. This is a trick practiſed in an high degree at Rome. In order to impreſs the viſitor with an exaggerated idea of the magnitude of the palaces, the entrance

is

is usually so managed, that its distance from the rendezvous of the company may be the greatest possible. This gives the possessor an opportunity of exhibiting a countless suite of chambers, and an extended alley, formed by all his household in their gala dress. The approach to the Saloon of the Academy was contrived with the same attention to pomp and magnificence; and the servants attending were gorgeously apparelled in liveries of crimson and gold. The band is good, and, as well as the singers, selected for the Opera.

But the music forms no part of the entertainment—if one may judge from the inattention of the company—few of whom appear to know, or at least to consider, that fifty people are straining their arms and throats in their service. Conversation, intrigue, and play, are the chief objects of associating at this musical meeting, which has, in fact, as little to do with music, in respect to the company, as the Conversazione

at

at Rome has with converſation. The name is however reſpectable; and thoſe who have any of the purpoſes to effect which predominate in theſe aſſemblies, find rather a protection, than an obſtacle, in the little analogy that ſubſiſts between the real and the profeſſed deſign of the meeting.

LETTER CVII.

Naples, Feb. 27, 1792.

IT was amongſt my earlieſt gratifications of curioſity here, to viſit that Mountain, whoſe volcanic ebullitions have been ſo long and ſo dreadfully famed; and againſt whoſe ravages the potent arm of St. Januarius * alone has been able to lift a ſhield. The baſe of the Mountain ſtands at a very ſhort

* A ſtatue of this Saint is erected at the foot of the Mountain; and it is by virtue of his hand extended, that Naples is ſuppoſed hitherto to have eſcaped.

diſtance

distance from the town of Portici; and here Guides, Cicerones, and Mules, attend for the service of the curious. We made free with one of the second description, two of the first, and declined taking any of the last into our suite. A very little ascent up the broader part of the base, which extends down to the sea, furnished a noble view of the Bay—softened as it was in that instant with the beams of the sun. The path then began to conduct us over vast heaps of lava: it resembles strictly a plowed field, the soil of which is thrown up in irregular distributions of black and unbroken clods. Of these the age and circumstances are well known by the Cicerones, who explained the phænomena attending them, and assigned to each their regular dates. Our Cicerone was not however a philosopher, he never intermeddled with *causes*; contenting himself with *effects*, he rehearsed his catalogue of signs and wonders; and had only answers for those questions which were con-

connected with what immediately preceded in the dialogue.

The path we were now purſuing, was marked out as "la Caccia del Re," or "the King's Hunt." The inequality and ſharpneſs of the lava rendered this part of the expedition particularly inconvenient; and it was no conſolatory circumſtance, to find, upon advancing, the roughneſs and the declivity conſiderably increaſe. The half-diſtance was marked by a ſtone of enormous bulk, which was laſt year diſcharged from the crater, and, ſettling here, is eſtimated to divide the aſcent with tolerable exactneſs. Some diſtance from this, and not till a ſteep and rugged track of lava is paſſed, commences what is called the "Pain de Sucre." This is the Crown of the Mountain, conſiſting entirely of aſhes, preciſely conical, and extremely difficult of aſcent.

It is unneceſſary to inſiſt upon the inconvenience of climbing over looſe and warm

aſhes. The Guides girt on their belts, and, recommending us to hang by theſe, aſſiſted our movements by thus ſcrambling before us. The effluvia of the warm aſhes was ſo relaxing, as to render this part of the aſcent more fatiguing than any portion of climbing I ever underwent. We reached, however, by perſevering exertions, the Crater, and thruſt our heads over that awful baſin, from which has iſſued the deſtruction of thouſands. Clouds of thick ſmoke, ſtrongly impregnated with ſulphur, rendered it impoſſible to make any diſcoveries. The vapor was powerful to a degree approaching ſuffocation. The Guides called out, "Faz-" zoletti," "Handkerchiefs." With theſe we defended ourſelves againſt the attacks of the ſulphur: and clinging round the waiſts of the Guides, deſcended with a rapidity which contraſted well with the tardineſs of our aſcent.

The Hermitage furniſhed us, upon our deſcent, a grateful refreſhment. This Hermitage

mitage is situated under the protection of a ridge, which secures it for the present against the lava. An old Regular, and a Secular, inhabit this dreary abode; and offer their humble tribute of eggs and lagrima Christi, (a wine in some repute,) to those whom curiosity draws to these tremendous regions. The Hermit has been fourteen years an inhabitant of this solitude. His companion has but lately become of his society. The first of these has an annuity from Government, for residing here: and it would be difficult to conceive, how an adequate reward can be given for such services, were it not sufficiently known, that nature has suited the propensities of some men to situations which have no conceivable attractions. I asked him, if he was not terrified at living in so dangerous a neighbourhood. He replied, "By no "means. That the Hermitage had been "established more than two hundred years, "and no instance had yet happened of in-

"jury

" jury to the Hermit. The Hermitage had " indeed once ſhifted its ground, by a ſin- " gular force and direction of the lava; " but that the Hermit himſelf had found " means of eſcape."

Habit is doubtleſs the parent of content, or it would be difficult to imagine how a being, endued with mortal affections, could ſleep ſecurely within the ſhade of a mountain, which has already buried whole cities in lava and aſhes. A ſmall gratuity repaid the Hermit for his civil offices. Our names were enrolled in the Catalogue of Adventurers, who had bent over the brow of the Crater; and we rejoined, with ſome additional fatigue, our equipage—feeling very ſenſibly, that Veſuvius is a mountain which it is more pleaſant to *have aſcended*, than to *aſcend*.

LETTER CVIII.

Naples, Feb. 28, 1792.

FROM the Lava of Veſuvius, I have been to viſit the Ruins of Pompeia; and, having taken a peep into the Gulph itſelf, was deſirous of ſeeing its deſtructive effects upon thoſe who are ſo unfortunate as to ſtand in its neighbourhood. Diſcovered by accident, and laid open by induſtry, part of the antient town of Pompeia, deſtroyed by a ſhower of burning aſhes, now ſtands expoſed to the ſpectator's eye. A ſquare of ſome extent, a perfect ſtreet, a ſmall burying-place, and a temple of Iſis, are all that have yet been traced out beneath the incumbent ſoil.

From all that appears in the military priſons, the ſkulls, &c. the fate of this town muſt have been ſo ſudden, as to admit of little

little eſcape; and it is ſomewhat extraordinary, that a period of one thouſand ſeven hundred years ſhould have elapſed without any diſcoveries made of an entire town ſunk amidſt the ſoil—particularly when it is conſidered, that the earth is not, in the deepeſt parts yet explored, more than twelve feet raiſed above the buildings. The ſtreet is the moſt perfect curioſity that Europe has to ſhew; and may indiſputably be placed at the head of thoſe monuments which preſerve the traces of antient times. The opening to this ſtreet is ornamented with a fountain, and it terminates in a burying-place, decorated with ſepulchral lamps. The ſtreet is narrow, paved with lava, and worn into ruts by the wheels of the antient carriages. There is on each ſide a footway, conſiderably raiſed above the carriage track; and ſhops of various character, in uninterrupted ſucceſſion. Many of theſe are traced with tolerable accuracy to the particular profeſſion, or merchandize, under which they

were antiently claſſed; ſuch as ſurgery, wine-vaults, coffee-houſes, &c.

The houſes are, with very little variation, conſtructed upon an uniform plan; and coolneſs ſeems in all to have been particularly attended to. They are ſo perfectly cleared of all thoſe aſhes under which they once lay, that the traveller can now enter every apartment, and examine them with the moſt perfect convenience. The ſhops are ornamented with paintings in ſtucco, emblematical of their character; and the chambers covered with groupes of a wanton and amorous deſcription. To each is, for the moſt part, annexed a ſmall court-yard, having a reſervoir of water in the center. All the parts of this ſtreet are ſo accurately preſerved, that it reſembles more a model of what *may have been*, than a monument of what really exiſted: and I have yet viſited no ruins of paſt times, in which the images were preſented to the mind more entire and conſiſtent.

I for-

I forbear to comment on the temple of Iſis, and the military Priſons: they are ſufficiently known, as well as the other parts of this ſubterraneous town, by deſcriptions already given. I cannot, however, forbear expreſſing the horror I felt, at being conducted through a vault or cellar, which paſſed under the four ſides of a quadrangular garden. What appeared moſt hideous in this cellar was, that the large jars, containing the wines, without any diſturbance of their original arrangement, were filled with lava, and thus incruſted with the walls and each other. Some ſkeletons had been found upon the firſt opening of theſe vaults, doubtleſs of perſons who, ſeeking refuge in this imagined place of ſafety, were buried in the common deſtruction. I could not iſſue from theſe gloomy vaults, without ſhuddering at the reflection of a cataſtrophe ſo ſudden and extenſive; or congratulating thoſe whoſe "lines are fallen in" more "pleaſant "places." Labourers are ſtill occupied in

clearing away the aſhes; and advances are making towards more complete diſcoveries. It is, however, to be lamented, that for want of due encouragement among the higher powers, the buſineſs proceeds with very little alacrity; and ſmall chance appears of making further acquaintance with Pompeia in the preſent century. His Majeſty has not, *as yet*, viſited theſe ruins, though they lie within half a dozen miles of his Muſæum at Portici. His viſit has been promiſed, and expected, for a courſe of years paſt; but except ſome wild fowl ſhould hover over the ruins, Pompeia will have little ſecurity for the fulfilment of the royal engagement.

Our Engliſh Reſident at this Court had, as I have been informed, laid out for his Majeſty an Engliſh Garden, ſtocked it with plants from England, and added a Gardener, who had ſtudied the ſcience upon Engliſh principles. Some ſycophant of the Court ſuggeſted to the King, that the ground,

ground, thus metamorphoſed, would make an incomparable "Caccia," or chace ground. This was to his Majeſty of Naples irreſiſtible, and a decree was immediately iſſued, for converting the *Giardino Ingleſe* into a *Caccia*. Sir W. H., apprized of the deſign, flew to the King, remonſtrated againſt the intended change, and continued to intreat him, that he would at leaſt make the Garden a viſit, before he ſuffered it to be deſtroyed. The King aſſented; and the following day, accompanied by his retinue, proceeded to reconnoitre the Engliſh Garden. It happened, that on the way a wild-fowl ſprung up; this caught his Majeſty's eye—a gun was demanded, and couriers were immediately diſpatched for the Royal gun. This arreſting the cavalcade, produced ſo great delay, that before the bird could be brought to the ground, it was judged impracticable to continue the route,—and his Majeſty returned, without ſeeing the object of his expedition. Sir W. H. now preſſed his

ſuite on behalf of the Garden, urging, that his Majeſty might boaſt of having in his Garden plants which no other King in Europe poſſeſſed. This ſettled the buſineſs in Sir W's favour: "If that be the caſe," (concluded his Majeſty,) "it ſhall be a "*Garden*; and I will be the greateſt King "in Europe."

LETTER CIX.

Naples.

THE changes which have taken place upon the whole of this coaſt, are amongſt the moſt extraordinary atchievements of Time and Ruin. Pozzuolo, Baiæ, and Cumæ, ſtript of all their antient edifices, are now ſtretched, like the wrecks of ſhattered veſſels, along the ſea-ſhore. The firſt is yet viſited for ſome indiſtinct remains of

a temple of Serapis, and a villa of Cicero. Over the former of theſe, volcanic flames have evidently paſſed; the columns yet ſtanding, retain the ſtrongeſt traces of fire, and appear burned to the conſiſtency of pumice-ſtone.

Baiæ is yet a more melancholy wreck. In croſſing the gulf of Pozzuolo, to viſit it, all that has ſurvived of this elegant retreat ſhews itſelf in the exterior of a few temples, whoſe walls are bared and perforated by the waſte of elements and time. Landing upon a charming ſpot, I rambled along the ſhore, and reconnoitred theſe monuments of paſt and periſhed beauty. A temple given to Venus, reſembling in its form that of Minerva Medica, has yet ſome attractions in the happineſs of ſituation, and the ſymmetry of its figure, heightened by the elegant umbrage which overhangs its cupola. A temple of Mercury, covered in after the model of the Roman Pantheon, was doubtleſs once an ornament to theſe ſhores. It

is now ſunk conſiderably below the level of the ſoil, and yet retains the property of returning a prodigious echo; and, like the Gallery of St. Paul's at London, of rendering diſtinctly audible the loweſt whiſper. Foundations of palaces are further diſcernible through the whole extent of the ſhore, and ſcattered fragments yet preſerve the traces of the antient chiſſel. Succeſſive earthquakes have however demoliſhed the buildings themſelves, and ſo altered the poſition of the ſoil, that the ſea now waſhes the remains of thoſe manſions, which doubtleſs, in their perfect ſtate, occupied a ſituation of greater ſecurity.

The village of Bauli, rendered famous by the matricide of Nero,—the Reſervoir for the Roman Fleet, now known as the Piſcina Mirabile,—and the Elyſian Fields, excited a ſhare of intereſt proportioned to their hiſtorical or traditional importance. In the firſt, I was conducted, by the aid of torches, to a Cave, of which I can make no report

beyond that of the conjecture which has fixed it as the Tomb of Agrippina. The Piſcina is a reſervoir of prodigious extent, and ſufficiently known for the ſediment with which its walls are incruſted. This is found to bear an excellent poliſh; and gaudy tables, ſnuff-boxes, &c. are made of it at Naples. The Elyſian Fields, and the Lake of Acheron, (Lago della Fuſaro) have little to recommend them, beyond the faſcinations which the pen of the Poet has hung around them. The flowery meads of the one, and the noxious vapour of the other, have partaken of the common fluctuations which their neighbours have experienced. Yet enthuſiaſm perceives no decay in thoſe regions, upon which it has been encouraged to dwell. The eye yet views the Elyſian Fields in that picture of perfect beauty, through which they were firſt tranſmitted; and conſecrated to immortality by the labours of the Muſe, they "live in deſcription, and look green in "ſong."

So

So much has been ſaid of the *Grotto del Cane*, on the road to Pozzuolo, and of the various phenomena, that I ſhall content myſelf with telling you, that I found it a ſmall cave, cut in one of the mountains that encloſe the lake Agnano: the ground emitted a very warm vapour. I readily diſpenſed with the experiments propoſed, as I could not ſee the propriety of torturing an animal in the ſervice of my curioſity. The learned are, I perceive, ſtill at variance upon the properties of this Cave; and it is an arcanum *hereafter* to be diſcovered—what are the phyſical cauſes of that ſtoppage of reſpiration in animals, and extinction of flame in torches, which this Cave avowedly occaſions.

If I add to theſe the Baths of Nero, and the Piſciarella—I ſhall have named to you the moſt memorable of thoſe curioſities, which have occupied me two ſeveral days. The Baths of Nero conſiſted in a rock perforated; an experiment of the heat was made

made by paſſing through this cavity, in which the air was heated to an unſufferable degree: an egg was boiled before me in the natural water, and turned out perfectly hard. The Piſciarella was alſo a rock excavated, and equally impregnated with natural heat; the water bubbled and roared in it, as it would have done in a heated cauldron. Indeed the whole ſoil appears penetrated with ſulphureous fluid; and wherever I ſet my foot, I ſeem to be treading upon a ſoil perpetually heaving and ſinking with the workings of volcanic matter. Earthquakes and exploſions ſeem here of natural growth, in alternate ſucceſſion working new changes in the aſpect of the country.

LETTER CX.

THE Muſæum at Portici is the moſt intereſting cabinet in Europe, to a man not profeſſedly ſcientific. The generality of cabinets are ſchools of ſtudy, rather than exhibitions of ſtriking rarities; and the traveller, whoſe head does not turn upon an antiquarian pivot, finds in them little to regale his tranſient curioſity. The Muſæum of Portici combines, on the contrary, every ſpecies of intereſting matter, with which the mind, uninformed of ſcientific myſteries, yet tinctured with a knowledge of antient hiſtory, would wiſh to be entertained.

The court-yard of this building is decorated with columns of different magnitudes, which once ſupported the Theatre, Temples, and public edifices of that town, upon

upon whoſe ruins it now ſtands. Theſe are interſperſed with a number of funeral ſtones and tablets, bearing inſcriptions. The Repoſitory of Antiques is itſelf diſtributed into various chambers, appropriated to diſtinct claſſes of ſubjects. The firſt of theſe contained the implements of ſacrifice, ſacred tripods, inſtruments of killing, for performing libations, &c. Amongſt theſe were, ſome utenſils of admirable workmanſhip, and the greater part were of bronze, inlaid with ſilver. One cabinet preſented a complete collection of lamps, ſepulchral, ſacrifical, and domeſtic. Theſe were wrought in every variety of form, and exhibited a thouſand fancies. There were diſtinct cabinets of chirurgical and of muſical inſtruments; alſo of penates and amulets: theſe laſt are moſtly in bronze, repreſenting the different acknowledged divinities, and are, in many inſtances, executed with conſummate taſte.

In

In addition to these, are cabinets of husbandry, the instruments of which have, for the greater part, preserved their original form; of Priapuses in every conceivable fancy;—of manuscripts, in rolls; writing instruments, such as the *Stilus* and *Tabula*; —of kitchen utensils, pots, gridirons, saucepans, &c.—of bathing implements, the strigil, &c.—of weights and measures; and finally of cameos, ladies trinkets, instruments of the toilet, needles, bodkins, scissars, urns; a specimen of various eatables, such as nuts, pears, figs, dates, barley, and a loaf of bread. All these, though blackened by the fire, are yet accurately distinguishable. I might enumerate an infinity of other articles, but the whole of the Musæum has been laid open to the knowledge of the curious by artists and reporters; and the mind, fatigued with the necessary attentions to so copious a collection, feels little disposition to enter into details.

The

The Ruins of Herculaneum, from which, as well as Pompeia, the treaſures of Portici are drawn, lie ſixty feet deep beneath the level of this town. Excluded the means of natural light, they are now viſited by lamps and torches, and reſemble a ſuite of ſubterraneous vaults. Veſtiges yet appear of chambers, ornamented with paintings; walls and columns overlaid with ſtucco; and thoſe who have been fortunate enough to deſcend with an intelligent guide, have been made to believe, that the ruins of this town are much leſs confuſed than they appeared to me to be. The lava has entered into the inmoſt receſſes, and conſolidated into one maſs, houſes, theatres, and temples. How direful muſt have been that fiery torrent, which deſolated this once noble and populous city! And how ſtrong the habits and attachments which can induce a new race of men to fix their reſidence in ſo dangerous a vicinity! Yet here are no ſymptoms of apprehenſion; the round of buſineſs and of pleaſure

pleaſure is purſued by thoſe adventurous inhabitants, with as much indifference as though a league of amity ſubſiſted between the Mountain and themſelves.

" Oh blindneſs to the future, kindly given,
" That each ſhould fill the circle marked by Heaven!"

It is doubtleſs a part of the divine plan, that every region of the earth, not totally deſtructive of the ſpecies, ſhould receive ſome portion of inhabitants; and therefore it is not difficult to ſee how wiſely Nature admits of that diſcipline which chaſtiſes her ſenſibility.

In human life there is no certainty, and much danger; but here uncertainty cannot expreſs how little certain all things are, nor danger how dangerous. All is hollow beneath us: wherever I ſtrike my foot the earth returns a quivering ſound: hills and valleys are perpetually admitting ſome change; and mountains themſelves are but the growth of

a *night.*

a *night* *. On one hand, ſprings are boiling; on the other, liquid ſulphur is oozing through the parted ſoil; here are monuments of what earthquakes have ſcattered, there ruins of what eruptions have diſſolved; the roads are bottomed by maſſes of lava, and the lakes are encloſed in the craters of volcanos!

LETTER CXI.

THE Farneſe Bull and Hercules, which once adorned the palace of that name in Rome, are now numbered amongſt the ornaments of Naples. The firſt occupies a conſpicuous place in the public walks, and the groupe is deſigned and wrought by a

* Monte Nuovo is known to have appeared in this ſpace of time.

noble effort of genius and art. As to the ſecond, ſo gigantic is the bulk and ponderoſity of the Hero, that I much doubt whether the club, on which he is ſuppoſed to lean, would in fact ſuſtain ſo great a preſſure.

From the Hall that boaſts this celebrated ſtatue, I paſſed to contemplate the Tomb of Virgil. Grateful to me was the monument which bore ſo high a name. I embraced with credulous joy, in defiance of the cold and captious doubts of the antiquarian, a prejudice ſo dear to claſſic feeling. I ſaw, in the monkiſh diſtich, a tribute of at leaſt two centuries back *, and I bleſſed the tradition which had conſecrated ſo fair a ſpot to the Poet's memory. It is allowed on all hands, that no tradition could have fallen on an object better calculated to eſtabliſh the fact. It unites all

* "Qui cineres tumuli hæc veſtigia conditur olim
"Ille hoc qui cecinit paſcua, rura, duces."

that

that can be combined of ſimple and pictureſque beauty. Situated upon an eminence, conſiderably above the level of the city, it overhangs the entrance of the Grot of Pauſilippo. Its form is quandrangular, and it is inveſted with a foliage of evergreen. The laurel flouriſhes on its ſummit conſpicuous amidſt inferior ſhrubs.

The Cicerones of Naples are—the ordinary ones at leaſt—beings of very rough manners and impoſing arts; but it is difficult, and even impoſſible, wholly to throw off theſe officious guides. A perfect underſtanding is kept up between them and all in whoſe cuſtody are the objects of ſearch, ſo that he who reſiſts with too decided a bravery their proffered attentions, finds himſelf eventually entangled in that net from which their ſervices can alone deliver him. The Cicerone who attended me on my excurſion to Baiæ, was ſo ſtrict a religioniſt, that he ſeemed to avoid dining, out of compliment to the ſeaſon. He drew

out of his pocket a ſcroll, which he deſired me to read, as an anſwer to the queſtion I had put to him, reſpecting the ſpecies of food which he was permitted to eat. This ſcroll was an indulgence, purporting that the holder might—for pious conſiderations—make free with an egg; and for this he had paid his quota. I aſked him, if he might partake of our meal? He heſitated, not having ſufficient caſuiſtry at hand to ſettle ſo delicate a point. It was at length, however, decided by the boatmen, that meat *given* did not come within the meaning of the act. This deciſion ſatisfied every ſcruple, and our Cicerone made one at our table, in defiance of the Pope and St. Januarius.

One of this deſcription, in the neighbourhood of Puzzuolo, is the reputed poſſeſſor of a Note, which he takes care to ſhew as a teſtimony of his particular merits. The ſubſtance of this Credential purports, that the bearer is the leaſt of a ſcoundrel amongſt the fraternity. This Certificate is ſaid to have

have been given by Sir W. Hamilton to an applicant, two removes from the preſent owner, to whom it has deſcended, in virtue of two aſſaſſinations.

LETTER CXII.

Mola di Gaeta, March 1, 1791.

WE are this day arrived, from St. Agato, at our old ſtation in the vicinity of the Formian Hills. So large a portion of the day is yet unſpent, that I ſhall hope to bring up my report, without conſuming the midnight oil. The ſummit of Veſuvius had been enveloped in a cloud of denſe ſmoke, for ſome days previous to our departure from Naples; and as no appearance of flame had been viſible for a period of eight months, ſtrong ſymptoms of an approaching eruption were remarked by thoſe

who underſtood the phænomena of the mountain.

On Monday, towards evening, a ſhout of "c'è fuoco," or "fire," was raiſed upon the beach; and I had the pleaſure of ſeeing the higheſt object of a ſtranger's curioſity, in the flames of an eruption. In company with ſome friends, I proceeded to Portici in the evening, in order to aſcend as much as ſhould be practicable of the mountain. But the Guides refuſed to conduct us, and urged the danger of making this experiment in ſo early a ſtage of the eruption. In the interim we were led to a ſort of terrace, from which a full and near view was obtained of all that was paſſing upon the ſummit of the mountain. The ſpectacle was grand beyond deſcription; volumes of red ſmoke roſe from the crater, and filled the atmoſphere with ſulphur. This was accompanied with the repeated diſcharge of hot ſtones, which iſſued with the report of thunder. It ſeemed from the ſymptoms of

internal agitation, and the rumbling ſounds which ſhook the baſe, as though the fiery matter were impatient of confinement; and the following day a meſſage from the mountain announced that the lava had begun to flow. A ſecond expedition was now reſolved upon for the approaching night, and it was particularly favourable to the ſcenery of Veſuvius, that neither moon nor ſtar were diſcernible above the horizon.

The Crater of the Mountain was now wrapped in flames, emitting inceſſant ſhowers of red-hot ſtones, and vaſt volumes of red ſmoke. From its ſide guſhed a ſtream of liquid fire, deſcending ſlowly to its baſe. The whole ſpectacle, as viewed from Naples, and particularly from Portici, was ſtupendouſly grand and impreſſive. Furniſhed with torches, we began our march, and it was our intention to aſcend, if poſſible, to the very chaſm from which the lava deſcended; but after many ineffectual expe-

riments, which the darkneſs rendered not a little hazardous, this deſign was relinquiſhed. More than once, as we mounted, a volley of ſtones, ſhot from the Crater, were ſeen rolling towards the parts over which we were climbing. The thick aſhes however impeded the velocity of their motion, and rendered it ſufficiently eaſy to eſcape the danger, by a due exerciſe of vigilance and caution. The Guide admoniſhed us in all theſe caſes to halt, and ſtrictly conform to his inſtructions. At length, after an irkſome and circuitous journey, we arrived at a craggy point near the ſummit, from which the orifice of the lava was diſtinctly viſible, while the whole ſtream itſelf moved in ſolemn majeſty before us. Our ſituation was ſuch, as to allow me to kindle my torch from the burning matter. Here we took our ſtand upon a pile of ſolid lava, and contemplated to full advantage every circumſtance that entered into this wonderful ſcene.

Image

Image to yourſelf the thundering ſounds of repeated exploſion—the heated ſtones deſcending from the Crater, and the guſts of flame breaking forth at intervals, and you will have a faint idea of thoſe awful ſublimities which no repreſentation of pen or pencil can adequately convey. The fiery torrent deſcends with great regularity, and diſcovers no ſymptoms of agitation or velocity. The orifice itſelf is by no means uniform in the quantity, or mode of its diſcharge. At intervals it vomits the inflammable matter with ſuch violence, as greatly to agitate the atmoſphere, and ſhake the whole extent of the mountain. A great portion of the night was ſpent in viewing this majeſtic ſcene. The Guides having ſuggeſted the danger which a poſſible change of wind might create, in altering the direction of the ſmoke, we took our leave of the mountain, and returned to Naples before day-break. An hour's toſſing upon my bed was the only repoſe I obtained, when the

period

period of our departure was announced, and I left Naples with a ſentiment in which ſatisfaction and regret were almoſt equally blended.

LETTER CXIII.

Rome, March 8, 1791.

UPON re-entering the gates of Rome, my mind, glowing with images of paſt delight, was filled with ſtrong recollection of all thoſe ſublimities with which it had once converſed, and anticipated the luxury of treading a ſecond time the ſame enchanting round: but, alas! that eſſential ingredient in human pleaſures, *novelty*, was wanting. The ſcenes, though wonderful, were diſtinctly known; and gazing upon the ſurrounding objects, I ſighed to find that "ignorance is bliſs." A day or two more will terminate my reſidence in this capital; and

and in leaving Rome I ſhall find little ſubject for regret in ought but the monuments of art and grandeur that I leave behind. I have ſeen here no diſplays of hoſpitality, and witneſſed no circulation of friendly ſenſibilities. All is pride and oſtentation without; all is coldneſs and reſerve within. Splendid equipages and brilliant levees are the objects of competition among the great; and the inferior orders appear to feel no higher ambition, than that of ſtaring at the one, or bowing down at the other. Wide is the gulph in this metropolis between the great and the mean; and yet, great and mean are only marked by that nominal diſtinction, which, as by the force of ſome Gothic enchantment, exalts and *ennobles* the meagre cavalier who pines on macaroni—and excludes from the elevated circles of ſociety, the merchant, who is daily adding, by his uſeful and active exertions, to the wealth and proſperity of his country.

The

The accent of the Romans in pronouncing their language, is with me a ſubject of much admiration. There is an openneſs, a diſtinctneſs, and a rotundity, which renders the words, in the moſt ordinary and rapid utterance, audible, preciſe, and harmonious. Their oaths, which have an habitual and diſguſting reference to the Croſs, the Virgin, &c. are ſtrangely blended in common converſation, with the "face and "blood of Bacchus," and other remains of heatheniſh imprecation.

Nothing can repreſent more ſtrikingly the fall of Gallic Majeſty, than the aſſemblies of the Cardinal de Bernis. This prelate, who has for ſo many years repreſented the French Monarch at the Court of Rome, and whoſe ſplendid hoſpitality has been ſo long and juſtly famed, now exhibits in his meagre entertainments, the reduced eſtabliſhment of his diplomatic functions. The fugitive Aunts of Louis occupy apartments in the ſame palatial manſion, and regularly make

make their appearance on his public nights to receive the compliments of the circle. The Abbé Mauri, on his arrival, was welcomed with warm congratulations; and the Conclave are ſuppoſed to be preparing for him, thoſe honours which his ſervices claim. He is a man of very commanding perſon, of a hardy and dauntleſs front, and appears every way qualified to ſupport a high character in the church militant. The Aunts are models of all that is at once antique and venerable. Their dreſſes are obſolete; but their countenances, clothed in the garb of grief, render it impoſſible to view them with any other emotions than thoſe of reſpect and ſympathy. The aged Cardinal is himſelf a ſhadow; misfortune has overtaken him in the vale of years; and bitter muſt, in ſuch circumſtances, be the converſion of homage and reſpect into pity and condolence. The Holy Father muſt doubtleſs take a lively ſhare of intereſt in theſe perſonal reverſes. His age may poſſibly ſecure

to

to himſelf a peaceful demiſe; and thus the ſingle niche in the Vatican now remaining, may receive the ſtatue of Pius VI. But I cannot prevail upon myſelf to believe that another niche will ever be carved; or that the Keys of St. Peter will have the virtue of a ſceptre in the hands of a ſucceſſor.

Great caution is uſed in reſpect to the admiſſion of the Emigrant French; and ſtrong credentials muſt be produced to obtain footing upon the eccleſiaſtical domains. The difficulty of diſtinguiſhing the Sheep from the Wolves is the great foundation of this precaution. Which are the *Sheep*, and which the *Wolves*, I am not obliged to ſay. But, however diſputable the application of terms, I deplore the fate of thoſe whoſe rank and fortune were their only crimes. I have met with individuals of that deſcription, whoſe caſe demanded the tendereſt ſympathy. The greater number of thoſe who have fled, are unfortunately characterized by ſufferings leſs operative of ſympathy

pathy and reſpect. Pride, volatility, and vain boaſting, are qualities which, however they may glitter in the ſunſhine of proſperity, emit no cheering rays in traverſing the vale of adverſity.

Thoſe who contemplate the great phænomenon of an empire convulſed by a revolution the moſt general and complete the world ever ſaw, find a difficulty in believing —that the butterfly corps, who with well-bred apathy affect to laugh at the diſtant ſcene, as of trivial moment and tranſient duration, have themſelves been witneſſes of the mighty exploſion; and have eſcaped with imminent hazard from the craſh of national ruin.

LETTER CXIV.

Leghorn, March 17, 1791.

IT is now nearly a week ſince we turned our backs upon Rome, and ſought, along the ridge of the Apennine, the route to Sienna. As our equipage was not upon a very ſmall ſcale, we were compelled to ſubmit to a multiplicity of inconveniences. The three days which it took us to aſcend to Radicofani, the higheſt ſummit of Appennine on this route, were days of bleak and ſtormy weather; the wind on this elevated ſituation blowing with a degree of violence ſcarcely known in humbler regions. The ancient Mons Ciminus (now la Montagna) was paſſed in our ſecond day, by a rough and ſteep aſcent. At length, after a tedious and boiſterous journey of four days, we

found ourſelves ſafely houſed at the antient city of Sienna.

Thoſe who have examined the rarities of this place, report that manuſcripts of much curioſity are preſerved in the archives of its Cathedral; and thoſe who have reſided among its inhabitants, pay many compliments to their hoſpitality. For my own part, I ſhall not pretend to acquaintance with the one or the other. Our progreſs to Leghorn was completed by rapid advances, in two additional days; and we had the good fortune to find the weather improve in an equal proportion with the country. The vines appeared in a ſtate of great forwardneſs, and all announced the happy effects of a benign and liberal government.

It is vulgarly remarked, that there are myſteries in every trade: an incident which occurred on my way to Luſtra Bianca, confirmed, divertingly enough, the truth of this obſervation. It was in a little town, whoſe

name I do not know, that looking from the window of the inn, I perceived a man, who, from the ſolemn air he aſſumed, wore the appearance of an itinerant preacher. Remarking that he was not unattended to by thoſe who were walking the ſtreets, I took my ſtation conveniently near, in order to liſten to the harangue he had begun. As he ſpoke the pure Tuſcan, I was able to follow without interruption. His ſermon (for ſuch it was) abounded in figurative expreſſions, and ſcriptural quotations. He called upon his auditory to recollect, "that "the period was coming, when a great "phænomenon would be exhibited. Then "ſhall be ſeen," ſaid the preacher, "the "glorious ſpectacle of cherubim and ſera-"phim in the clouds. The gates of Para-"diſe will be opened on the one hand, and "the gates of Hell on the other; and the "ſoul—that ray of divine light—ſhall be "received into everlaſting manſions of hap-"pineſs or miſery. What then, ſay you,

"ſhall

" ſhall we do that the gates of Paradiſe " may be opened to us? Give alms, my " brethren—give alms—for, as the divine " St. Auſtin ſays, " Elemoſyne ſono la " chiave del Paradiſo—Alms are the key " that opens Paradiſe."

Then, making a momentary pauſe, he lowered his voice, and concluded with " Io " ſono poverello—I am a poor man, and " need your charity." His guide now collected the alms of the hearers, while the preacher, elevating his voice to its former pitch, recapitulated all the frightful denunciations he had before uttered againſt the uncharitable. He was heard with profound attention; and every one eagerly contributed his mite, in order to ſecure, by ſo cheap a purchaſe, the future joys of heaven.

LETTER CXV.

Leghorn.

IT is impoſſible to paſs from the barren tracks of the Campagna, into the luſcious plains of Tuſcany, without making compariſons, which leave no very favourable impreſſion of the Roman ſyſtem of government. The aſpect of a country in its lands and its villages, is to me the index of its political conſtitution; and I could never be brought to think that government radically good, which ſuffers its lands to lie in waſte, and its villages to ſink in ruins.

From Sienna to Leghorn, I was delighted with a picture—at once new and conſolatory—of fertility, neatneſs, and plenty. The ſloping hills were covered with grain, whoſe blade was rapidly advancing; olives

ſhaded the leſs fruitful quarters: vines of luxuriant growth formed the bounds of ſeparation; and corn, wine, and oil ſeemed the growth of every acre. The villages were clean and chearful; the farms were ſcattered in due and convenient diſtribution; and the eye, in paſſing over a track illumined by the face of plenty, took in a view that warmed the heart. In travelling through the Roman ſtates, all around preſents a dreary and revolting picture; houſes untenanted, lands uncultivated, and even the face of ſociety (where it is ſeen) deformed by indolence, filth, and barbarity.

In accounting for this political problem, two capital errors in the governing ſyſtem ought not to be overlooked. The firſt of theſe is, the high and diſcouraging impoſt levied upon the grain produced. The farmers are obliged to ſell their corn, or at leaſt to furniſh a ſtipulated quantity, to the apoſtolical chamber, at a reduced price. The parties who ſhall furniſh this grain, and

the quota which each ſhall be reſponſible for, are aſſigned by the comptroller of the chamber, who may have his reaſons for not putting in the liſt, ſome of the moſt opulent and powerful ſubjects of the ſtate. It is in the firſt place generally eſteemed a matter of neceſſary courteſy, to except from ſuch plebeian burdens the nephew, or principal relation of the reigning Pope. Reaſons equally ſtrong may move the courtly feelings of the comptroller in favour of other families, with whom it is neither advantageous, nor perfectly ſafe, to be upon litigious terms. Thus the burthen will eventually fall upon the laborious ranks, who, compelled to bring their produce to a bad market, find little inducement to ſtruggle for a plentiful harveſt.

A ſecond obſtacle to general improvement is the inconvenient magnitude of the farms. Theſe are uſually of ſuch extent, that the land cannot be employed, with any attention to variety of produce. It would be the

the journey of a day, to pass from field to barn; and the landholder would not, under the present circumstances, find his account in seeking by forced industry to multiply his crops. Would the reigning powers take some measures for parcelling out the territory, and dividing the farms; would they, in addition to this, apply their taxation rather to the proportion of the land, than of the produce, and give some security of possession for a term of years; the face of the country might then assume an aspect of civilization, and the Campagna excel as much in produce, as it does in fertility.

Pope Rezzonico actually saw the propriety, and was desirous of trying the practicability, of these reforms. The work, however, still remains among those happy improvements which it is judged, from secret motives, wise to defer. Doubtless, the fabric of the Roman power has many unsound parts; and it may be, that rotteness has corroded its essential supports. Cau-

tious policy will therefore rather ſhelter under its imperfect roof, than ſeek, by repairing its defects, to hazard its fall.

LETTER CXVI.

Leghorn.

THERE is a chearful vivacity in the aſpect of this place, which conſtitutes to an admirer of local curioſities, its principal, and almoſt its only value. One ſtrait and handſome ſtreet, of a width and ſtructure bordering upon magnificence, is, in fact, the town; and it is in this, that merchants of all nations find a rendezvous, and negociate the great buſineſs of commerce. This ſtreet is enlivened by an expoſure of merchandize, foreign and Engliſh; and a motley croud of traders, in the dreſs of fifty different nations, are parading this walk of traffic every hour of the day.

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The concerns of politics occupy a very ſmall ſhare of the public attention, in this mart of commerce. Rumours are however gone out, of great confuſion exiſting in Tuſcany, upon the ſudden demiſe of the Emperor. The Grand Duke is departed for Vienna; and general opinion in theſe parts, regards the change as injurious in a high degree to the emigrant ariſtocracy of France, whoſe hopes were ſtrongly flattered by the tractable and complying humour of Leopold. Whether his ſucceſſor may adopt the ſame line of intrigue, it is yet too early to conjecture; difficulties however, inſeparable from the commencement of a new reign, muſt, for the moment at leaſt, throw obſtacles in the way of offenſive proceedings. The Netherlands, that thorn in the Imperial ſide, will probably take advantage of the weakneſs, which every deſpotic government feels on the demiſe of its head; and put in ſome claims, inconvenient to the quiet eſtabliſhment of a ſucceſſor. Time

will

will however more perfectly develope, whether the projected league will have loſt or gained by this change; which apparently affected by ſome ſiniſter means, muſt have ſome object, diſcoverable only in its accompliſhment or defeat.

Theſe ſpeculations intereſt in a very ſmall degree the inhabitants of a free port; to whom, by a happy policy, the commerce of the world is open. They rarely intermeddle with the queſtion of war, till it bears upon their own immediate concerns; and threatens, by raiſing the rate of inſurance and interrupting the liberty of the ſeas, to bring its baneful miſchiefs into the channel of their gains. It is an amuſement in which I find no ordinary pleaſure, to mix with the multitude which daily throngs the Exchange. The variety of complexion, dreſs, and language, added to the lively intereſt which every countenance wears, renders the whole a ſcene which it is impoſſible to contemplate without emotion. This pleaſure derives

derives increaſe from the compariſons which I cannot fail to make, between the objects now before me, and thoſe with which I have been for theſe laſt three months converſant.

The church, in her pure and limited eſtabliſhment, is a national good, and amply repays the revenues ſhe receives, by the influence ſhe poſſeſſes over the morals of the community. But the Roman church is characterized only by avarice and luſt of dominion, under a cloak of ſanctity and apoſtolic preſcription. What its real virtues are, and what the grounds of its beſt defence, I pretend not to know. I cannot find the one or the other, in the morals it promotes, or the light it diffuſes; I cannot ſee them, in the equity of its laws, or the liberality of its government. Its roots have indeed ſtruck deep into the ſoil, in which it has flouriſhed for ſo many ages, and confuſion muſt enſue from any violent efforts to ſeparate them. What the meaſures will be

be that Providence may employ, to compaſs this great event, raſhneſs will alone predict. I tremble for the arts, I tremble ſtill more for the guiltleſs individuals who may be abſorbed in its vortex; but I have too much reſpect for the happineſs of mankind, and reliance on the credit of prophecy, to deprecate the fall of Babylon.

LETTER CXVII.

Legborn, March 20, 1792.

SINCE my laſt, I have indulged a curioſity which has never abandoned me, of viſiting Genoa. The opportunity of a felucca bound for that port on Tueſday laſt, was announced to me by accident in the Strada Ferdinanda. I cloſed with the captain upon very moderate terms; and wrapping myſelf in my great coat, went with little farther preparation, on board in the

duſk

duſk of the evening. The wind was ſlack the whole of the night, and morning found us ſtill in ſight of the coaſt.

It is impoſſible to imagine veſſels leſs adapted to the purpoſes of convenience, than thoſe which paſs under the name of feluccas. A ſmall portion of the deck is indeed covered over with an awning of hair-cloth. This is however open at both ends, in order that the pilot may have a proper view of the courſe he is ſteering. Three miſerable mattraſſes were provided, upon which myſelf and two comrades, whoſe faces I had not yet diſtinctly ſeen, threw our weary limbs, expoſed to the rude and chilling blaſts of night. The light of the day aſſiſted me in making acquaintance with the countenances of thoſe in whoſe ſociety I had paſſed the night. The firſt was a Leghorn merchant, native of Tuſcany, who had urgent buſineſs, as he told me, at Genoa; and had therefore hired the veſſel on condition, that no money was to

be

be paid, if he were not landed at Genoa before the arrival of the courier. Our other companion was one who, like myſelf, found it more convenient to pay for a part, than the whole of a veſſel; and had therefore ſtepped in at the moment of ſailing, upon the ſtrength of a ſmall gratuity. He was a man of a cloſe and ſubtle countenance, remarkably tall, and ſomewhat emaciated.

The ſubject of the lotto or lottery, which the Leghorn merchant had ſtarted, and which is amongſt Italians the prevailing topic of intereſt and converſation, looſened the tongue of our Piedmonteſe virtuſo; for ſuch I afterwards found him to be. "With "reſpect to the lottery," ſaid he, "I can "tell you ſome remarkable turns of fortune "that have lately fallen out. Amongſt others, "a ſervant of a cavalier has juſt gained "18,000 crowns; I know the cavalier, and "have witneſſed the fact. Catzo," ſaid he, "with invidious emphaſis, "che benedetto "bugerone! e tutto queſto venne de cinque

" paoli—What a lucky raſcal! and all this " for half a crown!"

A ſilence of conſiderable length then enſued, when one of the ſailors began to deſcant upon the French Revolution. He argued the point, as though it had been effected by a company of merchants. His harangue appeared to excite great attention. " Before this event," ſaid he, " the no- " bles and the cavaliers had all the TRADE; " but now the people have got it into their " own hands--*Ecco la ragione!*" There might be ſome truth in what he affirmed, but he nevertheleſs explained the matter ſo ill, that the Piedmonteſe, who had ſat all the time without appearing to pay him any attention, now unfolded his muſcles, and having haughtily and peremptorily contradicted in the outſet all that had been ſaid, he thus proceeded: " Some accidental and favour- " ing circumſtances had created a certain " ſet of people called NOBILITY. In pro- " ceſs of time theſe had increaſed in power, " wealth,

" wealth, and number, to a vaſt degree: " and no one was conſidered as of any " conſequence in the kingdom, who could " not boaſt of his blood and family. Theſe " were diſtinctions very oppreſſive to the " nation. At length the body of the peo- " ple became ſenſible, that ſuch diſtinctions " were neither natural nor reaſonable. " They united, therefore, and did as every " enlightened nation will do, threw off the " yoke—Ecco la RAGIONE!"

LETTER CXVIII.

My attention was now pointed to the marbles of Carrara. Theſe quarries, variouſly veined, make a ſtriking figure when viewed from the ſea. From them the ſtatuaries of Rome principally draw the

the materials of their art; and blocks of prodigious ſize are frequently ſeen entering the Tiber. It was not without extraordinary efforts that we reached before night the port of Lerici, the entrance of which is not without its beauty. The town is diſpoſed in a ſemi-circular form around the bay. The gulf of Spezia and Porto Veneris enter into the compoſition of this pleaſing picture. The Leghorn merchant undertook to conduct me to a ſhelter for the night. It being in the calendar of my ſcrupulous companion a *jour maigre*, we ſatisfied ourſelves with a broiled fiſh, for which the landlord had the moderation to demand of us *only* a crown a-piece. We received at the alba, or dawn of day, a ſummons to go on board; and, by the time that we had cleared out, the rays of the ſun were beginning to play upon the rocks.

In paſſing the gulph of Spezia, the ſailors reminded us of thoſe happy days they had paſſed, when the Engliſh ſhips of war were

ſtationed there; and expreſſed their wiſhes, that ſome event would bring the navy of England again upon their coaſt. This led to panegyric upon the *brave Engliſh*: and, directing themſelves to me, they intreated I would relate to them ſome particulars of the great *Capitano* Cook. When I recounted his voyages, their number, and extent; when I enumerated his heroic qualities, his intrepidity, his amiable manners, and laſtly his end, they liſtened with admiration and ſenſibility. The captain of the veſſel, amongſt many inquiries concerning the wonders of Britain, ſaid, "I have "heard that you burn in your Engliſh "lamps, oil made out of the fat of whales: "e vero? is it true?" I replied in the affirmative, and worked up his aſtoniſhment to the higheſt pitch by aſſuring him, that there exiſted in England ſuch an eſtabliſhment as the Greenland fiſhery; and that not only the fat was converted into oil for our lamps, but that the bones themſelves

were

were uſed up in dreſſes for the ladies. As my credit might have been weakened by proceeding in theſe aſtoniſhing relations, I took advantage of the ſilent ſurprize of the company, to inquire of the virtuoſo reſpecting his abſence. He anſwered laconically, that he had paſſed the night at a houſe where he had eaten of eggs and ſoup, and paid in the morning twenty ſols of Genoa for his ſupper and bed.

The converſation now turning upon the different taſtes of men, the virtuoſo delivered his opinion, that the more rational paſſion, in relation to ſubjects of taſte, was that for precious ſtones. "For," ſaid he, "if a "man is fond of pictures, prints, and ſtatues; "what infinite difficulties he finds in the way "of enjoyment! If paintings, they are rent "in the carrying; if prints, they are da-"maged in the folding; and if ſtatues, they "are injured by the friction." I mentioned to him the lucky adventures that the Engliſh banker at Rome had made, in the line of

vertu: "Ah!" said he, "I once bought a stone "of a lad in the fields for five paols, and "afterwards sold it for sixty zechins." "Yours "then," said I, "must be an admirable "trade, and highly lucrative." "Ah, Sir!" replied he, "these are occurrences that "happen once or twice only in the life of a "man: I am fearful I have had my share "of good luck. Two of these fortunate "events have already fallen to my lot: the "second of these was with a priest. When "I was in Calabria, a certain stone, for "which I had given a few carlins, was "fancied by this priest, who offered for it "ten zechins. In addition to this, I de-"manded, and he acceded to my demand, "of selecting in exchange any stone in his "collection. The stone upon which I "fixed, I afterwards sold for forty zechins, "and this," concluded he, "is the first time "I ever got any thing by a priest."

Calabria having been mentioned, I took occasion to remark, that the prince of Ca-

rignano had been on a visit to Naples and Rome; and that he appeared a man of very awkward and unfinished manners. "Such," said he, "is the folly of our court. "They exclude the princes from associat- "ing with the rest of their fellow-crea- "tures: and if they send them out to tra- "vel, put them, as is the case with the "prince of Carignano, under the manage- "ment of their mother. Hence they "learn to be both proud, and awkward. "When at Geneva, not long since, I used "to go on a morning to bathe; and, after "some days, I found that a son of the king "of England was bathing at the same time, "in a place separated from mine, only by "a slight partition. "Cospetto!" exclaimed he with warmth, "a Sardinian "dared not approach so near the prince of "Carignano's horse-pond."

LETTER CXIX.

NOTHING but a ſucceſſion of rocks and mountains is to be ſeen the whole length of the coaſt from Lerici. The direct paſſage to Genoa by land lies over theſe precipitous tracts, acceſſible only to mules or horſes of the country. Theſe wilds afford a nurſery for the moſt daring robbers. The ſailors, who pointed to me the various windings, aſſured me, that piſtols were the only arms by which a traveller in this route could expect to oppoſe with any chance of ſecurity theſe plunderers. The head of the gang is a man, known it ſeems by the name of Franceſconi, a very intrepid and artful villain, and the terror of the country. A gentleman who was travelling from Genoa acroſs theſe mountains, ſtopped at a houſe where Franceſconi

ceſconi was taking ſome refreſhment. Proceeding on their way, the traveller remarked upon the robbers in this country, and particularly on Franceſconi. "For my part," ſaid he, "I carry in my pocket a brace of "excellent piſtols, with which I think I "know how to defend myſelf." On this, Franceſconi requeſted to view them; with which his companion readily complied. Then taking off his hat, he made a low bow, and thanked him for the piſtols, adding, with an odd mixture of pleaſantry and generoſity, "The man you now ſee before "you is Franceſconi, head of the robbers." He then left him thunderſtruck at the event, but ſatisfied with having purchaſed his life at the price of his piſtols.

A fair wind had by this time blown us to a point, from which Genoa was not eſtimated to lie more than twelve miles; but a ſmall portion only of day-light remaining, and a ſlight fall of rain portending in the captain's judgment a change of weather, we

could not prevail upon him to paſs a little port over which we then ſtood. Here we brought to, and the ſhore being rocky and a perfect ſhoal, we were mounted upon the ſailors backs, and thus carried to the beach. The name of this port was Camucci, and all that exiſted of it partook greatly of the barbarous. While our fiſh was broiling, an old corpulent Genoeſe factor forced me into converſation; and uttered, in a voice like thunder, the praiſes of the Engliſh. He ſeemed, however, to think the Engliſh could not be properly praiſed, except the French were firſt execrated. "The French," ſaid he, "are common thieves. The Turks "call them *falſa teſta*, falſe head, and we "*falſo cruore*, falſe heart. They ſtole Cor- "ſica from us, and they robbed you of "America, and now they are robbing each "other. Oh!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands with violence, "they pay for their "crimes, they pay for their crimes! They "talk here," continued he, "of a league

"betwe en

" between them and your nation, but that's " impoſſible. I wonder you do not take " this opportunity of deſtroying them. " Here, Sir, we deteſt a Frenchman, but it " is a proverb among us—" Che l'iſola " degli Ingleſi, e l'iſola degli angeli—The " iſland of the Engliſh is an iſland of an- " gels." Theſe expreſſions he delivered with great noiſe and emphaſis; and his oracles were uttered in the midſt of thick clouds of tobacco-ſmoke. I thanked him for the honor he did my nation; and wiſhing proſperity to the Genoeſe, mounted to the apartment in which my fellow voyagers were preparing to regale on the broiled fiſh.

The virtuoſo expanded as the day declined, and after ſupper drew from his pocket an intaglio, which he laid before us. We handled it however with ſo little ſkill, and praiſed it with ſo little ſcience, that he proceeded no farther in his exhibition. The weather had become tempeſtuous, agreeably to the captain's prediction; and the ſea had

had acquired in the morning a very formidable appearance. The condition under which our captain was bound determined him to put to ſea if poſſible; and we did at length, not without much riſk and difficulty, get clear of the ſhoals. Our virtuoſo had too much reſpect for himſelf and his treaſures, to be of our party any longer; and bidding us adieu, reſolved to finiſh his expedition on foot. After nearly five hours toſſing upon a ſea, which threw us at its pleaſure in every direction, we at length reached the point, to and from which we had been alternately tending and receding; and a little after mid-day, floated with a gentle current into the harbour of Genoa.

LETTER CXX.

MUCH has been, and too much cannot be, ſaid of the grand *coup d'œil*, which the harbour of Genoa preſents to the ſea. The

The ſcenery for many miles is of a very charming character, gardens and country manſions covering the coaſt to a great extent; and the town diſcovers itſelf upon entering the port, a perfect theatre of regular and majeſtic beauty. A very decent man tendered me his ſervices in diſembarking from the felucca; and under his conduct I was rowed to that part of the ſhore which connected with his hotel.

The remainder of the day afforded me ample leiſure to examine thoſe parts of this ſuperb city, which are moſt ſtriking to the eye. A very charming promenade is formed upon the walls of the harbour, from which, on one hand, is viewed the city with the hills riſing behind it; and on the other, the veſſels riding at anchor, and a boundleſs extent of the ſea. The houſes are carried to a ſurpriſing height; and, owing to the ſhelving foundations on which they reſt, riſe one above another in a manner ſingularly ſtriking; I counted as many as nine

ſtories

ſtories in ſeveral of theſe; which, in addition to their habitable floors, were turreted with galleries, or otherwiſe crowned with ſome ornament of fancy. Paintings in various characters and colors, ſuch as arabeſques, chiarioſcuros, &c. covered their fronts; and, though deſtitute of all pretenſions to taſte and elegance, gave a glow to the general view, and rendered them collectively grand and impreſſive.

The ſtreets are univerſally narrow, and almoſt as univerſally clean: thoſe eſpecially in which the traffic of the town is carried on, have only the width of a foot-path, but are rendered lively by the apparent activity of trade, and the variety of brilliant and crowded ſhops. The whole city is built upon the brow and ſhelvings of mountains; and ſtands, in its different quarters, upon baſes ſo various and unequal, that nothing but art and induſtry, ſtimulated by the powerful impulſe of *commercial neceſſity*, could have connected at all the ſeveral parts,

or

or have imparted any thing like commodiouſneſs or uniformity to the whole. Sometimes the ſtreet deſcends and paſſes by the cellars, at other times it mounts and coaſts along the roofs of the houſes; and all this is effected without that portion of inconvenience which might reaſonably be expected, and with little or no detriment to the general view.

It is impoſſible to tread among theſe monuments of human induſtry, without entertaining exalted conceptions of that energy, by which they were planned and effected. The Ponte di Carignano is really an effort, which may well be claſſed with the exertions of the moſt renowned times. This is a bridge of an aſtoniſhing height, paſſing from one mountain to another, with the boldneſs of Roman architecture. Formerly a river deſcended along the valley, which ſeparates theſe mountains. The courſe of the river was diverted, this bridge was conſtructed; and thus a communication being eſtabliſhed

eſtabliſhed between the two parts of the city, the valley was quickly rendered, by the ſame ſpirit of induſtrious enterprize, conveniently habitable, and it is now covered with houſes, and populouſly inhabited in every part. What renders this work ſtill more ſurpriſing, is, that it was the deſign and atchievement of an individual; and it ſtands as a perpetual monument of what may be effected towards the removal of local difficulty, by the powerful impetus of commercial induſtry and public ſpirit.

LETTER CXXI.

A RAPID excurſion through the chambers of half a dozen palaces, left on my mind a confuſed impreſſion of almoſt as many beauties. The general caſt of theſe was magnificent; and exhibited, in the multitude of their apartments, the intricacy of

of a labyrinth, rather than the inconvenience of a manſion. The palace of Franceſco Balbi, to which I was firſt conducted, had little to boaſt in the line of architecture, or decoration: its moſt valued excellencies lay in the collection of paintings; and you will not expect that I ſhould deliver a ſolemn lecture upon productions which received from me but a tranſient contemplation.

The Palazzo Roſſo, or Red Palace, received me upon iſſuing from the Palazzo Balbi; though they were no otherwiſe contiguous than by that poſition which they occupied in my liſt. The exterior of this palace, as its name denotes, is daubed with a red colouring; and ill expreſſes the extent and magnificence which prevail within. I cannot forbear remarking, that amongſt the paintings in this palace, which all who view muſt admire, there is one that it is difficult to endure. This is the decollated and reeking head of Holofernes, in the hand of Judith.

dith. The pencil of Paul Veroneſe had doubtleſs given to this revolting ſubject, all the proper touches of nature and circumſtance; but it would demand the blunted feelings of an anatomiſt, to contemplate and approve. The chambers, the ornaments, and the decorations of this palace were ſurpriſing. Beneath the apartments of ordinary reſidence, were chambers formed expreſsly as an aſylum in the ſeaſon of heat; theſe conſiſted in alcoves, baths, receſſes, and all the conceivable inventions of luxurious opulence. It ſhould ſeem that *one* ſuch palace would be judged ſufficient for *one* proprietor; it appears, however, that this is only one of three, which conſtitute the property of its owner.

The palace of Durazzo was the next which fell in the order of my tour; and the entrance to this announced its character with an air of magnificence, to which no one I had yet ſeen could pretend. In addition to a countleſs ſuite of apartments hung with paintings

paintings of every ſchool, here was a gallery, the pannels of which were overlaid with reflectors, and which was itſelf furniſhed with a collection of ſtatues of antient and modern workmanſhip: the palace opened behind upon a terrace, which connected with a handſome theatre, forming itſelf an appendage to the proprietor's domains. An event, ſtrange and unnatural, has lately cauſed this noble palace to change its maſters. The preſent poſſeſſor was deſcending at the moment in which I entered the hall; and obſerving him dreſſed in a mourning ſuit, I took occaſion to aſk the cauſe, and learned, that the late benefactor was a man of great avarice, who refuſed even the neceſſaries of life to his own family. This ſeverity was particularly exerciſed againſt his youngeſt ſon; who, wearied with repeated attempts to ſoften his father, reſolved to murder him. For this purpoſe he repaired to Genoa, ſolicited an interview, and again implored the compaſſion of his

father; which being refuſed, the ſon drew out a piſtol, and ſhot him. He is now under confinement for this atrocious act; and no one pretends to conjecture what kind of ſentence he will be called upon to ſuffer. It is not however apprehended, that any extraordinary ſeverity will be employed againſt a man, whoſe only crime is *aſſaſſination*; and there are ſtronger reaſons for ſuppoſing that lenity will prevail, as the affair is huſhed up with all convenient induſtry, and the elder ſon, who was the perſon I ſaw, is enjoying quiet poſſeſſion of the hereditary fortunes.

LETTER CXXII.

FATIGUED with the glare of palaces, I intreated my guide to indulge my curioſity with a ſight of thoſe public inſtitutions, in which ſplendor and utility are combined.

combined. The " Albergo de Poveri," or *Poor-houſe*, was the firſt to which I was introduced; and it offered a feaſt to the better paſſions of the heart, to be told, that two thouſand individuals, men, women, and children, are ſupported upon this liberal foundation. The building is, in its preſent unfiniſhed ſtate, of conſiderable magnitude; and, when brought to the projected perfection, will be without parallel.

All inſtitutions for the public good have their fluctuations, and human management will partake of human frailties, not to ſay corruptions. This charity does not appear to have ſunk into any notorious abuſe, nor to have forfeited, in any great degree, its claim to public reſpect. I have heard it ſaid, that under the adminiſtration of a particular Doge, its uſes were rendered eminently great; the poor of all deſcriptions were received into this aſylum: thus the ſtreets were cleared of beggars and vagabonds, and thoſe who re-

fuſed to ſeek its protection, were compelled to feel its reſtraints.

Amongſt the collection of buildings appropriated to theſe hoſpitable purpoſes, are a church of ſingular neatneſs, and chapels for the daily and diſtinct devotions of the different ſexes. A very exquiſite relief of Michael Angelo, expreſſing the Virgin and her dead ſon, is eſteemed, as it well deſerves, an invaluable ornament of the Paupers Church. It was fortunately the hour of dining when I paſſed through the women's apartments; and I had the pleaſure of ſeeing a long proceſſion of children, under the conduct of the lady abbeſſes, deſcend to the hall. On their way, they ſung a ſacred ſervice; and when they had taken their ſeats, I was permitted to move along the ranks, from one extremity to the other of a ſpacious ſaloon, and witneſs the great and comfortable proviſion with which they were ſupplied. The houſe is by no means filled equal to its powers of accommodation.

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In the laſt war, I underſtand, the Genoeſe quartered eighteen thouſand priſoners on the women's ſide. Allowance muſt however be made for the little indulgence, which the courteſy of ſome countries make it neceſſary to ſhow to thoſe whom the chance of war has thrown upon the State.

From the "Poor-houſe," I paſſed to the "hoſpital." This is an inſtitution, which, in point of liberality, has no rival in Europe. Deſigned as a receptacle for diſtreſſed *humanity*, it receives under its protection the ſick and maimed of every complexion, country, and religion. "La ſala "de Feriti," or *Ward of the Stabbed*, was a ſight which I knew not how to contemplate. This apartment was of conſiderable length; four ranks of beds, filled for the moſt part with miſerable victims of aſſaſſination, variouſly wounded, and in different ſtages of ſuffering, was a ſpectacle full of horror. I gladly turned from this groupe, whoſe caſes are a reproach to the laws of a

civilized ſtate, and ſought, in the church of Carignano, one of the nobleſt productions of modern ſculpture. This was the celebrated ſtatue of Saint Sebaſtian by Puget. The Saint is executed in a ſtile which deſcription cannot characterize, and conveys to the mind an expreſſion which can only be felt. Of this and the other churches which I ſaw, I cannot ſpeak in any terms of particular commendation. They have indeed a ſpecies of grandeur—but Rome has taught me to ſeek in churches, what Genoa prefers to exhibit elſewhere.

The ſtreets of this city are, as I have before remarked, ſingularly narrow. Hence the ſedan is in more general uſe, if I may judge from the experience of *two* days, than wheel-carriages. The chairmen who bear them have uſually the livery of the family, and are followed by two others, capariſoned with equal richneſs. The cavalier of the lady parades beſide the chair; and thus the whole compoſe a groupe, which dazzles

dazzles as it moves. The Doge is called facetiouſly the Public Priſoner, as his office ſubjects him to continual confinement, and his authority ceaſes upon his quitting the town. There is in this city much to admire; and from the narrowneſs of the ſtreets in general, are to be excepted thoſe in which the palaces of the nobles ſtand. Few cities can ſhew ſtreets, upon the whole, ſuperior to the Strada Balbi, Nuova, and Giulia; and if to the palaces, public buildings, and pier, we add the general air and exterior of the wharfs and factories, I can ſee no reaſon for refuſing to this city that diſtinction, which it has long enjoyed by general ſuffrage, of "Genoa the Superb."

LETTER CXXIII.

A FELUCCA maſter, bound for the port of Leghorn, threw himſelf in my way, at the hour of my return from this excurſion; and having balanced the chances of waiting another opportunity, againſt the favourable occaſion which then preſented itſelf, I reluctantly yielded to the laſt. By ſunſet we cleared the harbour of Genoa, with a fair and briſk wind for Leghorn. It is uſual upon this coaſt—and how far it may extend beſide, I know not—to utter a ſhort prayer upon putting to ſea; and the ſame is obſerved upon entering port. This ceremony was performed with great ſeriouſneſs in the veſſel which brought me to Genoa. The moment of prayer is invariably that which precedes the veſſel's entrance upon

upon her courſe. A ſailor ran to the ſtern, and taking off his hat, repeated aloud the form, which was ſealed by the Amen of the crew. The thankſgiving was pronounced by the ſame perſon, and with the ſame formality, upon making land. The Genoeſe dialect rendered it impoſſible for me to admire any thing in their devotions, beyond the punctuality and gravity with which they were performed.

The wind continuing to blow fair, we arrived in the afternoon of the following day, before the port of Lerici. Our intreaties to preſs for Leghorn not availing, I found myſelf reduced to the alternative, of paſſing another night upon hard package, or paying a ſecond crown for ſleeping upon ſtraw. In the moment of deliberation, an elderly man addreſſed me in Engliſh, and requeſted permiſſion to conduct me to the *Engliſh lodging*. I followed him, and upon entering his houſe was ſaluted by my old fellow adventurer, the Leghorn Merchant,

who was alſo upon his return from Genoa, and, like myſelf, was brought aſhore againſt his inclination. He was ſitting down to coffee with a well-dreſſed factor from Genoa, and a tall itinerant German. Our party ſoon received the addition of a ſmart Italian Abbé, a member of the univerſity of Pavia, who diſcourſed with much frankneſs and volubility. At the dawn of day we put again to ſea. An accidental ſlip, in paſſing from ſhore to the veſſel, brought me into the water amid the rocks. By the aſſiſtance of the ſailors, I was however happily reſcued from circumſtances of extreme danger; and this is an event of my life which I record, in grateful acknowledgment of providential protection.

On leaving the port of Lerici, we encountered a ſtrong contrary wind. After combating, during the whole day, with fruitleſs oppoſition, the violence of the waves, night brought us back to our old ſtation, with the comfortable aſſurance of a probable deten-

tion on these miserable shores for some days to come. Repairing to our former rendezvous, I found my Leghorn friend and his companions in the act of consultation upon a land expedition. Upon an invitation from them to join company, I discharged my account with the Captain of the Felucca, and agreed to put myself under the conduct of the Leghorn Merchant, to whom, from his superior knowledge of the country, the Genoese and German had consigned the sole management of our route. On our way to Sarzana, to which we travelled on foot, we crossed the Magro in a ferry-boat, and entered, by the direction of our Tuscan conductor, a quarter of the town which did not wear the most civilized exterior. Having introduced us to a homely landlord, and commanded him to prepare some kid for our supper, he proceeded in quest of the carriages, which he had undertaken to procure. By the time that our kid smoked upon the board, he returned with the pleasing intelligence,

ligence, of perfect ſucceſs; a countryman having contracted to furniſh two Barrochios, for the ſum of forty Genoeſe livres, (twenty-ſeven ſhillings Engliſh,) to convey us to Piſa.

LETTER CXXIV.

THERE are moments in which the keeneſt politicians may be found off their guard. It was ſurely in one of theſe that Coſmo the Firſt, of Tuſcany, prevailed upon the Genoeſe to exchange Leghorn for Sarzana. It is true, Sarzana was, at the time of this project, in poſſeſſion of a flouriſhing commerce, and this was the bait upon which the wily Duke had relied for his hope of ſucceſs. His policy appeared in the reſult: Leghorn had capabilities of which he knew how

how to make a proper uſe; and by his prudent meaſures he laid the foundation of that commercial proſperity, which has converted an inſignificant village into a mart of general traffic. Sarzana ſunk in proportion as its rival advanced; and now ſilent ſtreets and neglected fortifications exhibit a melancholy picture of faded importance and uſeleſs defence.

By ten o'clock, having ſupped to our entire ſatisfaction, we entered the carriages prepared for us. It would be departing too far from the line of truth to ſay, that any end, beyond that of œconomy, was anſwered by theſe wretched vehicles. Each was formed to contain two perſons upon ſeats, one behind the other; an empty ſack received our feet, but no proviſion whatever was made for the back. Myſelf and the German took our ſtation in the firſt, the Tuſcan and Genoeſe preferring to follow. The night was dark, and therefore concealed from our view the wilds through which

we

we paſſed; and fatigue uniting with the violent motion of the carriage, brought the German and myſelf into frequent, and occaſionally forcible contact.

Day-light diſcovered to us a cottage, the chimney of which ſeemed to be ſending up its firſt fruits of the morning. Here we reſtored ourſelves, in ſome meaſure, by the aid of a blazing hearth, and then re-entering our cars, we reſumed our journey; and being ſhortly overtaken by rain, continued to encounter this additional calamity till about mid-day, when we arrived before the gates of Piſa. Upon the uſual demand of our names and qualities, the German announced himſelf Signior Capitano ******; but what farther, neither myſelf nor the enquiring party could tell. Scared by ſuch an aggregate of gutturals, and having his ear tuned only to the liquid ſounds of a melodious language, the Italian flew with precipitancy from the Capitano; and returning with an inkhorn, requeſted him to put it at full

full length upon paper, which, amidſt the deluge of falling rain, was a taſk of no ſmall difficulty.

Our Tuſcan leader had directed the drivers to an inn where a plentiful ordinary afforded us very ſufficient means of recovering our good humour. A carriage for Leghorn was readily found, which, after taking leave of the German Captain, who had reſolved to paſs ſome days at Piſa, I entered, in company with my remaining friends, and arrived at Leghorn before the cloſing of the gates.

LETTER CXXV.

Florence, April 2, 1792.

PISA, through which we paſſed on our route for Leghorn, is a city of no mean aſpect, or low pretenſions. Like Florence, it is pierced by the waters of the Arno, and preſerves

preſerves a communication between its divided parts by bridges of more antiquity than beauty. The gates of their Cathedral, though of ponderous braſs, are ſaid to have travelled to this place from Jeruſalem, and the ſoil which forms the Campo Santo*, was itſelf imported from the Holy Land.

The "Torre Pendente," or "Inclining "Tower," was a curioſity, whoſe hiſtory, not connecting with the legends of Paleſtine, ſeemed to be held in the ſecond claſs of wonders; though I confeſs for my own part, I had not for ſome time ſeen a monument capable of inſpiring half ſo much aſtoniſhment. As I had glanced only at the exterior of thoſe at Bologna, I indulged in a more intimate examination of this, and eaſily ſuffered myſelf to be conducted quite to its ſummit. It has ſeven circular galleries of columns in perfect condition, and the ſteps by which the aſcent is made are perfectly horizontal, ſo that the inclination

* Burying-ground.

formed,

formed, beyond diſpute, a part of the architect's plan. Enamoured however of ſafety, I could not feel perfectly at my eaſe, when hanging over the parapet of a tower one hundred and forty feet high, and inclined thirteen feet from its perpendicular; my recollection was refreſhed indeed by thoſe mechanical laws, which rendered all ſecure where the center of gravity was duly preſerved; yet, with all reſpect for the ſoundneſs of the doctrine, I felt ſome reluctance to be involved in the chance of the experiment.

The Baths in the vicinity of this town are pleaſantly ſituated, and arranged with much attention to delicacy and health. Under cover of a mountain, which affords them ſhade and ſhelter, theſe buildings are diſtributed into two diſtinct ſets, containing ſeverally hot and cold, private and common baths. The walls of the apartments are furniſhed with inſtructions ſuited to the caſes of the different invalids; and the cuſtomary douceurs

ceurs of ball-room, caſinos, &c. have not been forgotten. The viſits of the Court have given the ton to theſe Baths; and there is ſome judgment at leaſt in fixing the reſort of pleaſure ſo near the ſprings of health.

In leaving Piſa we entered upon a route which conducted us, by a ſlow movement of two days, to our old quarters in this capital. The country preſented a more cheerful face from the advanced ſtate of the ſeaſon, and we contemplated in ſilent admiration, as we moved along the vale of the Arno, that delicious variety of verdure which clothed its ſloping ſides. The road purſues a track conformed to the various windings of the ſtream, and which leaves no part of this beautiful valley concealed from the traveller's eye. It was a gala day when we entered Florence, and the road was crowded for a league from the gates of the city, with the peaſants of both ſexes, in their holiday attire. Nothing can ſurpaſs

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in extravagance the flaunty trappings of the females; ribbons, tinſel, and artificial flowers, were laviſhed upon every part of their dreſs, with a profuſion which ſunk the ruſtic into the morrice-dancer. This is the prevailing taſte among the Tuſcan girls, at leaſt in the vicinity of Florence—and it is difficult to imagine a dreſs in which the happy features of natural ſimplicity are more ingeniouſly diſguiſed.

LETTER CXXVI.

Bologna, April 8, 1792.

THE auſterities of the Quareſima*, and the death of the Emperor, had thrown a veil over the pleaſurable aſpect of Florence, and dreſſed the city in all the ſolemn exterior of gravity and ſorrow. The

* Lent.

ſeaſon alone refuſed its conformity to the general edict, and gave a cheerful luſtre to the gardens and promenades, in defiance of Lent, and a public mourning. The ſame ſullen occaſion which maſked the face of amuſement, had alſo ſhut up the cabinets of Vertù; and it was not the leaſt afflicting circumſtance to learn, that during theſe public demonſtrations of grief, the door of the Gallery was not ſuffered to turn on its hinges.

A large portion of two days, ſpent in reviewing thoſe objects to which admittance could be procured, revived a thouſand delectable impreſſions, and made me regret, with double feeling, the decree which prevented my paying a ſecond tribute of homage to the Venus di Medicis. I confeſs that a ſecond view of this lovely city leſſened in no reſpect the impreſſion I had before received of its general beauties. The "Ponte della Trinità" is a bridge, whoſe rival for ſymmetry and elegance I have not

yet

yet ſeen. Formed upon three elliptic arches of the moſt graceful proportions, and croſſing the Arno in the wideſt portion of its bed, it preſents to the eye a ſtructure at once of majeſty and beauty.

The police of Florence appears to be under prudent regulations; and, excepting in the ſeaſon of public maſking, the ſtreets are rarely diſturbed by any ſymptoms of diſorder or outrage. That licentious commerce, which the policy of ſome ſtates has judged expedient to protect, is here repreſſed by the moſt rigorous laws. The fair ſex of this city, in the higher ranks, are particularly graceful; and few aſſemblies combine a more potent union of attractions, than their places of public reſort. By a ſhare of good fortune, which the Roman nobleſſe—proverbially ugly and coarſe—have not met with, the nobility of this place appear to hold an equal pre-eminence in beauty and rank.

So high an eulogium can ſcarcely be paſſed upon the morals, as upon the accompliſhments, of the fair Florentines. That faſhionable appendage to the married ſtate, the Ciciſbeo, is here admitted to all the viſible rights of a privileged lover; with what real reſerve, it imports but little to know. External decorum is the ſtrong ſecurity of national morals; and there are caſes in which the public ſentiment may be as effectually corrupted by examples of doubtful virtue, as by thoſe of confirmed guilt.

LETTER CXXVII.

WE left Florence on the 5th, and have traced back the route we formerly purſued along the chain of Apennine. The nature of our equipage compelled us to ſlow

and

and tedious movements; and it was not till the close of the third day that we reached this city. Though few habitations are to be found upon the higher parts of the Apennines, these mountains, wild and desolate as they appear, are not without their accommodations.

In passing through the village of Pietra Mala, I had an opportunity of making a visit to that singular spot from which issue the volcanic flames. The ground which emits this extraordinary blaze is a level, situated at the bottom of a considerable descent, about half a league distant from the village, and approached by a track sinous and stoney. The brightness of the sun (it being mid-day) prevented my seeing the fire till I arrived upon the plain, in the center of which this phenomenon exists. A number of lambent and disconnected flames were rising from the surface of the ground, like the dying flashes from the embers of a bonfire. These flames might cover an

area of six feet square. The ground was in no place disparted; and in raking away any part of the soil, no effect whatever was produced upon the fire. It kindles rapidly any combustible substance, and is not extinguished or diminished by any violence of weather. "Non si spende mai*," was the catch term of my Cicerone. He could give me no other reply to all the questions I put. It was to him what the "tutto di marmore" had formerly been to my learned conductor at the Cathedral of Modena. I could not discover, by striking with my foot, any hollowness in the ground; nor was the flame in any respect sulphureous. My intelligent instructor was desirous of carrying me to some new wonders, and talked with a very significant emphasis of boiling water issuing from a contiguous rock; but not having the best opinion of his skill in topography, I entreated him to place me where he first found me.

* "It never goes out."

Loiano,

Loiano, where we paſſed the night, gave us but a cool and uncheerly welcome. It was the Eve of Good Friday, and all the prieſts were upon duty. A rattling ſound was heard through every part of the town, which my acquaintance with the Catholic rites did not enable me to explain. I found, upon enquiry, that it aroſe from a wooden inſtrument, ſounded through the ſtreets by the ordinary bell-ringer, it being held profane to pull the bells during the Holy Week. The effect was at once grating and ludicrous. The duties of maſs were collecting under the roof of the churches the whole population of the place; and a large portion of the night was paſſed in thoſe confeſſions, which are ſuppoſed, like thoſe of the Chriſtmas Eve, to derive a double efficacy from the ſanctity of the ſeaſon.

There is a powerful charm in that ſpecies of devotion which profeſſes, by a ſort of mechaniſm, to cure the diſorders of the ſoul. It affords ſo great a convenience to the

the passions of mankind, that the most depraved will yet respect those offices of religion, which procure them absolution at so easy a price, and allow them to share the pleasures of vice with the merit of virtue. "Non c'é*," is the only reply we have been able to draw from these gloomy penitents, upon every demand in favour of our heretical stomachs. So rigid is the law of this self-imposed penance, that the butcher will not plunge the knife, nor the fisherman throw the net, during the supposed entombment of the Saviour. To-morrow will loosen the bonds of denial, and Protestant and Catholic will feast upon the same luxuries.

* "There is none."

LETTER CXXVIII.

THE Functions (as they are called) are the ſole amuſement a traveller can find in paſſing through Catholic towns at this ſeaſon of the year. Two of theſe were announced to us, as about to take place very early after our arrival. The firſt, at the church of the Frati Celeſtini, was the concluding act of a drama, equally ſplendid and ſolemn. The church, which was ſmall, had received a rich and tafteful decoration. Gold crape, the manufacture of the place, was wrought into clouds about the roof, and other devices of fanciful ornament. The ſcenes (or ſcene, for the appearance was uniform) had their place on the grand altar, repreſenting the Sepulture of Chriſt, as the former two had his Paſſion and Crucifix.

The

The ceremonies opened with a rich ſymphony; after which, two venerable monks delivered, in ſucceſſion, orations relative to the event commemorated, with as much energy as the whining tone, univerſal in Italian orators, would admit. A deſire of partaking in a muſical repaſt, which I had underſtood was to accompany a Function at no great diſtance, took me from the church of the Celeſtini before the cloſe of theſe ceremonies. The attractions of the muſic had not been without their effect; for, though a full hour before the opening of the ſervice, I found great difficulty in forcing an entrance through the crowd. "Ave Ma-" ria" having been firſt ſaid, the band, previouſly tuned, ſtruck up; and an oratorio, compoſed for the occaſion, was performed by the firſt ſingers from the Bologneſe choirs. The heat was exceſſive; but this is a general drawback upon public exhibitions. Theſe devotional ſolemnities (for

such they would be considered) did not conclude till the approach of midnight.

As these Functions did not take place till evening, I had a sufficient portion of the day at liberty for investigating those churches which my former tour round this city had not included. I found many subjects of admiration, particularly at San Michaele in Bosco. This occupies a situation without the walls of the city, and stands upon a considerable eminence. A terrace in front of the convent affords a very charming promenade, and the eye from this point can range over the whole city below. The heat is in this quarter less sensibly felt, and the air more pure; hence the vicinity is crowded with Casinos and Palazzettos, and the inhabitants of the more confined districts resort to this terrace, for the fresh breezes of the evening. A visit to the Sampieri Palace terminated my labors of the day. I was ambitious of applying the rules I had learned, to the subjects of my early

early enthuſiaſm. But, alas! the drawing up of the curtain put my ſcience to flight; and I gave myſelf up without reſerve to thoſe feelings, which abſorb in one ſentiment of tranſport all the rules of criticiſm.

Opinions are, I have found, by no means uniform upon the ſubject of this ſtupendous painting; for you will not need to be informed that the St. Peter of Guido was now before me. Peter is, in the judgment of all, lamenting his error; but whether it be his denial of Chriſt, or his prevarication with the Gentile converts, is the queſtion at iſſue; appearances in either caſe will be analogous—ſo that I cannot allow the merit of this production to be at all detracted from, by any conſtructions that may be put upon its ſubject; and I muſt continue to regard it as the firſt painting in Italy, though unable to decide, whether it deſigns the rebuke of a brother, or the ſympathy of a friend.

LETTER CXXIX.

Ferrara, April 9th, 1792.

THE city of Bologna was crowded on the eve of Eaſter with pilgrims. I encountered them in every quarter of the town. They were variouſly apparelled; ſome in the habit, or rather the diſguiſe, peculiar to the kind of penance in which they were engaged; but others, and by far the greater part, in the tattered dreſs of idle vagrants, who find their account in aſſuming the character of pilgrims. Ample encouragement is held out to thoſe journies of Penance. Alms are deſtributed at the cloſe of this feſtival; and during its celebration, the convents rival each other in ſupplying the pilgrims with ſoup. This

intelligence enabled me to account for a baſon which hung by their ſides; and as I paſſed among them, each ſaluted me with wiſhing me "a merry Eaſter." The dead of the night was diſturbed by proceſſions of religious orders; and a mixed multitude, bearing croſſes, tapers, and all the inſignia of the church. They filled the air with their religious incantations, and were only ſilenced by day-break.

The ſolemnity of Eaſter-day called me to the cathedral. A grand maſs, and muſical function, were exhibited before the ſupreme authorities of this city. The cardinal Legate was ſeated on a throne, ſupported on his right hand by a brother cardinal of the Benedictine fraternity, in the habit of his order. On either ſide of theſe, but upon much lower and leſs conſpicuous thrones, ſat the civil governors, the Gonfalonier and his aſſeſſor; the ſenators occupying ſeats on each ſide of the altar. A ſelect band of vocal and inſtrumental performers

formers ſtruck out ſome delicious harmonies, and enlivened the proceſs of theſe abſurd ceremonies. The cardinal legate made a very ſplendid appearance. The equipage in which he left the cathedral was magnificent, and his retinue filled a long ſuite of carriages. He appeared a man of middle age, and may poſſibly live to ſee the office he fills annihilated. It was in an hour of diſtreſs that Bologna threw itſelf into the arms of the Pope, and it is now laid under heavy contribution to the Holy See. The legate reigns but three years, yet his authority is renewable if the people are ſatisfied with his paſt conduct.

The city of Bologna is very rich, if a judgment may be formed from the magnificence of its buildings, and the activity of its markets. It has indeed a ſituation peculiarly advantageous to growing wealth. It appears to poſſeſs a generous ſoil; its lands are warmed by a kindly ſun, and defended by the lofty Apennine, under which it is

ſheltered from the ravages of wintry ſtorms. The little Rhine, that flows beſide it, and the canals which communicate with the Po, afford every convenience of a commercial nature. Yet the ends of nature and induſtry are greatly defeated, by that ſuperſtition which rules within, and that papal authority which domineers from without. The loweſt computation fixes their churches at one hundred and fifty, extremely magnificent for the moſt part; and out of this number, two thirds at leaſt are extra-parochial, and belong to convents and religious incorporations, which abound within the walls of this city. The ſplendor of their monaſteries evinces the unnatural wealth of theſe bodies; and the brilliancy of their equipages demonſtrates, that if induſtry and commerce create opulence, indolence and ſecluſion divide the ſpoil.

The ſervitude they are under to the Roman ſee, is equally a ſource of oppreſſion and expence. By ſuperadding to their civil

conſtitution an eccleſiaſtical governor, they have opened a channel for the enlargement of that authority, which had already paſſed its proper limits. The penſion of the legate is annually receiving augmentation; and more than whiſpers are circulated, of the inconvenience of the papal yoke. Projects have been rumoured with no particular ſecrecy, of reſuming, on the demiſe of the reigning pontiff, the independence they ſo raſhly ceded. The alarming indiſpoſition which his Holineſs lately experienced, is ſaid to have produced ſome meaſures preparatory to ſuch a deſign. Few difficulties appear in the way of its accompliſhment from the military, who may be ſuppoſed at leaſt as much in the intereſt of the civil, as the eccleſiaſtical power; and if a few Swiſs halberdiers be excepted, there remains only the peaceful band of monks and friars, who having renounced the world, would doubtleſs be very cautious of interfering in its diſputes.

LETTER CXXX.

Montfellis, April 11, 1792.

OUR route from Bologna to Ferrara, lay through a country highly incommodious to carriages of any bulk. By ſome inſtructions too readily admitted, we ſuffered ourſelves to be drawn from the high road; and paſſed over lands which had been waſhed by floods during the winter, and were now hardened into the moſt inconvenient furrows by the action of a powerful ſun. Ferrara received us in all the trappings of holiday pride. Poſtmaſters and poſtilions were arrayed in jackets trimmed with gorgeous lace; and all conditions ſeemed to have brought out the beſt of their wardrobe in honor of Eaſter. This city has ſurvived its fame; an air of dignity yet hangs upon its buildings; its ſtreets are wide,

wide, airy, and majeſtic; but the graſs has overgrown its pavement, and "all the buſy "flush of life is fled." The ſanctity of the day had filled its churches; and both theſe and the cathedral were crouded with worſhippers of every rank, conſecrating, as they imagined, the pleaſures they were about to partake of, by ſome preliminary vow. I glided amongſt theſe induſtrious worſhippers, (who covered the ſacred floors,) in order to gaze upon the paintings; but clouds of frankincenſe interpoſed between me and the objects of my curioſity, and confounded all the diſtinctions of light and ſhade.

A very charming road conducted us from Ferrara to a point at no great diſtance, where we rejoined our old acquaintance the Po; upon whoſe broad and cultivated banks we travelled, till paſſing with our equipage in a ferry boat, we turned our backs upon this claſſical ſtream, and toiled through a painful track to the village of Rovigo. The

ſun was now ſetting, and the peaſants were about to relax in the humours of a dance. An elderly man was ſtriking the guitar, to a duo ſung by himſelf and a little ſignora. The country was romantically beautiful, and all the objects around me ſeemed to wear the features of natural ſimplicity. The liſtening clown did not catch more eagerly than myſelf, the happy melody of that popular ballad, "Dice la mamma che l'amor'è un "Bambinello."

We left Rovigo this morning; and having croſſed the Adice in Ponte Volante, or Flying Bridge, entered upon a delightful route. The exceſſive heat which prevailed, induced us to ſhorten conſiderably our journey of this day; and to take up our quarters with an honeſt landlord, whoſe ingenuous features recommended the hoſpitalities of his houſe. Italy has not yet ſhown me a village more deliciouſly ſituated. It ſtretches at the foot of a vaſt mountain, whence it borrows its name; and nearly con-

nects

nects with another of almoſt equal magnitude, whoſe fertility has obtained it the appellation of "Monte Ricco." Our landlord poured out to us ſome luſcious wine, the produce of the ſloping declivities. Other mountains of leſſer dimenſions unite with theſe, and form a ſort of chain, the centre of which is occupied by this romantic village.

I had ſtrolled over part of the larger mountain, and ſought a path to its ſummit without effect. My landlord was, at the moment of my return, catching, in his eaſy chair, the breezes of the evening. I related to him the ſubject of my embarraſſment; when, riſing from his *fauteuil*, he took me by the arm, and conducted me to the entrance of the beaten track. "This moun-
"tain, (ſaid my guide, for he waſted no
"time in preamble,) was anciently called
"Montſellis; it now bears the name of
"Monte delle ſette Chieſe, from the ſeven
"churches built upon it, and which are de-

" ſigned to correſpond to the ſeven baſiliſks " at Rome. Oh!" exclaimed he, as we aſcended together, " what a treaſure does " this mountain poſſeſs, and what ſights are " ſometimes to be ſeen upon it! Had you " been at Montſellis on the feſtival of " Eaſter, you would have ſeen a proceſſion " the whole height of the mountain. " That church, Sir," pointing to an object before us, " contains the bodies of five and " twenty ſaints, perfect and entire as in the " days of their fleſh: Theſe, and more you " might have ſeen, at the proceſſion of " Eaſter."

We had now aſcended about half the height, and were entered upon a terrace commanding a glorious proſpect. My old landlord enlarged upon the beauties and advantages of this terrace. " Here," ſaid he—ſeating himſelf—" is a delightful place for thoſe who " like to ſit; or"—walking about with perfect content—" for thoſe who like to walk! " Here the cavaliers and ladies reſort in the

" cool

" cool of the day, to ſip their coffee, drink " their roſoglio, and divert themſelves." He was arreſted in the middle of his harangue by a ſight of the gate which opened to the ſeven churches. Here he croſſed himſelf as many times, and lowered his tone to a pitch of gravity which he never altered during our continuance within the ſacred limits. The gate bore an inſcription of " Septem Romæ Baſilicis pares." The buildings within were rather fanciful than grand, and borrowed more from the ſaints they preſerved, than the architecture they diſplayed. My guide drew me into one of theſe; and dipping his fingers into holy water, ſprinkled me with a portion, and I knelt down, in compliance with his example. I waited with impatience the ſignal for riſing, which was at length given; and I was dragged to a ſecond altar, where, pointing with his finger, the old gentleman aſſured me, that the five and twenty ſaints were preſerved. I wiſhed to avoid the ſight,

but dared not discover my scruples. Fortunately, however, the lateness of the evening prevented his obtaining the key of this precious cabinet. We had reached the summit of the mountain; and my guide, whose affection was rivetted to the seven churches, conducted me, in all the gravity of religious silence, to the village below.

LETTER CXXXI.

Padua, April 15.

FOUR days only have intervened, since I communicated to you the miraculous visions which were brought before me, upon the *mountain of the seven churches*. That short interval has however sufficed to show me a spectacle, which exceeds, in my estimation, though not of a nature strictly miraculous, all the canonized bones in Christendom.

It

It was in the morning of the day ſubſequent to my deſcent from the holy mountain, that our equipage moved on to Padua; and having contracted for a private boat, we deſcended the Brenta by the force of the current, to its point of junction with the canals. Horſes now dragged us, with Dutch velocity, to Fuſina, the extreme point of *terra firma*. The banks of the canals had been pleaſantly variegated with villas, gardens, and caſinos, the ſummer aſylums of the noble Venetians; and there were not wanting, among theſe, ſome buildings upon a ſcale of magnificent architecture. All before us was now ſea; and our faith in maps and hiſtories ſeemed but juſt ſufficient to ſupport the gravity of our ſearch, in looking for an opulent, a populous, and a powerful city, in the boſom of the waters.

A gondola ſoon bore us from the land, and the darkneſs of evening intercepted our view both of Fuſina and Venice, till the lights

lights and torches glittering from the laſt announced our approach to the Grand Canal. The election of a Procurator, which had taken place on that day, was celebrating throughout the ctiy by various demonſtrations of public rejoicing; and we were landed at the Albergo Reali, amidſt the ſplendors of illumination, and the exploſion of fireworks.

In making the tour of this extraordinary city, I was compelled to employ a rapidity, which rendered a view of its minuter curioſities impoſſible. Every convenience is, indeed, at hand, for travelling with diſpatch. Gondolas ply at every avenue; and theſe are conducted with a ſwiftneſs and dexterity which wonderfully facilitate the communication between the different parts of the city. The Place of St. Mark, as firſt in rank and general repute, was the firſt object of my attention; and few ſquares (for ſuch in compliance with the genius of my language I muſt call it) preſent an image of greater

greater brilliancy and vivacity. The church of St. Mark, and the palace of the Doge, compoſe one ſide of this dignified area; between this and the other three ſides, there is a conſiderable opening, at the extremity of which, towards the ſea, are two columns of granite, crowned reſpectively with the image of Theodore, the antient patron of the city; and a winged lion, its more recent emblem. Between theſe columns, criminals are executed on a temporary ſcaffold: this interval is called the "Piazella;" and it is not till this is paſſed, that the piazza, or grand ſquare, commences. The centre is formed by the church of Saint Germiniani, ſupported on either ſide by a range of buildings, which connect with the wings. Theſe laſt conſiſt of public offices, called the Procuratie: they have open porticoes, and are built in a ſtile of regular and majeſtic architecture. Caffe's, caſino's, and every accommodation for amuſement and luxury, are

are found throughout the whole extent of theſe porticoes.

This ſquare is the great rendezvous of perſons in every condition; and a mixed aſſembly, of every rank and nation, make it their daily reſort. The hour of greateſt concourſe is from ſix to ſeven; at that time the open area ſwarms with the numbers which pour from the narrow avenues they inhabit, and the porticoes reſound with the mixed melody of laughter and converſation. The caſino's are then crouded with perſons of both ſexes—for the privilege of ſex is not known at Venice; chairs are arranged for thoſe who wiſh to catch the breeze, and the utmoſt eaſe and freedom ſeems to poſſeſs this people, who are conſidered as proverbially jealous and reſerved.

The façade of St. Mark bears the veſtiges of remote antiquity. Four horſes of bronze, brought anno 1206 by the Venetians from Conſtantinople, here commemorate, upon four lofty columns, the ſucceſsful

ceſsful wars of the republic. Among the treaſures of the church are ſtatues by St. Luke, pillars from Solomon's temple, and a fragment of the rock whence a ſpring of water guſhed at the command of Moſes. An air of uncouth majeſty reigns throughout this venerable building, which is powerfully felt, however remote its ornaments from the purity of Grecian taſte.

LETTER CXXXII.

THE churches of Venice are not, ſo far as I am able to judge, entitled to any extraordinary encomiums. Some which are held in the higheſt eſtimation, found a place in the liſt of my enquiries. The church of San Zacharia, to which I was firſt conducted, had little to offer on the ſcore of magnitude or beauty. I was called upon to admire

admire a boaſted production of Paul Veroneſe; but my eye had previouſly fixed on the whimſical repreſentation of a virgin and child, whom an angel was entertaining with an air upon the violin. This ſingular conceit belongs to Jean Belin in the year 1500, and the church has had no ſcruple of receiving it upon one of its moſt conſpicuous altars.

San Giovanni e Paolo is one of the largeſt churches in Venice; the altars are covered with ornaments, and the walls decorated with ſepulchral monuments. A father of the Dominican order, with whom I made an accidental acquaintance, was at the pains of conducting me over the convent, of which this church is an appendage. The Supper of our Saviour with the Levite, which adorns the refectory of theſe fathers, is ſufficiently known as a very maſterly painting from the pencil of Paul Veroneſe. The lines of its beauty are however conſiderably decayed; and it is now faſt approaching

proaching that fate to which all the productions of this art are exposed.

St. Roche is a church of some beauty, adorned in its exterior by a handsome façade after the manner of Palladio; and rendered valuable within, by four bold and vigorous paintings from the hand of Tentoretto.

Santa Maria della Salute is a monument equally of the gratitude and good taste of the Venetians. It was raised to the Madonna, upon the deliverance of this city from the ravages of the plague, and is constructed with much attention to symmetry and effect. Its form is octagonal: it stands upon the Grand Canal, and presents a façade and portal of good and impressive architecture. In addition to these advantages, the paintings it contains are not held in inferior repute. I can add nothing to their praise, for the day was not sufficiently clear to allow me the necessary light.

The church of Scalzi next received me; and in no building, Santa Maria della Vittoria of

Rome excepted, have I ſeen ſo vaſt a profuſion of ornament and decoration. It is covered internally with the moſt choice and ſplendid marbles; every altar is a cabinet: curioſity is, however, all that will find its gratification here: for, with the exception of the portal, which is one of the handſomeſt in Venice, there is little in the church of Scalzi to entertain the man of taſte.

The church of the Frari, which terminated my tour, ſhall conclude my report on the cycle of churches. If it be any praiſe to an edifice, that it is the largeſt in its kind, that praiſe belongs to the church of the Frari. The architecture is Gothic, and holds but a middling rank in buildings of that deſcription. My conductor, who had at leaſt as much enthuſiaſm as good taſte, hurried me away from Titian's altar-piece to a private cabinet, where, pointing to ſome fragments, he bade me behold the relics of Saints and Apoſtles; and drawing

drawing aſide a curtain, which diſcovers a few phials, he exclaimed with ſome degree of emphaſis, "Ecco il Sangue del benedetto "Chriſto!" The day was cloſing, or my guide would have detailed the articles of this precious cabinet. I readily acquieſced in his propoſal, of deferring it for a better light, and retired.

In quitting the church, I trod over the ſtone under which repoſed the aſhes of Titian: but for the inſtruction of a by-ſtander, I had neglected to notice the hallowed ſpot, for ſuch I eſteem the grave of departed genius. I felt indignant at the obſcurity in which Venetian ingratitude could ſuffer the relics of ſo great a man to lie. "Admirable coloriſt," ſaid I, "thou copyiſt of nature's ſofteſt tints! "ſhall no mark of honour crown thy tomb? "But thou haſt a fame, which no honor can "increaſe, which no neglect can diminiſh. "Thine ſhall be the tribute of ſcience, and of "taſte; though no memorial decorate thy

" tomb, to arreſt the paſſenger's foot, or " wake the artiſt's ſympathy."

LETTER CXXXIII.

THE palace Piſani is the only edifice of that nature which I had curioſity or leiſure to viſit. The apartments and furniture had little to preſent of beauty or taſte; but I found my recompence in a ſight of that painting by Paul Veroneſe, of which much has been, and too much cannot be ſaid. The family of Darius at the feet of Alexander, is a ſubject full of pathos and dignity. The painter has paid an equal attention to both; and inſpired his groupe with looks that move in the ſpectator, as they did in the hero, both pity and reſpect. Happily for the fine arts—the gratification of the public, and the fame of the author, this noble

noble production is yet in the beſt and moſt perfect preſervation.

It was from the Piſani palace, that I paſſed to the little iſland of San Georgio Maggiore. The whole of this territory is the property of a Benedictine fraternity, whoſe convent and church conſtitute the chief ornament of the iſland. "The marriage of Cana," a painting of Paul Veroneſe, into which enter no leſs than one hundred and twenty figures, ennobles the reſidence of theſe holy fathers. The painter appears to have been ſo intent upon adorning the bride, whom he has dreſſed in the full attire of the graces, that he paſſed with culpable negligence over that divine gueſt, from whom the marriage has received all its celebrity. The inhabitants of this convent are magnificently lodged: a terrace and garden afford them an accommodation, to which the inhabitants of Venice are ſtrangers. The luxuries of their table are doubtleſs of the ſame character: dinner had compoſed to

ſleep the venerable father who kept the key of the church, and no intreaties could prevail upon the inferior officer, to hazard the rage of his ſuperior, by breaking his ſlumbers.

In returning from the iſle of Murano, celebrated for its manufactory of mirrors, I was conducted the whole length of the Grand Canal; and it is not eaſy to imagine a track of greater vivacity and magnificence. Serpentine in its courſe, and lined on each hand with a cloſe arrangement of houſes, palaces, and public buildings, it opens, at every advance, a ſucceſſion of new objects: its ſurface is covered with gondolas, croſſing each other in every direction; and entering or iſſuing from the narrow avenues, which communicate with the interior of the city. Over the centre of this Canal, ſtands the celebrated Ponte di Rialto, deſervedly conſidered as one of the greateſt ornaments of Venice. It is of one arch, conſtructed of large blocks of Iſtrian ſtone. Double

rows of ſhops, conſiſting each of twelve, form the central ſtreet over this bridge, whoſe aſcent is eaſy and regular. Between the back of theſe ſhops and the baluſtrade of the bridge, is, on each ſide, a narrower paſſage, and the higheſt point of the whole is crowned with a ſpecies of arch. Judges of architecture pay no ſmall tribute to the merits of this bridge; and the Venetians conſider it as a prodigy of art and beauty. This is the only bridge which croſſes the Grand Canal: communication is in every other quarter kept up by gondolas, under the authority of government: three ſols is the price of paſſage, as fixed by the ſame authority, and which is little more than three farthings Engliſh.

The population of this city is prodigiouſly great, and is eſtimated at more than two hundred thouſand. It is therefore eaſy to imagine, that the neceſſary diſpatch of internal trade could not be maintained by canals, however great their number, and

various their directions. Narrow intervals are therefore left between the baſes of the houſes, and theſe furniſh a multitude of paths, which, with the aſſiſtance of the gondolas in the divided parts, keep up the circulation of buſineſs. Theſe are the only land-ſtreets which Venice boaſts; and ſuch is their number, as well as that of their gondolas, that a Florentine poet has made the hardy aſſertion,

> " Non ſono in Arno tanti Peſciolini,
> Quante in Venezia *Gondole* e *Cammini*."

LETTER CXXXIV.

VENICE is a city, whoſe hiſtory, like its ſituation, cannot be contemplated without wonder. A handful of people, inhabiting a ſmall diſtrict in Italy, unite with a few Paduans in ſeeking aſylum from the perſe-

cutions of Attila, among the ſhoals and marſhes at the bottom of the Adriatic gulph. Neceſſity had previouſly driven a number of fiſhermen to conſtruct ſome hovels upon one of theſe little iſlands called Rialto. Padua encourages her citizens to aſſiſt this infant ſettlement; it aſſumes the ſhape of a regular colony; takes a name from the Veneti, who formed the majority of its members; and thus, increaſing in opulence and numbers, ſucceeds at length in diſmembering itſelf from the Paduan authority, and becoming an independent ſtate.

It is difficult, in traverſing this ſingular city, to credit the miracles which hiſtory aſſigns to its arms and its policy. One can ſcarcely imagine a people, immerſed in waters, and exiſting by the mere ſufferance of the ocean, forming thoſe plans of battle and conqueſt, which their enemies have ſo frequently had cauſe to deplore. The irruption of the Lombards into Italy, while it deſolated ſo large a portion of that country,

try, added, as did the general courſe of events for ſome centuries, to the ſtrength of this riſing republic. None choſe to carry their arms into a city, conſidered of ſo ſmall importance, till policy on their own part, and contempt on that of others, gave ſcope for thoſe exertions, which enabled them to extend their commerce, and build their flotas; and thus maintain by their ſtrength, what had been granted to their weakneſs. They enjoy, indeed, ſome local advantages, which they have not neglected to improve. The ſtakes, by which they mark out the ſhoals, afford an admirable ſyſtem of defence: by theſe, which are extended as far as is practicable into the ſea, courſes are marked out for veſſels of different burden; and the removal of theſe, upon the apprehenſion of attack, would render the approach of an enemy only formidable to the invaders.

The Venetians are a people of great perſonal beauty; tall for the moſt part, and fair; they carry themſelves with an air of dignity

dignity which appears perfectly natural. Their dreſs aſſorts well with this part of their character. The ſilk cloak, or domino, is univerſal among the men. Black, white, and ſcarlet, are the colors moſt generally worn, of which white appears to be the favorite. The ſilk cloak is exchanged in the winter for one of cloth. The women have no peculiarities of dreſs, beyond the Zendadoo, or ſilk veil, excepting at the ſeaſons of maſking; for the faſhion of appearing maſked on every occaſion is grown conſiderably out of uſe. Society is reputed to be in this city upon a very liberal footing; and ſo abundant are the charms of Venetian amuſement, that many who have entered Italy by this route, have been induced to ſacrifice much of their curioſity to the indulgence of their pleaſures. The hours of amuſement are univerſally late, and the tide of gaiety ſeems ſcarcely to ſet in, till midnight has given the ſignal; from that hour the buſtle upon the canals increaſes;

creaſes; and though the motion of the gondola is ſecret, yet the daſhing of the oar diſturbs the vigils of the night.

The gondola is, to Venice, the carriage and the ſedan. Every perſon of rank and property numbers amongſt his retinue, a ſet of gondoliers. The gondola is itſelf conveniently conſtructed. It is narrow, and pointed with a ſort of iron feather, which ſerves at once as an ornament, a defence, and a regulator. Every accommodation is provided within for eaſe; and it affords, by the equability of its motion, one of the pleaſanteſt vehicles in which indolence ever repoſed. The gondoliers are a race of men, diſtinguiſhed by muſcular force, and a manly form. They ſtand, in plying the oar, and look in the direction they are perſuing. The inflexions of their body in this exerciſe, are particularly graceful, and they conduct the gondola with ſurpriſing velocity and addreſs. They were held in antient times the ſpies of government;

vernment; and were ſuppoſed, like the Valets de Place at Paris, to be the inſtruments of information reſpecting the characters of ſtrangers. This feature however in the Venetian government appears to have ſoftened conſiderably. No viſible reſtraints exiſt; and where domeſtic politics are not made the ſubject of animadverſion, freedom appears to ſuffer no violation.

LETTER CXXXV.

THERE are defects in the police of Venice, from which ſo vigilant and ſtern a government might reaſonably be ſuppoſed exempt. The knife, ſo common throughout Italy, is ſuffered to be worn and wielded in the public ſtreets. I was witneſs to an affray on the Ponte di Rialto, in which knives were drawn on both ſides, and the peace

peace was daringly broken with impunity, and by meaſures which muſt, without a miracle, have ended in murder. The Sclavonians, who trade here in great numbers, and principally take their ſtation near the Broglio, have, I underſtand, very frequent ſkirmiſhes. Though occupied in trade, they wear very long ſcimitars; and upon a ſlight ground of quarrel, divide into parties, to the terror of the vicinity. The Sbirri, whoſe office it is to keep the peace, are too much awed by the length of their ſwords, to interfere; and, notwithſtanding that theſe outrages are frequent and notorious, the government will not interdict the privilege of the ſword.

It is ſcarcely reconcilable alſo with the idea of a regular police, to ſee the windows of certain apartments thrown up, and females of a particular claſs fantaſtically bedizened, dealing out their invitations in ſome of the moſt populous ſtreets. Wax candles are kindled in this ſervice, in the face

face of day-light itſelf; and all the charms of muſic engaged, to give ſtrength and ſucceſs to the ſpell. Multitudes, nevertheleſs, paſs and repaſs, without paying the leaſt attention to the ſyren, or ſong. It is, I preſume, a part of the policy in this, as in arbitrary governments in general, to offer no violence to thoſe pleaſures which relate not to meaſures of ſtate. This artifice is founded on the beſt experience; for nothing can render the mind ſo fit for the yoke of ſubjection, as a free indulgence of the paſſions.

In leaving Venice, we hired a gondola to Fuſina, and finiſhed our journey to Padua by land. At about mid-diſtance between Fuſina and Padua, we had occaſion to ſtop; and were diverted by a vaſt variety of gala trappings, for which it was difficult at firſt to account. Every houſe throughout the village was decorated with hangings; balloons of different colours were ſuſpended over the doors of the meaneſt cottages; and

odes

odes were ſtuck upon the walls, addreſſed to the prieſt, congratulating him on the completion of his Lent-labours. I found on enquiry, that this ceremony was a part of antient uſage on the firſt Sunday after Eaſter; that it was intended as a compliment to the Lent-preacher; and that in the evening all thoſe balloons would be converted into lamps, and poor and rich unite in paying this piece of public reſpect to the man who had diſcharged the laborious duties of this ſeaſon of penance.

Odes to the ſame effect were to be found at Venice, and ſome are alſo in circulation at this place; but the full tide of gratitude was only to be ſeen at this village. I would gladly have witneſſed the finale of this fête, but the cabriolet pointed to Padua.

LETTER CXXXVI.

Verona, April 17, 1792.

PADUA is a town of greater pretenſions than effect, and owes more to its fame than its beauty. Antenor and St. Anthony divide the honours of patronage over this ancient city. The firſt is vouched for by a miſerable ſarcophagus, in which the aſhes of the Trojan are ſaid to repoſe: the laſt is commemorated in a church of noble architecture and coſtly decoration. Altars covered with riches, and illumined with ſilver lamps, conſecrate his relics, which are yet reported to ſend forth the moſt grateful odours. Antiquaries have long been occupied in diſcuſſing the claims of Antenor, but the pious Paduans ſeem contented with the ſingle patronage of their tutelar An-

thony, and patiently ſuffer the honours of the hero to be ſunk in thoſe of the Saint.

The beſt church at Padua is under the patronage of Santa Juſtina; and it is, for a happy union of grandeur and ſimplicity, one of the moſt perfect edifices in Italy. It is covered in by no leſs than eight cupolas; and its floor conſiſts in a pavement of Iſtrian ſtone, whoſe parts are diſpoſed with that attention to ſymmetry of plan and harmony of colours, which produces a perfect effect. It is in the neighbourhood of this church that the Prato della Valle is ſituated. This, which preſents an open and ornamented area, conſtitutes the chief beauty and boaſt of Padua. A canal is formed, which deſcribes a conſiderable oval; four bridges communicate between the interior and exterior circumferences; each of which laſt is, according to the original plan, to be filled up with ſtatues of illuſtrious men, whom Padua has produced, or may yet produce. Among thoſe who are already exalted,

alted, Livy, the Paduan—heretofore honoured only by a paltry monument in the town-hall—is ſufficiently diſcernible. The ſtatues when complete will amount to eighty-four: but much is wanting in this arrangement to render it a finiſhed draught.

The univerſity preſents a maſs of old and ruinous buildings. Its cabinets are valuable, but its literature and proſperity are eſteemed to have fallen beneath thoſe of its rival at Pavia. The town, generally taken, is dull; its commerce, like its learning, is now at a low ebb; and, though ſituated moſt advantageouſly at the confluence of the Bacchiglione and the Brenta, it retains little more than the ſhadow of its former traffic. We left it this morning, and arrived at Vicenza ſufficiently early to allow an excuſion through its moſt material curioſities before the ſetting of the ſun.

As Vicenza was the birth-place of Palladio, it is adorned with many works of architecture, conſtructed upon his beſt de-

ſigns. Few towns on ſo ſmall a ſcale can exhibit buildings of a higher character. The claſſical eye finds a ſingular pleaſure in viewing the *Olympic Theatre*. Whatever the mutilated works of the ancients have deſcribed as parts of the Grecian theatre, are in this elegant building combined and wrought into a whole by the genius of a maſter. Its form is that of a ſemi-oval extended; the oval extremity is mounted with thirteen rows of ſeats for the ſpectators; below theſe is the parterre. The ſtage preſents the interior of a Greek city; ſeven ſtreets diverge from the ſpectator's eye; the centre of which paſſes under an arch of Hercules, which covers the Proſcenium, and is adorned with characteriſtic reliefs. The ſtyle of the antique is univerſally copied, ſo far as it is regularly aſcertained; though probably the mind of Palladio did not bend to a ſervile compliance with minute and undeviating imitation.

In

In leaving this theatre, I mixed with a devout company who were aſcending a very pleaſant hill, in order to perform their veſpers to the "Madonna del Monte Ber-"rico." This agreeable pilgrimage is of nearly two miles; and paſſes for the greater part under Arcades, reſembling in deſign, but deſerving no further compariſon with, thoſe which conduct to the St. Luke of Bologna. The Madonna who protects this church, is held in high repute; and I have ſeldom ſeen an altar more completely inveſted with *ex-votos*, than that which is conſecrated by the ſacred image. The worſhippers were ſufficiently numerous, and ſucceeded each other with great regularity. They appeared too intent upon their ſervices, to comment on my curioſity; and ſuffered me to ſtroll among their altars without obſervation.

The inhabitants of Vicenza are apparently of poliſhed and courteous manners. They abound in nobles, who have more to

boaſt of on the ſcore of rank than of wealth. Thoſe who have had leiſure to cultivate their ſociety, report advantageouſly of their hoſpitable virtues. The "Caffé de' Nobili" is the evening rendezvous of all who compoſe the faſhionable circle; and, by a refinement little known in other countries, both ſexes partake of what is elſewhere excluſively appropriated to one.

LETTER CXXXVII.

Inſpruck, April 24, 1792.

FROM Vicenza to Verona we enjoyed a rich and delectable country. The ſeaſon was here conſiderably advanced, and the heat began to be very ſenſibly felt. The Arena, or antient Amphitheatre of Verona, is ſufficiently known. It forms an admirable ſupplement to the Roman Coliſæum, and

and gives, when combined with that and the Ruins of Niſmes, a very tolerable outline of this article of Roman luxury.

The interior is for the moſt part accurately preſerved. Five and forty rows of ſeats, compoſed of huge blocks of beautiful marble, ſurround the Arena; and twenty-two thouſand perſons might be here accommodated, upon a calculation which aſſigns eighteen inches to each individual. At each extremity of its greater diameter—for it is of an oval form—are tribunes, encloſed by a baluſtrade, which appear to have been appropriated to the principal magiſtrates. It is, upon the whole, one of the moſt noble and perfect remains of antiquity that Italy can ſhow. By a piece of ſingular good fortune, it has been deemed an object of care by its Veroneſe poſſeſſors, who are induſtrious to defend it from dilapidations. The churches in this town are only upon an ordinary ſcale; but the Palace of the Council upholds the importance

of Verona by a collection of ſtatues, in honor of thoſe great men to whom it has given birth. Among theſe are numbered the Elder Pliny, Vitruvius, Cornelius Nepos, Catullus, &c.

From Verona we began to turn our backs upon Italy, and approach the mountainous parts of the Tyrol. On our ſecond day we paſſed the line of demarcation, and iſſued from that delightful country, whoſe name will ever be aſſociated in my mind with images of grandeur and beauty. It is impoſſible to bid adieu to Italy without great and ſenſible emotions. In quitting it, I leave behind one of the nobleſt monuments of antient art, the proudeſt productions of genius and labour. I turn my back on treaſures deſcended from claſſic owners, and preſerved by miracle from the injuries of conqueſt and of time. Their types are, however, yet preſent to my mind, and I bear away thoſe impreſſions which ſhall preſerve their exiſtence, when—an event

probably

probably not distant—the spirit of revolution shall have demolished them, and not left, of all that now astonishes, one wreck or fragment behind.

In quitting the Italian territories, we passed a mountain originally steep, but which has been lowered by vast labour and expence, so as greatly to facilitate the passage. The course of the *Adice* marked out our track the whole distance to Brixen, and from Verona to Trent the country wore a charming aspect. Numerous villages were scattered at proper intervals along this groupe of mountains; and the eye was delighted by scenes which bore, on every hand, the marks of successful labour. In passing from Trent, the mountains invested with snow began to appear; and we found ourselves at Botsen, or Bolzano, in one of the most enchanting scenes which this route has afforded. High and cultivated mountains seemed to inclose the town, beside which the Adice rolled a strong

and

and ſonorous torrent. The landlord was anxious to divert me from theſe picturesque objects to the hiſtory of that chamber from which I was taking my view. The ſum of this hiſtory was, that within its walls the late emperor Leopold had ſlept —if indeed it be true that emperors ſleep;— that his imperial majeſty's illuſtrious predeceſſor Joſeph had alſo there been lodged; and, in ſhort, that it had been dignified, at different periods, by the preſence of almoſt the whole houſe of Auſtria.

The next day brought us to Brixen. The face of the country, which had continued to improve, preſented, in the journey of this day, a ſucceſſion of beautiful and romantic varieties. The valley appeared to impreſs us on every hand, and the mountains were cultivated and inhabited to the very ſummits. Every little chaſm was filled up with a houſe, a church, or a tower. The Comteſſe de Provence, and a numerous ſuite of Emigrants, had anticipated us at Brixen,

and we had ſome difficulty in finding accommodations unoccupied by this band of noble fugitives. In leaving Brixen, we gradually paſſed from a rich and cultivated, to a coarſe and barren part of the valley; and at Sterſingham, where we repoſed for the night, we found ourſelves ſituated in the midſt of mountains whoſe ſummits were enveloped in ſnow. The heat of the ſun, which had been, and continued to be, exceſſive, appeared to have produced no other effect than that of poliſhing their ſurface, and giving them the character of glaciers. We left Sterſingham ſufficiently early, and having paſſed the Breinar, a mountain of no ordinary declivity, arrived, after a journey of half a dozen hours, at Inſpruck.

I have been much entertained, during our progreſs through the Tyrol, by the habits and coſtume of the inhabitants. The Sunday or holiday head-dreſs of the women is of black gauze, and the ſcarlet ſtocking is univerſal.

univerſal. The men are in general of a good height, and of a robuſt and manly form. The broad green ſhoulder-ſtraps, which paſs over their waiſtcoat, connect with a belt of the ſame colour; and their green hats of ſtraw, tied with a band of ribbon, give them an air of rural ſimplicity, which recals the manners of antient times. Theſe people appear, for the moſt part, proſperous and contented. They are affable and courteous in their manners: though ſunk in the boſom of mountains, and confined to their domeſtic circles, they ſeem to enjoy every advantage of civilized life—and are probably ignorant only of that refinement which fixes pleaſure in vice, and renders civility a ſnare.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

Augſbourg, April 30, 1792.

A VISIT to the Theatre on my arrival at Inſpruck, convinced me, though little acquainted with the language, that German tragedy does not want character. The ſounds were indeed barbarous, and conveyed no intelligence to my ear, but there ſeemed a harmony between the words and the feelings, and the meaſures of the mournful muſe appeared impaſſioned and expreſſive. Inſpruck diſappointed my expectations. It makes a good figure in the avenues by which it is approached, but has no pretenſions, when examined, to beauty, vivacity, or extent. The population is fixed at twenty thouſand; but if any judgment might be formed from general appearances, this calculation ſurpaſſes the fact.

The

The ſtreets preſent but a dull exterior; and as the town is principally inhabited by nobles, no activity is communicated by the ſpirit and buſtle of trade. The river *In* rolls rapidly here on its way to the Danube; and it is from the bridge which croſſes this river—in German *Brück*—that the town derives its name. The mountain began to lower as we receded from Inſpruck; and having conquered the difficulties between this town and Murnau, we entered upon a more equal country, and moved along a more level road to Augſbourg. The coſtume of the women has varied with the change of country, and black gauze head-dreſſes are ſucceeded by caps of gold or ſilver tiſſue. Theſe ornaments of the head are, I am told, not promiſcuouſly worn—the ſilver being appropriated to the virgin, and the gold to the married fair.

In looking back upon the Tyrol, from which we have ſo lately emerged, I cannot but regard it as a route full of intereſt and beauty.

beauty. Every imaginable variety occurs in that ſinuous valley through which it is traverſed; and its mountains preſent all the poſſible diverſities of figure, complexion, and culture. In addition to this, the track itſelf is no where perilous, and for the moſt part even commodious. The road is conducted with much labour and art; and though tolls of a conſiderable amount are exacted, yet the convenience enjoyed amply gratifies the demand. Accommodations are abundant, and all the reaſonable wants of a traveller find a ready and competent ſupply. Villages, towns, and inns, are numerous; the higheſt population prevails, and every ſymptom appears, of eaſe, abundance, and content. Subjects occur at every turn in which every taſte and paſſion may find delight; and equal matter is furniſhed throughout the whole of this route, to occupy and intereſt the poet, the painter, and the philoſopher.

I have

I have been arreſted continually in my obſervations upon the country, by vaſt objects of ſuperſtitious worſhip, erected upon the high road. This cuſtom, common to all Catholic countries, is no where conformed to on ſo large a ſcale as in the whole extent of the Tyrol. Independent of what occurs on the open road, every little village has, at its entrance, a complete groupe of the Crucifixion, into which enter all whom the hiſtories relate as preſent at that event. Theſe being executed in imitation of nature, preſent a very ghaſtly ſpectacle. The Madonna is the object of particular devotion in Italy, but here the Saviour has very properly obtained the upper rank. Roads are however very little benefited by ſuch monuments. In Proteſtant countries their places are very wiſely ſupplied by poſts of direction and diſtance.

At Landſberg, from which we have this day come, I was delighted with the pleaſing and characteriſtic objects of a church-yard, into

into which I had by accident ſtrolled. The tombs were numerous, and interſperſed with a ſort of wild verdure in many parts, which rendered them picturesque. A ſtone covered the ground in which theſe rude forefathers of the hamlet ſlept. Theſe ſtones were crowned by a croſs of iron, worked with various art, and more or leſs decorated, according to the taſte or the means of the parties who erected it. To this croſs was appended, by Catholic uſage, a veſſel formed of the ſame metal, which the friends of the deceaſed take care to ſupply with holy water. In this veſſel is a ſprinkler for the convenience of thoſe who wiſh to beſtow a requiem upon the tomb. The place of this laſt is ſupplied in the poorer orders by a ſimple ſprig of evergreen. Every time that the ſurviving relations tread the church-yard path, they ſtep aſide from the worn track to ſprinkle with ſome pious drops the grave of a father, a huſband, or a brother.

Nor are these good offices confined to the kindred of the deceased. Generosity and affection equally demand this service; and many repair to acknowledge, by this last office, the benefactor and the friend. Even the stranger, who glances his eye over the tablet, rarely refuses this simple tribute. This rite is closely allied to poetic enthusiasm, and, barbarous as its origin may have been, it breathes the spirit of refinement and feeling. As I trod among these venerable monuments—for such I deem the repositories of the dead—I seemed to be bound by the same sacred necessity. All seemed to check my haste, and demand the pious sprinkle. Each appeared to address me in the language of Archytas:

"Quanquam festinas (non est mora longa)."

Or to breathe the more elegant prayer of the first of poets:

"So may some gentle muse,
"With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,
"And as she passes turn,
"And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud."

The

The ſignal for departure from this village hurried me away from theſe ſilent ſcenes, where recollection will frequently ſoothe and gratify my mind in moments of ſolitary reflection.

LETTER CXXXIX.

Conſtance, May 8, 1792.

AUGSBOURG is a town of no particular magnitude or beauty. It enjoys but few advantages of ſituation or aſpect, the circumjacent country being flat, open, and cheerleſs. The ſolemnities of a ſaint-day had cloſed the ſhops, and the population was only to be read in the churches and promenades. The Proteſtants ſhare with the Catholics the liberties and immunities of this town: by a convention entered into by both parties, equal privileges are granted

to each, and the public offices are divided between them.

The gold and silver head-dress, of which I have already spoken, here obtained almost universally; and it was a subject of amusing observation, to see the crowds assembled at the churches, bowing their golden heads before the altars. These flaunty caps are an article of no mean expence; in some their value is said to exceed ten louis-d'ors. They are however of so durable a texture, that, like articles of family plate, they frequently pass through two or three generations. All tongues are busy in announcing the declaration of war on the part of France, against the King of Bohemia. The decree of the Assembly to this effect is said to have been ratified by Louis, and hostile operations are on the eve of commencement. This is judged by the politicians of this place to be an event of so great moment, that all the lesser incidents are swallowed up in its vortex; and nothing further

ther is to be heard of the aſſaſſination of Guſtavus, or the ſuſpicious exit of Leopold.

The country diſcovered a gradual improvement in proportion as we paſſed from Augſbourg to the confines of Switzerland. Mindenheim, Memmingen, and Wangen, were the places at which we reſted the three nights which intervened between our departure from Augſbourg and our arrival at Lindau. Plantations of hops and delicious paſture grounds accompanied us to this latter ſtage; but what was added to the beauty of the country, was taken from the excellence of the roads. A long wooden bridge conducted us from the extreme boundary of the land to the town of Lindau, which enjoys a ſituation perfectly inſular, and preſents, when viewed from different points, an object truly pictureſque and ſingular. The water, by which it is ſurrounded, forms part of the Lake of Conſtance, a lake of very ſpacious extent, larger, yet leſs beautiful than the Lake of

Geneva. It is here known by the name of *Boden See*, a name derived from its prodigious and unuſual depth—Boden ſignifying depth in the German, which is here the vernacular tongue.

By a very delightful, though circuitous track, we coaſted along the lake to Conſtance; and found inceſſant occupation for many leagues, in contemplating and comparing the very rich and varied ſcenery through which we were conducted. The road paſſed alternately upon the borders of the Lake, and among the devious windings of the vallies; and I found difficulty in perſuading myſelf, that what I had hitherto admired in the majeſtic inequalities of the Tyrol, was not eclipſed by the bold and changeful landſcapes of this romantic country. At the diſtance of four or five leagues from Lindau we croſſed the Rhine in a ferry-boat. This river, though ſo near its ſource, is of conſiderable width, and deſcends with great force towards its junction with,

with, or rather its entrance into, the Lake. It is ſomewhat extraordinary, that two of the nobleſt rivers in Europe, the Rhine and the Rhone, ſhould ſeverally form, within the Swiſs territory, two lakes of a magnitude and beauty which have no parallel.

The Rhine, as it paſſes into the Lake, marks out the line of boundaries for the German and Swiſs territories. A very charming village, by the name of Roſbach, gave us the firſt hoſpitalities after our entrance upon Switzerland; and we were amuſed, during our ſtay, by various ſcenes of ruſtic ſimplicity and village innocence. A route of a few hours brought us to Conſtance, enlivened only by the influx of French Emigrants, and a Poliſh ſuite. The retired and peaceful ſtate of this town has attracted many of the Emigrant families; and various houſes have been purchaſed for the accommodation of thoſe who can diſpenſe with the gaieties of poliſhed life, and ſubmit to the petty ſeverities of Swiſs diſcipline. What the iron

ſcourge of adverſity *may* effect, it is not eaſy to calculate; but ſo much I will affirm, —that if it teach the volatile ſons of France to enjoy domeſtic life, and peaceably to ſurrender the "Bagatelle," I ſhall then know nothing which it can *not* effect.

LETTER CXL.

Zurich, May 11, 1792.

SYMPATHY is doubtleſs the moſt arbitrary paſſion in human nature. Taught by my theory to hold in abhorrence that cruel ſuperſtition which aſſumes to itſelf the diſtinction of the Catholic faith, I am daily compelled to take into my boſom ſome of its moſt bigotted ſupporters, and exerciſe the moſt charitable pity towards its monks, its prieſts, and its confeſſors—Misfortune has no guilt. The rigorous precautions now adopting in various parts of Switzerland,

land, have driven numbers of these unfortunate exiles to Constance. The different states of Italy have refused their hospitalities, and it is difficult to see where these titled fugitives will end their miserable pilgrimage. "Quel malheur,"—said an old Priest, who sat next me at table,—"d'être obligé de voyager le monde pour trouver un peu de repos." A meagre Marquis, who had left every thing behind him but his politesse, recounted to me in the evening the entertainment which the Table d'Hôte had received in my absence, by the arrival of a Polonese princess. "Madame, (said he) "parloit de la Liberté; et nous primes le "parti contraire *pour mieux jouir de son* "*esprit*,"—an expression which could only have fallen from the lips of a Frenchman.

The Polonese Princess of whom the Marquis spoke, is pursuing, as I understand, the same route with ourselves; and therefore it is not improbable but time and subsequent events may unravel her history and character.

character. At preſent it appears that ſhe is a woman of great beauty, is travelling from Warſaw to the Pays de Vaud, and abounding in vivacity and political knowledge. It was in her laſt character that ſhe principally figured at Conſtance. The Biſhop of Langres, and other Emigrants of diſtinction, were the ſubjects of her attack; and the puſillanimous flight of the Nobles at the commencement of the revolution, was by her pourtrayed in all thoſe ridiculous colours which ſuch an event might be ſuppoſed to receive from ſuch talents. But with the Marquis, reſpect for the *Sexe* annihilated the ſenſe of reſentment, and the *eſprit* of his antagoniſt was no leſs the theme of his admiration and his praiſe, for ſporting at once with his misfortunes and his diſgrace.

Enough is known of Conſtance, when little is ſaid. An air of dulneſs hangs over it, characteriſtic of the Swiſs towns. Its population does not ſeem to bear a reaſon-

able proportion to its extent; and this proportion will not be eventually increaſed by the addition of thoſe fugitives whom the laws of their community condemn to perpetual celibacy. At the point from which the Rhine iſſues, a wooden bridge communicates between the reſpective banks, and gives the eye an opportunity of pervading the whole extent of the town, as it lines the bank of the Lake. Viewed indeed under theſe circumſtances, the town preſents, in union with the contiguous ſcenery, a picture of no mean beauty. The Lake itſelf, meaſuring a length of ſeventeen, and a width (in its wideſt part) of ſix leagues, would fill any landſcape with ſublimity. Add to this, the clear and rapid Rhine, burſting from its extremity, and the ſloping mountains running as it were into its waters. Theſe are the ornaments of Conſtance; and theſe might give it as important a rank in the ſchools of painting, as its

its ſynods and councils have done in the ſchool of theology.

By a circuitous and picturesque track we paſſed from Conſtance to Schaffhouſe. A treſpaſs committed on the way by a part of our equipage, produced a demand from ſome ſurly peaſants, which not being immediately, or indeed at all complied with, half the boors of the country were aſſembled to ſupport the demand of the claimants. As *blows* had preceded *words*, the affair was ſoon put to iſſue: and the ſwords which had dangled beſide the velvet ſuits, in compliance with Italian etiquette, were now, for the firſt time, drawn from their peaceful ſcabbards. A worthy veteran, whom the uproar had brought out, interpoſed with his neceſſary authority, and by his good offices we were reſcued from the unequal encounter.

LETTER CXLI.

A LITTLE diſcuſſion of French politics with ſome cheerful ſtrangers at the Table d'Hôte, ſoon reſtored the equilibrium of the paſſions, ſomewhat diſquieted by our adventure upon the road. The Fall of the Rhine was the grand lure to Schaffhouſe; and therefore the earlieſt light of the morning was embraced, to view, under the moſt advantageous circumſtances, and with the greateſt leiſure, this glorious phenomenon. A ſhort ride from the town brought us to that point at which the Rhine is firſt ſeen rattling amongſt thoſe broken rocks which diſturb the uniformity of its paſſage, and communicate turbulence and impetuoſity to its current. Diſmounting at the level from which it falls, we paſſed, after a momentary glance

glance at the brink of its deſcent, to the oppoſite point, from which the whole caſcade is ſeen in all its majeſty and effect. Nature has, it muſt be admitted, ſcooped out the rocks in a manner admirably calculated to aſſiſt the impreſſion, by diſtributing the ſtream, as it falls, into three branches. The height of deſcent is eſteemed to be eighty feet.

Various poſitions are reſorted to by the guides, to eſtabliſh the admiration of the traveller, by all the diverſities of aſpect which this caſcade preſents. Not the leaſt delightful is that which fixes the ſpectator beneath the Chateau of Lauffen, and encloſes him in the foam of the reverberated waters. But the point moſt favourable to general contemplation, is the bank which faces the whole deſcent. Here it is that the eye embraces a mighty river, whoſe ſtream has the forced oppoſing rock, two maſſes of which have alone withſtood its fury, and now divide its waters. I imagined, as I

contem-

contemplated this auguſt ſcene, the proceſs by which the phenomenon is effected. The rocks appeared for a moment united, and the flinty barrier ſeemed yet ſolid. I painted to myſelf the action of the ſtream, the reſiſtance of the craggy phalanx, and the gradual triumphs of the more powerful waters. I ſaw nature preſiding over the combat, and turning in her own favour the fortune of the day.

In addition to the bolder traits, this caſcade abounds in minuter beauties, which might be particularized in its favour. The pyramids of rock by which it is divided, are pierced into hollows, and ſhaped into forms of uncouth and irregular beauty. The Chateau of Lauffen overhanging its fall, is an additional ornament to the ſcene; and when the bulk and force of its waters are conſidered in conjunction with theſe dependent circumſtances, height is the only defect which criticiſm can diſcover. Did it fall through a ſpace equal to that which

the

the Velino deſcribes at Terni, it might then claim an attribute—perhaps in no caſe wholly deſerved—that of perfection.

The bridge of wood, which is among the varieties of Schaffhouſe, is a ſubject equally of aſtoniſhment and regret—of aſtoniſhment, that a bridge of ſuch extent ſhould have been conſtructed upon only *two* arches; of regret, that it ſhould have been conſtructed upon more than *one*. This laſt ariſes from the tradition, ſufficiently authenticated, that the builder's original plan and private wiſh were to throw one arch of wood acroſs the Rhine. This was over-ruled by the prudence of the citizens, who were ſufficiently phlegmatic to prefer, in this inſtance, *ſafety* to *ſpeculation*.

Our journey from Schaffhouſe to this place, though not amounting to more than nine leagues of ground, was unavoidably divided into two ſtations; and the village of Egliſau terminated the labours of the firſt day. Miſchief and induſtry combined could

could not have rendered the track more completely inconvenient, than heavy rains and a looſe ſoil had already done. It was ſome recompence to find, that the ſcenes in which we were compelled to reſt, had many beauties to ſhow. Our landlord was a man of information beyond his calling and his ſituation, which was a perfect ſolitude. He placed me in a pleaſant attic, and pointed to my indiſtinct optics a thouſand charming objects in the landſcape before us. When the ſun had done his laſt offices, my landlord diverted me with a ſeries of anecdotes, reſpecting the cynoſure of Switzerland, Lavater. The portrait of this extraordinary man formed the central ornament of his mantle-piece; and he ſeemed as proud of having lodged him within his humble cabaret, as the ignorant Tyrolian, who had done the ſame honors to the whole houſe of Auſtria.

LETTER CXLII.

Geneva.

WHEN the mind has determined upon an object as eſſential to its ſatisfaction, it is not readily prevailed upon to condeſcend to leſſer gratifications. Lavater and Zurich had been ſo long aſſociated in my mind, that the report of his abſence inverted the whole ſyſtem of my pleaſures; and rendered me diſpoſed to quarrel with objects of ſufficient, though ſubordinate, intereſt. If ſituation can confer beauty, and tranquillity be adopted as a ſubſtitute for happineſs, Zurich wants no charm for the eye, or the heart. Placed at the extremity of a tranſparent lake, whoſe banks are lined to the very brink of the water with the choiceſt culture, it embraces a thouſand beauties of local poſition. The interior of the

the town is neat, without any extraordinary ſhare of regularity; and its promenades and terraces, though ſufficiently removed from finiſhed taſte, have yet a delicious variety of proſpect and ſhade.

The countenances of the fair ſex are much below the character of their underſtandings; and, if I may judge from a ſhort and imperfect experience, they borrow conſiderably leſs from the charms of perſon, than the graces of the mind. The government of Zurich has the property of ſtrictneſs and vigor, common to the Swiſs governments in general. Regularity is doubtleſs commendable in a ſtate, and a well-ordered police is indiſputably the beſt feature in civil adminiſtrations. But the excellence of the end will ſcarcely juſtify the ſeverity of the means. The laws of Zurich are rigid and inquiſitorial; they hang a rod over the minuteſt foibles, and the moſt ordinary levities. A dog may not follow, nor a company dance, within the walls of the city.

Tranquillity and order are poſſibly produced by theſe municipal precautions; but they are littleneſſes, which debaſe the dignity of the mind, and annihilate the ſenſe of freedom.

The public ſentiment is greatly agitated within this town by the political commotions of Europe, and conſiderable anxiety is felt and expreſſed upon the iſſue of that queſtion, which is to decide the ſafety, perhaps the fate, of Switzerland. Neutrality is indiſputably the line of choice, for which three-fourths of the country would determine. The ariſtocracy is too prudent to wiſh a rupture, and the democracy too feeble to ſeek alliance with their revolutionary neighbours; and a neutral character is doubtleſs that, by which they are moſt likely to maintain at once their commercial intereſts, and their civil independence. The public tables reſounded with political debate; in this, however, the prudent natives took but little ſhare. Emigrants of various

character

character were daily entering; and, aware of the limited term by which their reſidence is confined, ſeemed deſirous of taking revenge in the freedom of their diſcuſſions. Berne and Lauſanne were crouded with the ſame ſort of travellers; and it was not among the leaſt amuſing incidents which preſented in thoſe ſeveral places, to ſee the public tables ſurrounded with a mixed ſociety of princes and roturiers, ariſtocrats and jacobins, cavaliers and ſans culottes—men in ſhort, whoſe politics were as oppoſite as their conditions, and who had no principle of union but that which aroſe from an equality of ſuffering.

The jealouſies of this little republic appear to have received a conſiderable increaſe by the late events, and the extreme precaution, both civil and military, which is daily obſerved, ſeems to indicate ſtrong ſymptoms of alarm and diſunion. Its vicinity to Savoy on the one hand, and France on the other, between which ſome underſtanding

appears to ſubſiſt, is a ſufficient ground of apprehenſion; and it ſeems to require the whole policy and firmneſs of the governing council, to maintain its good faith with Switzerland, and its own independence, againſt ſuch a multitude of dangers and faſcinations. Already its active commerce has received a check, and that cheerful vivacity which once filled its ſtreets, is now no more. All is changed, but the grand objects of nature. The Rhine has not loſt its tranſparency, nor the Salenche its duſky grandeur. The Lake yet preſents a cerulian ſurface, and the Glaciers yet heave their ſnowy boſoms. On theſe the eye may fix, when the heart has ſickened at civil diſcord, and forget, in the tranſports which their changeleſs beauties create, the factions, the follies, and the crimes of men.

LETTER CXLIII.

Lauſanne.

IT is not eaſy for imagination to feign a villa of more picturesque enchantment, than that from which I now write. It is ſituated at the elevation of a league above the waters of the Lake; and planted amongſt thoſe charming inequalities which abound in ruſtic beauty, and give a never ending variety to the ſurrounding ſcenes. The pleaſure ariſing from this reſidence, is only embittered by the recollection of thoſe who once occupied it, and the cruel circumſtances which have exiled from ſo delicious a retreat its ancient poſſeſſor. The political factions which ſome time paſt rent aſunder the inhabitants of the Pays de Vaud, compelled to emigration ſome families of

the firſt diſtinction. Amongſt this number was colonel de P——; and in him the country has ſuſtained a loſs not eaſily repaired. He was a man of frank and liberal manners, his knowledge was correct and general, and his mind was expanded by a long and active intercourſe with public life. United to a woman, whoſe beauty, though pre-eminent, was yet her loweſt praiſe, he was now conſuming the evening of life in rural purſuits—exerciſing his taſte in the cultivation of his grounds, and his virtue in domeſtic hoſpitality. From this retirement and theſe purſuits the curſe of party zeal has driven him: and the villa, which he raiſed for his pleaſure, is now abandoned to the purpoſes of hire.

Efforts of change, if they accompliſh not their end, uſually terminate in an increaſe of the evil. Such has been the fact in reſpect to Lauſanne. The removal of abuſes, and the enlargement of civil rights, were the pretended purpoſes of the late combinations.

nations. The defeat of these has led to new precautions, in which the comfort of the individual is surrendered to the safety of the state; and the restraint which before was visionary, is now become real. A law has been enacted, which binds the traveller to a request of permission, when his intentions are made up to a summer residence. This gives to the bailiff, who is the supreme governor, a power of opposing the continuance of obnoxious characters amongst his immaculate subjects; and of keeping the soil of Switzerland, free from the industrious experiments of their Gallic neighbours. A Russian princess, who occupies an extensive villa contiguous to our own, has lately received intimation of the Baron's displeasure; and as the decree of exile is laconic, she is left to conjecture, that her Paris connections have constituted her crime. The line of policy which has been adopted throughout the popular commotions, is reputed to have borrowed much of its severity,

rity, and ſome of its wiſdom, from the Hiſtorian of the Roman empire. How far this may have been the fact or not, I pretend not to ſay; as little am I diſpoſed to decide, whether it may be eſteemed a reproach or a panegyric upon his character. So much at leaſt is certain, that the floods of vengeance have been let looſe with little regard to mercy, or opportunity of exculpation; and thoſe who have not been humbled by puniſhment, have at leaſt been ſilenced by fear. The circles of abſolute pleaſure have ſuffered little from theſe reſtraints; political terror ſtops greatly ſhort of the card-table and the dance. But the interchange of liberal and enlightened converſation has received a wound, which can only be healed by the deſtruction of ſeverity and ſuſpicion. The æra of confidence is, however, if one may be allowed to conjecture, conſiderably diſtant, and the ferocious ſpirit of the reigning ariſtocracy has not yet diſcovered any ſymptoms of decline.

Theſe evils, it muſt be owned, are little felt by the maſs of the inhabitants. Inured to habits of toil, and accuſtomed to the ſeclusion of an agricultural life, they rarely intermeddle with the regulations of ſtate. Political debate is confined to the enthuſiaſm of a narrow circle. The reſtrictions of government affect alone the evening diſcuſſions of the coffee-houſe, and the promenade; whilſt the huſbandman and the farmer can diſcover no changes in the features of the government, and ſuffer no diminution of their habitual liberty—in precautions which diſturb not the progreſs of their labours, or the regularity of their gains.

LETTER CXLIV.

MANKIND have, in all ſtates of ſociety, their particular, and appropriate amuſements. It is in the moment of relaxation, that

that nature ſhows her particular features; and the genuine character is then beſt aſcertained, when there is the leaſt temptation to caution and diſguiſe. It is on this principle, that I am anxious, in the variations of my courſe, occaſionally to aſſociate with the different aſſemblies which unite in the profeſſed perſuit of pleaſure or diverſion.

Switzerland has probably leſs to ſhow in the line of original entertainment, than any country in Europe, Holland alone excepted. Poſſeſſed of little or no conſtitutional ardor, the laborious natives ſeem content to lead a life of patient induſtry and domeſtic regularity, without any ideas of indulgence beyond thoſe of the flaſk and the valz. As I have penetrated but little into the interior of the country, I pretend not to judge of the general taſte. From what however has come under my own obſervation upon the inhabitants of the Pays de Vaud, the pleaſures of the flaſk and the valz have loſt no portion of their antient influence. By a

latitude

latitude of interpretation, common to the inhabitants of the Continent, Sunday is eſteemed the day of relaxation and feſtivity; and it is on this day that the Swiſs unbends, and loſes the ordinary ſeverity of his humour, in the moſt gay and feſtive diverſion. The effects of the bottle are univerſally ſeen upon the ſtraggling peaſants, who are encountered in every quarter of the vicinity of Lauſanne, perſuing their eccentric courſes towards their reſpective abodes. All the ſheds and hovels are, on the ſame evening, occupied for the purpoſes of the valz; and it is difficult to find a retreat, which is not diſturbed by the diſſonance of a wretched fiddler, and the clattering of ruſtic feet.

The amuſements of the higher claſs are very much upon a level with the general diverſions of poliſhed ſocieties; and the great intercourſe which ſubſiſts between the Lauſannois and their neighbours the French, has introduced amongſt the former all the little

little expedients of ſocial recreation ſo famous among the latter. The ſocieties are moſtly ſelect; and the diverſions which principally prevail, where cards are excluded, conſiſt in ingenious evolutions of the *jeu de l'Epingle*, and ſallies of wit at *queſtions et reponſes*. What may be the virtue or antiquity of this laſt, I am unable to ſay. It appears, however, to have had exiſtence in elder days; and I cannot but ſuppoſe that Arioſto alluded to a diverſion of this nature amongſt the gambols played off by the fairy Alcina:

Tolte che fur le menſe e le vivande,
Facean ſedendo in Cerchio ungiuoco lieto,
Che nell' orecchio l'un l'altro domanda
Come più piace loro qualche ſecreto.

ORLANDO FURIOSO, Can. 7. Stan. 21.

The hall from viands and from tables clear,
They form, in circle ranged, a ſportive game;
With gentle whiſpers each in other's ear
Some *queſtion* aſks, as Fancy bids him name.

Theſe are evidently *exotic* pleaſantries, and do not ſtrictly harmonize with the gravity and

and phlegm of the Swiſs character. Sober ſenſe appears in general the laſt boundary which nature has aſſigned to their intellectual talents; and genius and wit are qualities of which they are deſtined to partake in a very inferior degree. Exceptions have exiſted to this obſervation; and the names of Haller, Geſner, Euler, and Lavater, are ſufficient to reſcue the nation from literary oblivion. A repartee which is now in circulation, will poſſibly convince you, that the rule which decides againſt their pleaſantry, is not wholly without exception. Monſ. R. having drank too freely, in riſing from table had the misfortune to fall, and uttered the following impromptu:

On dit le vin plus fort que l'eau,
Et je le crois ſans peine,
L'eau detruit tout, maiſon, troupeau,
Et deracine une chêne;
Or, ſi dans ſon debordement
Rien ne reſiſte à ſa colere,
Faut il, s'etonner un moment,
Que le vin m'ait jette par terre?

I ſhall

I ſhall give you a tranſlation, in lieu of a poſtſcript:

Wine is more ſtrong than water deem'd,
Nor is the rule a joke,
For water levels houſe and flock,
And rends the ſtubborn oak;
If then its overflowing rage
No obſtacle can bound,
What wonder that the ſtronger wine
Has laid me on the ground?

LETTER CXLV.

THE romantic ſcenes which I now inhabit, and the very pictureſque character of all which ſurrounds me, have almoſt entirely cut me off from general ſociety. Abſorbed in the viſions of Rouſſeau, and encloſed as it were in the ſphere of his mighty magic, I feel content to live ſequeſtered amidſt this delicious enchantment. The Heloiſe is indiſputably the moſt

moſt forcible addreſs to the paſſions that human genius ever produced; and perhaps the capacity of man for delicate tranſports, could in no caſe find a better meaſure, than in thoſe effects with which it impreſſes a ſenſible mind. Local circumſtances contribute greatly to the influence which works of feeling poſſeſs; and he is competent to judge of this obſervation, who has the name of Veray continually ſounded in his ears, and the rocks of Milleray projecting to his view.

It is indeed a ſubject of no ſmall regret, that the Heloiſe ſhould appear upon reviſal, of corrupt and injurious tendency. The attempt of Rouſſeau to draw it to a virtuous cloſe, is feeble and unnatural. Let it be owned, that the paſſions are too induſtriouſly proſelyted to the ſide of moral frailty; and that the general impreſſion is little in favour of human virtue. Conſidered as a work of genius, it is beyond all praiſe: but as Johnſon has ſaid of Cathe-

rine in Henry the Eighth, the genius of Rouſſeau appears to go out with *Julie*; and he muſt ſupply much from his own imagination, and the recollection of paſt circumſtances, who can be equally intereſted in Madame de Wolmar. The fact is, that the novel ſtands upon the ſingle ground of its pathetic excellence, by which I mean its power of operating in an extraordinary degree upon the paſſions: it ought therefore to have ended with the event which determines the ſeparation of Julie and St. Preux, *viz.* the marriage of the former to Monſ. M. Wolmar. What is added, deſtroys in fact the unity of the work; while it weakens the firſt impreſſion, it produces no material change in favour of virtue; and it offends the critic, without ſatisfying the moraliſt.

Such, however, was the character of the writer, that he neither lived nor wrote in conformity to received rule; and thus neither his actions nor his works can be ſentenced without

without an almoſt equal mixture of praiſe and cenſure. An intelligent woman has put into my hands an epitaph, expreſſive in no ordinary degree of this ſingular humour; and as it is the produce of Lauſanne, it will probably diſpoſe you to think, that a *bel eſprit* is not wholly a prodigy in Switzerland:

Ci gît Rouſſeau! chez lui tout fut contraſte,
Il aima les humains, mais ſe fut pour les fuir:
Il perdit ſa patrie en voulant la ſervir:
Modeſte avec orgueil,—il fut pauvre avec faſte;—
Ne ſut pas vivre,—et ſut mourir.

How far my tranſlation may approach the original, I am not anxious to know: I have only attempted to tranſpoſe its ſpirit.

Here lies Rouſſeau, the ſlave of truth and fiction,
Who lived and died a ſplendid contradiction.
With love of man he fled the world, and gave
His country wounds whene'er he meant to ſave.
Haughty, though poor, and modeſt, yet with pride,
He liv'd to folly, and to virtue died.

As I am now upon the ſubject of epitaphs, I ſhall cloſe my letter with one upon Vol-

taire, from the ſame hand; and follow it up with an attempt at tranſlation.

O Parnaſſe fremis de douleur et d'effroi
Pleurez Muſes, briſez vos lyres immortelles.
Toi dont il fatigua les cent voix et les aiſles,
Dit que Voltaire eſt mort—pleure et repoſe toi.

Voltaire is dead! Parnaſſus huſh thy quires,
And break, ye muſes, your immortal lyres!
Fame, let thy trump the laſt ſad note diſcloſe,
Then midſt the tearful ſorrow ſeek repoſe.

LETTER CXLVI.

THE Poliſh princeſs, who made ſo conſpicuous a figure at Conſtance, holds an equal rank in the coteries of Lauſanne. She is the wife of Prince L——, and appears to be ſuffering a ſort of political exile. The ſuperiority of her talents, rather than the caſt of her principles, have recommended her to the notice of perſons of condition in this

this country; and she has succeeded in procuring the bailiff's permission to fix her residence for six months in a splendid and extensive villa upon the borders of the Lake. A residence at Paris during the epoch of the Revolution, communicated to her mind a glow of liberty, which kindles at every return of political discussion; and the peculiar circumstances of her own country render this enthusiasm still more sympathetical. Her vivacity and her information cannot be too highly appreciated; and she betrays an excess of romantic sensibility, bordering upon extravagance. Though admitted into the circles of this place, it is easy to see that her levities are not wholly unsuspected by the grave and cautious Swiss, whose regard for decorum is among their first qualities, and who have every merit on the score of private morals. Stanislaus appears to have anticipated some excentricities in the bon-mot which he uttered, agreeable to the Princess's report, upon delivering to her

ſome recommendatory letters: "Voila," ſaid he, "des lettres de creane pour des "nouvelles folies."

The lot of this amiable Princeſs—for ſuch amidſt all her eccentricities ſhe is—contains a moral, from which the heads of families in many European ſtates might derive, if diſpoſed, conſiderable advantage. "A qua- "torze," ſaid ſhe, when enumerating ſome particulars of her hiſtory, "on m'a marié. "Je fus mère à quinze: je reſpecte mon "mari; c'eſt un homme de merite: mais "je ne l'ai jamais aimé." The arbitrary union of fortune and rank, by thoſe who aſſume the diſpoſal of the ſexes, may juſtly be aſſigned as the ground and occaſion of thoſe gallantries which diſgrace the manners of the Continent. It is judging imperfectly of human nature, to ſuppoſe that ſplendor will ſatisfy every paſſion; or that thoſe chains will be worn with content, which are impoſed by force. The States of Italy abound in leſſons of ſimilar inſtructions;

ſtructions; but ſuch is the infamous law of family etiquette, that marriages muſt be regulated by rules of aggrandizement, and the torch of Hymen muſt be kindled at the ſhrine of Plutus. Hence the profligacy and licence of faſhionable manners; hence the cicisbeo, the cavaliere, and all the iniquitous expedients for ſupporting an unnatural yoke.

The family of the Marcheſe L——— at Rome, preſented an inſtance of this ſort of paternal deciſion. As public concerts were frequently given at the palace, I had repeated opportunities of ſeeing the young and unconſulted female, ordained by her parents as a victim to a prince, whoſe condition was his only recommendation. As the parties were not ſuffered to communicate, this itſelf would be ſufficient to condemn the union, had it not been equally forbidden by the diſparity of ages. I aſked an attendant, Upon what principle the union was deſigned? "Adeſſo," ſaid he, "è domo

" de Marcheſe, allora ſara domo de prin-
" cipe." " It is now but the family of a
" Marquis, then it will be the family of a
" Prince." This violation of nature's moſt manifeſt law, in the total neglect of affection and choice, is an uſurpation more criminal than the very worſt exceſſes of their civil tyranny. Arioſto muſt have had other models to write from than thoſe which now abound, when he affirmed,

" Fui di parer ſemprè, e coſi detto
" L'ho piu volte, che ſenza moglie a lato
" Non puote uomo in bontade eſſer perfetto.

I've ever thought, and oft the truth expreſt,
That without wedlock, man could ne'er be bleſt.

From the contemplation of ſuch laws, ſuch habits, and ſuch manners, it is a relief to reflect upon another nation, and find the faith of matrimony revered in public opinion, and regarded in predominant practice; to find its pleaſures celebrated by the firſt of poets, and the beſt of men; and to obſerve its effects diſtinctly viſible in the circula-

circulation of virtuous love, and the eſtabliſhment of domeſtic harmony:

Hail, wedded Love, myſterious law, true ſource
Of human offspring——
By thee adulterous luſt was driven from men,
Among the beſtial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, ſon, and brother, firſt were known.

MILTON. Par. Loſt, Book iv. L. 750, &c.

But happy they! the happier of their kind!
Whom gentler ſtars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.

THOMSON, Spring, L. 1110, &c.

LETTER CXLVII.

THE melancholy events of the 10th have been ſubjects of no ſmall grief to the ſympathetic Swiſs. With a tenderneſs which does honour to their feelings, the municipal authorities proclaimed a ſeaſon of mourn-

mourning; and invited the citizens to ſuſpend for a fortnight their diverſions, in honour to the manes of their brave and unfortunate countrymen. The ſlaughter of this intrepid band is a circumſtance, over which all the diviſions of political opinion muſt unite in one common ſentiment of ſorrow. The Programma which enjoined the public mourning, was affixed to all places of general reſort; and "Thè's" and "Goute's" were interdicted, under the penalty of extreme diſpleaſure. In addition to this, a paper has been circulated, purporting to proceed from the ruling Powers, and calculated to inflame the minds of the Swiſs with the ſtrongeſt emotions of hatred and revenge. Thus watchful is power to improve thoſe advantages which the crimes of its adverſaries afford. The cool-blooded carnage of the Thuilleries will be recorded among the crimes of liberty—for liberty may have her crimes—and arbitrary power will be not a little gratified, at having the

narrow

narrow ſtock of its argument ſo materially increaſed.

A proſpect of ſeparation from Mr. L——, whoſe health is judged to demand a reſidence in the ſouth, has opened to me ſome plans of travel, which I am anxious to execute; and the very diſordered ſtate of France, which might ſeem to conſtitute an objection, operates with me as an inducement to purſue, if poſſible, the route to Paris. I have delayed my expedition a reaſonable number of days, in order to feel properly releaſed from an obligation under which I might yet appear to lie, and the diſcovery of which has occaſioned me much anxiety. Mr. H. from Amſterdam, with whom I formed acquaintance while at Rome, had conceived a project of travelling to Egypt, and diſpatched an invitation to me, according to the beſt addreſs he could procure, to accompany him. By the failure of poſt, his communication never reached me, and it was not without an accident, that

any part of the ſubject was ever made known to me. I know not a track upon the globe, which I would purſue in preference; and I conſider it as one of the moſt adverſe events in my life, that the propoſals of Mr. H. never fell into my hands. As I have written to his banker at Naples, and waited a ſufficient time without reply, I am induced to ſuppoſe that he may be removed * beyond the reach of regular communication; and that the negociation, ſo far as regards myſelf, is at an end. The advances of the Duke of Brunſwick, and the thunders of his manifeſto, are conſidered by my Swiſs friends, as bad precurſors in the route I intend to purſue; and a few emigrant counts, with whom I occaſionally mingle, have wiſhed me "bon voyage,"

* I have ſince been informed by Mr. H. that upon his viſiting the iſland of Malta, he was diſſuaded from proceeding to Egypt by the advice of the grand-maſter, who aſſured him, that the plague had broken out, and that on this account he returned to England by Spain and Portugal.

and

and piteouſly recommended me "à la lan-
"terne."

An engagement which I have entered into with ſome Engliſh ladies related to Mr. L. will detain me ſome few days, in an excurſion to the Glaciers; and my purpoſe is made up, in accommodation to their wiſhes, to leave this place on the 23d; and the next communications you receive from me, will probably acquaint you with the particulars of my ſecond viſit to the Glaciers of Chamouni. Geneva will preſent, in its preſent diſtracted ſtate, but few objects capable of detaining me; and my deſign is now, to ſeek a place in ſome public conveyance for Lyons. The general paſſage of the diligences is, I underſtand, at an end; and, excepting for ſome purpoſes of buſineſs or of emigration, the banks of the Rhine are ſeldom travelled. I anticipate in the journey before me a fund of varieties, and thoſe not always of the moſt agreeable caſt: objects of uſeful ſpeculation are ſometimes

times found in ſcenes of danger and diſguſt; and thoſe who have matured their wiſdom, have rarely done it but by a diſcipline from which the gentle timidities of nature would be diſpoſed to revolt.

LETTER CXLVIII.

Geneva, Auguſt 28, 1792.

IT was on the morning of the 25th that we parted from Geneva, and entered upon the road to Salenche, under the faireſt auſpices of ſun and ſky. The whole range of the Jura ſoon exhibited itſelf before our eyes in great and extended majeſty. Some looſe fragments of light and undiſſipated clouds hovered upon its breaſt, and contraſted delightfully with the duſky ſhades of its general ſurface. Geneva alſo forms a very enchanting figure, when viewed upon this route; its buildings ſeem to riſe in a theatric order; and though not diſtinguiſh-

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ed by any individual majeſty, conſtitute a very ſtriking and agreeable whole.

A new and ſingular tract of country ſoon opens upon this route; and though the general train of objects were ſuch as my mind could anticipate, there were details with which my recollection was not wholly familiar. The approach to Bonneville is ſuch as few cities can boaſt. The Grande and Petit Saleve gradually falling back, the vaſt and ſtupendous Brezon is ſeen in all its ample majeſty, ſhaded with vegetation in its declivities, but bare and craggy in its ſummit. Contraſted with this is the Mole, whoſe rounded ſummit, oppoſed to the flinty battlements of the Brezon, give a ſoftneſs and variety to the ſcene. The road purſues a ſinuous track along a precipice elevated above the torrent, whoſe impetuous motion fills the ear with majeſtic ſounds. Strong ſymptoms of poverty appear on every part of this mountainous route; and the town of Bonneville was itſelf crowded with

with ragged and hungry beggars. We met however a number of prieſts, whoſe portly mien ſeemed to indicate that they at leaſt had the art of keeping poverty at a diſtance.

Proceeding from Bonneville, we paſſed through a tract of no extraordinary beauty, till the cloſe of the valley announced the approach to Cluſe. The mountains round Cluſe are prodigiouſly bold and groteſque; they riſe to a noble height, and are hewn and rent by nature and accident in a thouſand wild and magnificent forms. Here cloſing upon each other, they ſeemed to form a majeſtic, yet awful, barrier againſt the further progreſs of the moſt intrepid voyager. The narrow road, by which the approach to the town is made, appeared to have been ſtolen with difficulty from the prominent rocks; and the overhanging maſſes frowned upon us in rude and tremendous ſhapes. We croſſed the Arve to enter the town, which is formed of two or three dirty ſtreets, and looks as wretched as poverty,

poverty, catholicism, and an unbenign government, can make it. Descending now along the valley of Maglan, we were charmed, in contemplating a delicious, yet inconsiderable cascade, which issued from the point of intersection between two mountains, and of which I do not recollect to have taken any notice upon my former tour. A few faint and refracted rays of the sun were yet lodged upon the summits of some barren cliffs, which rose above those whence the waters descended. The majestic hardiness of the latter, contrasting with the soft lights of the former, conveyed to the eye a picture of exquisite and enchanting beauty. Under this impression I arrived at St. Martin's. As the town of Salenche lies on the other side of the valley, at some distance from the regular track, an inn, by the name of Mont Blanc, is newly built, for the convenience of travellers, on the established route. A groupe of titled travellers had pre-occupied the best quarters.

But he who is bent upon travelling into Savoy, muſt not expect to walk upon carpets or recline upon beds of down.

We left Salenche ſufficiently early the following day, to obtain the moſt advantageous view of the caſcade of Chede. Its ſcattered waters were now coloured by a beauteous rainbow, and the hollow rock, which received and reverberated the deſcending ſhower, was charmingly illumined by the ſame tints. In addition to the elegance with which theſe waters are expanded in their fall, the natural formation of the rock from which they are precipitated, the cavern which receives them, and the general face of the ſurrounding objects, give to this caſcade a conſiderable portion of pictureſque ornament. The Lake of Chede, tranſparent and cerulean, the Mont St. Gervais, clothed with ſoft and variegated verdure, and the contiguous ſummits of the Mont Blanc, and other glaciers, were amongſt the objects which next arreſt attention.

tention. The *torrent Noir*, which is at certain ſeaſons of the year ſo ſtrong and formidable, was now neither ſwoln nor rapid. Meeting with Pere Cachat, denominated L'Aiguille*, at the village of Sarve, I retained him for the ſervice of the Montain-vert. This man is one of the beſt Guides of Chamouni, extremely tall, and of great force, and ſeemed likely to prove an excellent ſubſtitute for my old and reſpected Guide Balmat, who was now abſent from Chamouni upon an expedition into the interior of the Alps. We made the uſual aſcent of the Boiſſons previous to finiſhing the journey of this day; and the glaſſy pyramids of the elegant glacier had loſt

* The Guides of Chamouni have all certain characteriſtic names, ſome relating to their perſons, others derived from their atchievements. Jacques Balmat is ſurnamed the Mont Blanc, from having firſt aſcended that terrible mountain. Cachat is diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of the Giant, from his uncommon ſtrength; and, in general, each has his nom de guerre, by which he is more known than by the name of his family.

no portion of their former tranſparency and luſtre.

The aſcent of the Montainvert was entered upon with the advantage of the morning breezes; and our female ſuite, aſſiſted by the energy of curioſity, and the activity of their conductors, accompliſhed this labour without any material portion of apprehenſion or fatigue. Our conductors, in addition to Pierre Cachat, conſiſted of Meſſat, father and ſon, the former of whom has been more than thirty-five years in the office of a mountain guide, and abounds in that ſort of information which is neceſſarily acquired by ſo long a ſervice. Cachat, related to the *Giant* of that name, is himſelf a very gigantic figure; has been long in the habit of combating mountain dangers, and acquired conſiderable reputation in this kind of atchievements. He is one of thoſe who have been called upon in all attempts to aſcend the Mont Blanc; and was one of the party diſpatched by Sauſſure to hew out

steps for their feet, the morning before his conquest of this formidable mountain. Cachat related that the whole of this service was more laborious than imagination can picture. When encamped upon the ice, *one* tent was spread to cover Monsieur Saussure, his servant, and eighteen guides; so that with respect to himself, little more remained under cover than his head, while his feet were absolutely frozen to the ice. Men of the most robust make, accustomed from their earliest infancy to the air and the toils of the mountains, were seen to tremble and faint under the oppression of these accumulated fatigues. Bourrit, who succeeded Saussure in this arduous enterprize, confirms in general the truth of these reports.

Reason and humanity appear to discountenance, except for some definite purpose of utility, expeditions upon this hazardous mountain. Saussure was a philosopher, and his ascension of the Mont Blanc tended to

aſcertain ſome points of moment, reſpecting the altitudes of the mountains, the rarity of the air, and other phyſical phenomena. A recent attempt was made, by four Engliſh gentlemen, to climb this mountain; and the iſſue of their expedition ought to render this the laſt example of ſimilar curioſity. When aſcended only to the baſe of the ice, they were arreſted in their progreſs by a great fall of rain, and the riſing of a denſe fog, which expoſed them to imminent danger. Twenty guides were employed in this abortive expedition, two of whom were the victims of an accident, in conſequence of which one continues yet to languiſh in uncertainty between life and death; the other is in a fair way of recovery. The ſudden fall of an huge ſtone was the circumſtance which occaſioned this accident, and which had nearly proved fatal to the whole company.

I was particularly gratified in this aſcent by a reviſion of that prodigious rock, the

Aiguille

Aiguille de Dru. It is, as you have been already informed, a pointed rock, rising from those mountains which overhang the Mer de Glace, and exhibiting the boldest pyramid in the realms of mid-air. Nothing can surpass the tremendous majesty of this object. All the mountains which surround it seem lowered by its aspiring height, and softened into delicacy by its rugged aspect. Its surface, of the hardest flints, is never decorated by verdure, nor enveloped by snow. No track can be descried in its awful declivities. The conquerors of Mont Blanc regard its height as unattainable; and formed for eternal decoration—storms and tempests assail it in vain.

Our day was passed as usual upon the summit of the mountain, in the contemplation of its various and interesting wonders, and finished by a descent upon the source of the Arveron. But here the scene has suffered a total change of place and character. The point from which the river gushed last year

is now closed, and the stream has forced a passage through a portion of the ice, at nearly an hundred yards from the former point, and in a position infinitely less advantageous to its beauty. The arches of this year are not half formed, the caverns of this year are not half sunk, the tints are no longer vivid and cerulean, the waters no more impetuous and majestic. I left the scene with a feeling of disgust, proportioned to that admiration with which I had beheld those beauties in its former state, which, however they may have ceased to exist in fact, will preserve a late and lasting existence in my recollection. An early departure, and dispatch upon the road, enabled me to reach Geneva on the following day before the closing of the gates; and I am now in the act of preparing for an expedition in which my mountains of *ice* will probably be converted into mountains of *fire*.

LETTER CXLIX.

Lyons, Sept. 8th, 1792.

I AM now ſafely, that is to ſay, finally arrived at this celebrated, yet depopulated city; and I am impatient to digeſt, while all is tranquil around me, a journal of what has tranſpired ſince my laſt communication. The rumours of Geneva, for ſome days previous to my departure, were pregnant with tales of diſcord and murder, as raging throughout this department. But my reſolution was previouſly made up. A deſire of finding a convenient winter reſidence in the ſouth, had induced the ladies whom I accompanied to the Glaciers, to adopt my determination, and meditate a journey, by the way of Lyons, towards Montauban, and the ſouthern extremities of France. It was doubtleſs a circumſtance

ſuffi-

ſufficiently agreeable to find a party diſpoſed to ſhare the pleaſures, and to divide the expences of the journey; and the premeditated deciſion of a lady who had the care of an only daughter, and the experience of forty years to conſult, was at leaſt a ſufficient ground for compliance on my part. Hitherto no events have occurred of that nature which could diſpoſe them to repent of their enterprize. A Voiture-à-quatre places was contracted for at Geneva, and paſſports filled up with all precaution. Theſe arrangements being made, the morning of the 5th was fixed for commencing the journey. I had previouſly bid adieu to my old friend the Patriot, who ſtriking me on the back as I quitted him, gave me his heartieſt benediction, and concluded—"Allez donc, mon cher ami, vous y verrez "de belles choſes."

The diſtribution of our journey being, by the laws of Voituriers, veſted in themſelves, we were introduced to a ſort of cabaret

cabaret in the village of Colonges, at the distance of only three posts from Geneva. A few miserable guards had in the morning announced to us our entrance upon the French territory; and being occupied in a conflict with an enraged horseman, whose pistols they had seized, gave but a rapid glance over our passport, and suffered us to proceed.

Colonges gave us a very warlike reception. The village, which appeared to consist of about twenty dilapidated houses, was under arms; and a guard composed of about a dozen ragged and crippled rustics, were performing their evolutions before the astonished eyes of about as many spectators. A soup-maigre and night's repose having tranquillized our spirits, discomposed by these military terrors, and the intrusion of some custom-house officers into the sanctuary of our luggage, we proceeded the next day to Cerdon, which we reached after a journey of eight posts. I was diverted

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from attending to the picturesque course of the Rhone, by a long train of national troops, who were marching to the frontiers. They were in number eight hundred; and appeared to be for the most part recruits, who had not yet experienced the discipline of the drill: a few *ça-ira's* were the only salute we received from them. Our passport was demanded at Nantua; and, after a very short delay, returned without any sort of incivility. Our hostess at Cerdon seemed to consider us as lawful plunder, and did not dismiss us till she had enforced a very ample exaction for the privilege of sleeping *sur les terres de la liberté.* A few verbal insults, and an occasional cry of aristocrats, were the only inconveniences we sustained on the way to Montluel. The matron who attended upon us here, was somewhat more humanized than those with whom we had hitherto conversed. She harangued us during supper upon the state of the country, and enquired very particularly after the

Duke

Duke of York, whom ſhe hoped to ſee very ſpeedily ſeated upon the throne of France. Lyons, ſhe aſſured us, was profoundly quiet, and ſtrangers would find it a very tranquil aſylum. Three poſts were all that divided us from Lyons, and theſe we conquered in half a dozen hours.

The eye is not ſtruck by any prominent grandeur in the diſtant view of this city, and its entrance does not appear to announce a ſecond capital. We drove, without any interruption, along an elegant quay, which flanks the Rhone, and entered the famous place Bellecourt, or Louis le Grand. This is the moſt ſuperb area perhaps in Europe. It conſiſts in three ſides of regular and elegant building: the fourth is ſupplied by a range of promenades. Our voiturier was directed to conduct us "aux armes de "France." But the deſtruction of armorial bearings had effaced the antient diſtinctions of hotels; and therefore, after a fruitleſs enquiry, we were ſet down before the hotel

from

from which I now write, and which appears once to have been known as the Hotel de Provence. It is ſituated in a very commanding point of the ſquare; and wears an air of magnificence, which does not ſet me perfectly at eaſe. No room, however, appears for ſuſpicion; the ſtreets are only diſturbed by the holiday groupes, who are celebrating the feſtival of Notre Dame, a lady whom I thought they had politely diſcarded; and the Table d'Hôte, which I am ſhortly to attend, will probably enable me in my next to furniſh you with ſome prognoſtics of my future deſtiny.

LETTER CL.

Lyons, Sept. 9, 1792.

I KNOW not in general a better expedient for obtaining local information, than a viſit to the Table d'Hôte. This was, how-

ever, an inſtance in which the rule failed, and I have ſeldom carried my petit-ecu to ſo barren and unproductive a market. The company conſiſted principally in officers, and fear or policy ſeemed to have impoſed a general ſilence, in reſpect to affairs of ſtate. Military topics occupied the whole of the diſcuſſion; and the ſubject at iſſue was, whether infantry or cavalry were moſt formidable to the enemy. The queſtion was ſupported by the officers of the different parties with conſiderable ſpirit, and finally decided by an appeal to the ladies. It is unneceſſary to ſay, that the cavalry obtained the vote; and the officers politely acceded to the deciſion, by affirming, that thoſe whom the ladies patronized, muſt be invincible.

I viſited, in the evening, different parts of the city; and cannot pronounce that it approaches the expectation I had formed from a peruſal of its hiſtory, and the deſcription of its local curioſities. The new or modern

dern part of the town poſſeſſes conſiderable elegance and beauty; but the antient and more extenſive part has little to ſhow, beyond what is ordinarily found in cities devoted to manufacture and commerce. Allowing for the buſtle of a feſtival, I could not conſider the population as bearing at all an equal proportion to the extent of the city. This may be readily accounted for, by conſidering the number of emigrations, and the caution which perſons of property and character are compelled to obſerve. None were to be ſeen upon the public walks, or in any of the places of general rendezvous, but citizens of the loweſt order; and from what I have hitherto ſeen, my manners are not likely to be improved by the ſociety of the place.

The ſquare I inhabit is enlivened by ſucceſſive crowds, who flock towards the centre, in order to gaze and pour indignities upon the humbled majeſty of Louis the fourteenth. This was a very noble equeſtrian

ſtatue

ſtatue in bronze, raiſed upon a lofty pedeſtal; and muſt, in its entire ſtate, have contributed greatly to the ornament of the Place Bellecourt. Since the events of Paris, an order had paſſed in the Municipality of Lyons, to demoliſh this auguſt ſtatue. The zeal of the populace anticipated the regular execution of this decree; and the brazen idol was levelled with the ground, in the night previous to the appointed time. Advertiſements for the ſale of its materials are poſted at the corners of the public ſtreets; and all ſeem anxious to expreſs their approbation of the deed, by aſſembling to trample upon the proſtrate ſovereign, and vent their bitter execrations upon his royal memory.

Amidſt the reflections which ſuch a ſcene awakens, it is not poſſible wholly to ſtifle a ſecret feeling of ſatisfaction. Popular revenge is ever tumultuous, and extreme; and the guilt of an individual is, in their rapid judgment, ſcarcely ſeparable from the guilt of a claſs. But, in ſhuddering at theſe

outrages and lamenting this reverſe, the mind is ſuſpended, by the recollection of a man, who received the incenſe of praiſe for the meaſures of miſchiefs; who has filled the hiſtory of his times with blood; and whoſe only apology for ſporting with the lives of his ſubjects, and the revenues of his kingdom, was the miſerable confeſſion amidſt the terror of death, "Ja'i aimé trop la guerre."

But I am interrupted by a confuſed proceſſion, which is now paſſing under my windows. It is—as I underſtand from the femme de chambre—a gala proceſſion of the national guard, who are going to burn *in publico* all the pictures of their kings. They appear to form a numerous train, and are accompanied by a concourſe of ſpectators. The blended ſounds of muſic and ſhouts aſſail me with conſiderable violence; and my curioſity to be preſent at the ceremonies of this fête, is the only apology I can offer for the abruptneſs of this concluſion.

LETTER CLI.

Lyons, Sept. 9th. Three o'clock.

THE proceſſion, of which I ſpoke in my laſt, ſoon found me in the number of its train. I loſt no time in mixing with the crowd, and informing myſelf of their plan and intentions. It appeared, that the portraits of their kings, and all the books, records, and regiſters which regarded the eſtabliſhment of royalty, were already carried to the place of rendezvous: and the ceremony of conſuming theſe upon a funeral pile, was to be conducted in the preſence of the national military. The guard, which compoſed a numerous body, marched to the ground, diſtant about half a league from the city, in detachments repreſenting the

quota which every diſtrict furniſhed. When arrived at the field, they were drawn up into a circle of conſiderable compaſs, in the centre of which was a pile of wood ſurrounded by pointed cannon; *bonnet rouge's* were hoiſted upon different ſtandards, and ſtreamers at regular intervals proclaimed "La Liberté ou la mort."

A ſignal-gun being fired, the torch was applied; and almoſt inſtantaneouſly the whole pile was ſeen in a blaze. The portraits and books were then thrown upon the raging materials; and the name of the royal victim loudly pronounced, as each was ſeverally conſumed. The firſt volume of ſmoke which aſcended into the air, excited the ſhouts and triumphs of the exulting ſpectators. The ſoldiers placed their hats upon their bayonets, and raiſed them as ſignals of applauſe. The populace adopted the ſame expedient; and all who had canes, hoiſted their hats with expreſſions of furious joy. This ceremony, if

ſuch

ſuch it may be called, was renewed upon every ſacrifice which the flames received; but when the name of Louis Quatorze was announced, the ſhouts of the populace were beyond meaſure furious. The aſhes of his portrait mounted amidſt the groans and curſes of forty thouſand ſpectators.

I cannot ſay that the countenances of either the military or the populace diſcovered the moſt benevolent humour. With the diſadvantage of wearing a white hat, I had alſo the additional inconvenience of a tolerable ſuit; ſo that I was not clear that my preſence, or even the elevation of my white beaver, was perfectly agreeable to the ſans-culottes. I changed my place more than once, in order to avoid being talked at; for ſuch I had reaſon to ſuppoſe was the caſe, when the terms of *fripon*, and other ſeverities, were applied to kings, "qui "ont fait (ſaid they) tout le mal." My laſt ſtand was taken near an elderly citizen, of whoſe phyſiognomy I augured better

things. " Ah!" ſaid he, with a countenance full of ſerenity and ſatisfaction, " c'eſt " un beau jour." As I perceived he alluded to the tranſactions, and not the weather; I told him, that I had deſigned viſiting the Hotel de Ville, in order to view thoſe pictures which were now conſuming: " Eh " bien, (ſaid he,) vous les verrez ici en plus " belles couleurs." It was in the moment of conſuming the portrait of Louis Fourteenth, that I had entered into converſation with this veteran: and the impetuoſity of men, women, and children, to preſs round the pile, and teſtify their abhorrence of the tyrant's memory, was almoſt an over-match for the guards, though armed with bayonets, and ſupported by cannon. The old man counſelled me therefore to withdraw from the circle; and ſpeedily introduced me, en qualité d'Anglois, to a captain of the guard, whom he repreſented as a man of talents, firmneſs, and property.

I learnt

I learnt from the captain, that the National guard, formed from the Bourgeois of Lyons, compoſed a body of thirty thouſand men. I mentioned to him the progreſs of the Auſtrian and Pruſſian armies; he ſmiled: "Let them advance, (ſaid he,) let them go "to the gates of Paris—et d'abord vous "verrez, qu'aucun Autrichien et Pruſſien ne "reverra ſon pays." "Nothing," he added, "could equal the enthuſiaſm which the "common people every where diſcovered, "and the ardor with which they flew to "arms." Their pay in his own ſection was thirty-five ſols per day, and clothing from head to foot. In the laſt article I ſhould ſcarcely ſuppoſe him accurate, or at leaſt admit his report as applying only to his particular ſection; for ſcarcely one third of the troops under arms were dreſſed in military uniform. Our dialogue was now interrupted by the finale of this gorgeous fête, and my companions conducting me through a file of the populace, who opened

a paſſage for the captain, we proceeded by the ſide of his company to the gates of the city. The muſic played, in moving off the ground, the brilliant and animating air of *ça ira*; and we entered Lyons, amidſt the loud and continued tumult of voices and trumpets, notes of harmony, and ſhouts of applauſe.

LETTER CLII.

Lyons, Sept. 10, 1792.

As the journals of my firſt day's reſidence have not yet found their way to the poſt, they will travel in company with a melancholy detail of crimes and bloodſhed, which have inverted the peaceful picture of former ſtatements, and filled my mind with agony and horror. The captain, with whom I held converſation yeſterday morning, in delivering his judgment upon the ſtate of

the city, had expreſſed an apprehenſion which did not leave me wholly free from anxieties. "The only evil (ſaid he) now "to be dreaded is, that the people ſhould "riſe, and maſſacre thoſe whom they con- "ſider as their enemies; and, in fact, ad- "vertiſements have already iſſued, inviting, "in ambiguous terms, ſuch a ſort of inſur- "rection." Then, conducting me through a part of the town, with which I was not yet familiar, "Voila, (ſaid he,) le quartier "des gens ſuſpectes!"

I reported ſo favourably of the general ſtate of the town, upon my return from this excurſion, that the ladies were diſpoſed to viſit the theatre; and it was in this ſituation that we received the firſt intelligence of an actual inſurrection, and acts of the moſt brutal cruelty already perpetrated. The "Payſan Magiſtrat," a piece profeſſedly adapted to revolutionary feelings, was exhibited; and the applauſe which it produced from the audience, was evidently mixed with

with considerable tumult. The progress of the representation was frequently interrupted by vociferous demands for *ça ira*, and the Marseillois march. This last is a furious war song, the air of which in a military or theatrical band is singularly noble and impressive. The words which were sung by two soldiers at the burning of the pictures, are not a little sanguinary and vindictive. These clamours did not exhibit the most flattering symptoms. Ladies were observed quitting their boxes in succession, and we began to see ourselves nearly deserted. In the mean time the Petits Savoyards, which was the after-piece, seemed to engage no part of the audience's attention, who were violent in their demands for the Marseillois; which at length prevailed over every other movement. We judged it expedient now to withdraw; and found the servant ready to acquaint us, with trembling accents, that a mob had assembled and beheaded seven officers, and that they

were

were now bearing theſe heads in proceſſion through the ſtreets. The apprehenſion of meeting this inhuman proceſſion was a ſubject of cruel anxiety, till we arrived in the Place Bellecourt.

Having eſcorted my charge to their apartments, and trimmed the lights, which the palpitating valet (who was an Auſtrian) had ranged at the firſt call of the mob, I deſcended, in order to inform myſelf of what had been acted in this bloody drama. It appears, that the populace were firſt excited to inſurrection by ſome volunteers from Marſeilles; and that, at about five o'clock, they aſſembled and forced a guard-houſe, from which they dragged an officer of rank, who, in company with ſix others, had been arreſted by the municipality, upon ſuſpicion of correſponding with the enemy, and confined for trial. He plunged into the Saone in order to eſcape their fury; but they fired upon him, and having dragged him aſhore, ſtruck off his head, and there executed

cuted the ſame vengeance upon the remaining ſix. By this time, nine o'clock, the mob had acquired conſiderable ſtrength; and were celebrating the moſt outrageous orgies before the Hotel de Ville, round the heads, which they had elevated upon a pole. All the ſtreets were illuminated throughout the city, by order of the mob, and ſtraggling parties were parading through different quarters, and vociferating "Vive la "Nation!"

I ſhall not intrude upon your ſenſibility, by painting the ſituation of my friends in the interval of two hours, which paſſed between the time of our return to the hotel, and that of the mob's proceſſion. At eleven o'clock the tumult, which had hitherto been confuſedly heard, became more diſtinctly audible; and the gradual increaſe of uproar ſeemed to announce ſome change of ſcene. A few minutes only allowed us to conjecture, when the whole body of the mob entered the ſquare. They formed a long,

long, and to appearance, a regular train; the foremoſt of which bore torches and pikes, upon the points of which laſt were the trophies of their vengeance. This proceſſion, I ſpeedily learnt, was founded upon a new event: thirteen prieſts had been ſelected out of two hundred, who were confined; and it was the blood of theſe that now provoked their cannibal joy. Yells and groans accompanied their march through the ſquare, and the very tone of their ſhouts conveyed the expreſſions of murder. It had appeared upon enquiry, that the officer, on whom the firſt vengeance fell, had been apprehended in our hotel, a fortnight previous to this event; and the firſt entrance of the mob into this quarter admitted of an interpretation, which did not tend to diminiſh the alarms for our ſafety. The heads were, however, ſuſpended upon the trees, and the populace filed off to their head quarters before the Hotel de Ville. By this time ſome active meaſures were taking

taking by the municipality, and a patrole of horſe, between the hours of eleven and twelve, was ſcouring the principal ſtreets. A gradual calm enſued, and by two o'clock the danger ſeemed to have ſubſided.

The earlieſt hour of the morning was employed in deliberating upon the means of eſcaping thoſe miſchiefs, of which what has already happened ſeem only the precurſors. My inquiries reſpecting the neighbouring towns, determined me not to hazard the ſafety of my companions, by any other experiment than that of withdrawing them entirely from a land devoted to popular phrenzy; and therefore my firſt meaſure was to ſecure the grant of paſſports. For theſe it was neceſſary that each ſhould attend in perſon; and perhaps a ſeverer trial of female fortitude, has not often happened in ordinary life, than that of paſſing through a populace intoxicated as it were with the blood of their fellow-

creatures.

creatures. Through ſuch a populace it was neceſſary to paſs, in order to enter the Hotel de Ville. My entreaties—for this was the ſeaſon of condeſcenſion—could ſcarcely ſecure the ladies a paſſage, or protect them from incivilities. "Voila des ariſtocrats!" was the muſic with which we were entertained as we moved amongſt them. I urged that they were des Angloiſes, and that they were going to procure paſſports. "Qu'elles s'en aillent, (ſaid they,) il n'eſt "plus le temps pour les etrangers." At this moment numbers were engaged in demoliſhing the ſtatues, and other monuments, which were to be found upon the aſcent to the hall.

The office for paſſports was crowded with claimants, many of whom were rejected. A miſerable being preferred his ſuit to me, and requeſted that I would uſe my influence to obtain him a paſſport en qualité de domeſtique. But our affairs were too critical to admit of ſuch an experiment: and it

was not without considerable difficulty, and an attendance of two hours, that cognizance was taken of our features, stature, and destination, and that our passports obtained the requisite signatures. These being at length effected, we returned to our hotel; and my next subject of anxiety is to procure a conveyance. The inquiries I have hitherto made, have proved fruitless; the affrighted priests have engaged every carriage that was to be obtained; and I am going to see, when I have sealed up this, whether any expedient can be devised for securing a safe, if not an honourable retreat.

LETTER CLIII.

Lyons, Sept. 11, 1792.

I SHOULD scarcely have deserved your thanks, or my own acquittal, had I suffered the packet to have passed from my hands,

hands, without waiting the iſſue of another day. From various ſources of intelligence, I yeſterday learnt, that the intentions of the mob had aſſumed the ſhape of a plan; and a merchant of ſome eminence aſſured me, that a project was actually entered into, of ſetting fire to the houſes—a liſt of ſix hundred having been ſeen in the hands of an inſurgent. Our landlady, whom grief and fear had cloſely ſhut up during the firſt night of the tumult, was prevailed upon in the courſe of yeſterday to make her appearance; and from her I found, that the young officer whoſe melancholy fate I have related, was a colonel of the regulars, a man of fine perſon and engaging manners, and only two and twenty years of age. The lady, whoſe apartments connected with ours, had been particularly intimate with him during his reſidence in the hotel; and had viſited him the afternoon previous to his aſſaſſination. He ſpoke in very confident terms of his innocence; and, in the

proſpect of a ſpeedy releaſe from confinement, engaged to make his firſt viſit to Madame.

The affair of the inſurrection had taken its origin from ſome Marſeillois volunteers belonging to the camp at Dijon; and it appeared from a very animated remonſtrance iſſued by the mayor the next day, that no neglect was imputable to the officers of the police. In this remonſtrance, which appeared at the corners of the public ſtreets, the mayor expoſtulates, in very pointed terms, with the inhabitants, upon the diſgraceful tranſactions of the preceding night. "Never, (ſaid he,) till this epoch, were the "hands of the Lyoneſe embrued in blood. "No reſiſtance was wanting, (he conti-"nues,) on the part of your mayor: he "threw himſelf between the murderers and "the murdered, and did but eſcape with "his life." He then addreſſes them upon the probable conſequences of ſuch diſorderly proceedings; urges the vanity of conſtitutions

ſtitutions in general, if ſuch meaſures are admitted; and finally invites all citizens to unite in defence of order, and appear under arms in their ſeveral ſections; "for (he "concludes) if theſe murderers are not re- "pelled, *the country is loſt.*"

Counter advertiſements were alſo circulated, inviting to deeds of miſchief, and calling the attention of the citizens to the claſs of ſuſpected perſons, with whom, it was inſinuated, no terms ought to be made. The orders of the mayor were, however, found to prevail; and by five o'clock all the ſtreets were lined with the inhabitants under arms before their reſpective houſes; and very ſtrong patroles were mounted for reconnoitring the different quarters of the city. In returning from a diligent, yet unſucceſsful enquiry after a travelling carriage, I paſſed through ſeveral ſtreets at the commencement of candle-light, and the utmoſt regularity appeared to ſubſiſt, in the general ſyſtem of defence. The mob, it was

underſtood, in the courſe of the night, attempted to collect; but by the activity of the guards, was prevented from entering the city. This morning I have engaged a chariot, for the purpoſe of returning to Geneva; and, in order to give our departure as little as poſſible the reſemblance of an emigration, our luggage is to be committed to the *meſſagerie*, and we are to proceed by ſlow marches under colour of an excurſion. This precaution is ſuggeſted by the owner of the carriage, who reports, that the volunteers have made no ſcruple of firing upon thoſe who have attempted to eſcape. It is ſurpriſing, to how great a degree, and with what rapidity the feelings of man may be brutalized: I look around, as I walk the ſtreets, and ſee no remaining traces of that urbanity, which once diſtinguiſhed the manners of this people; every countenance is clothed with ferocity, and every look ſeems to meditate vengeance. The dialogues of thoſe who walked the

ſtreets

ſtreets the night of the maſſacre, were ſuch as revolt all the feelings of nature; women were waſhing in the very view of my window, their hands ſtained with the blood of the unhappy victims. I went to examine in the morning the trees upon which the heads had been ſuſpended; and not perceiving them, I aſked an old woman who was among the ſpectators, "ou ſont les "têtes?" "On les a emporté," ſaid ſhe, with perfect calmneſs, "et on eſt allé en cher- "cher d'autres."

But preparation for our departure now demands my attention; and I think, my fate wears a better aſpect than it did ſix and thirty hours ago. The perils which may lie between me and Geneva, I pretend not to divine; they are recorded in the book of deſtiny: and I am not without my hopes, that the lapſe of a few days will allow me to receive your congratulations, upon having eſcaped, from a land of liberty, to a land of ſafety.

LETTER CLIV.

Geneva, Sept. 15.

AFTER a tedious and critical journey of four days, I have at length accompliſhed my purpoſe; and reſcued by valorous exertions the ladies with whom I was charged, from the hands of a people, who are not likely to re-aſſume the yoke of peaceful ſubjection. A ſecond advertiſement from the mayor appeared in the morning of the eleventh, in which the Lyonnois are reminded of their antient pacific character; they are exhorted to throw a veil over the diſgraceful tranſactions of the 9th, and ſtrenuouſly unite for the reſtoration of that order and tranquillity, without which laws and conſtitutions are ineffective names. It further announced, that at noon all ſhould aſſemble

aſſemble under arms in their ſeveral ſections, to renew their oath, and ſwear to ſacrifice their lives in defence of law and order. This ceremony was acting as our carriage moved out of Lyons; and we paſſed by various parties, who were drawn up in a circular order, and taking the oath.

As the avenues of the city were thoſe, from which the greateſt danger was apprehended, every precaution was uſed in the diſplay of national ribbons, and other marks of patriotic ſympathy, during the three poſts connecting immediately with the city. Some parties of recruits were occaſionally encountered, drawn up in the high road; but their demeanor was peaceable and orderly. Our landlady at Montleuil was not ſo communicative as upon our former viſit: ſhe afforded us the accommodation of her houſe, without demanding the reaſons of our ſudden return. As we had been the two preceding nights in the habit of illuminating, we requeſted to know whether this night might

be safely passed in obscurity. Our hostess assured us, that the firing of platoons, which at that moment was taking place, need not alarm us, for that we should receive no molestation while under her protection.

The journey of the second day to Nantua, brought us into company with two fugitive priests; who, notwithstanding all our efforts to avoid them, contrived to move in our train: Nantua, to which we were bound, had terrors which they were not disposed to encounter, and therefore we entered this town without our convoy. It was a late hour when we arrived, and the carriage was quickly surrounded with young volunteers, who were not easily prevailed upon to believe, that their services in clearing the carriage would be dispensed with. Every chamber, except the sett which we occupied, was filled with those spirited and untractable lads; and though no violence was offered, it was not without much exhortation and some largess, that a company

of

of them were perſuaded to march on the following morning without paying their compliments to the ladies. Poſitive aſſurances of our democratic virtues, in addition to the landlord's wine, reconciled them at length to give up the determination they had entered into, of obliging the ladies to take an oath, and kiſs the point of the ſword, a ceremony which has been impoſed upon ſome leſs fortunate ſtrangers.

In quitting Nantua, our paſs was examined by a military guard. Some of the recruits ſhowed me the arms which they had taken from the emigrant prieſts: and, among the reſt, a brace of piſtols charged to the very muzzle, which they had ſeized at an early hour of the morning, in the hands of two fugitives, who anſwered perfectly to the deſcription of our purſuers. They cautioned me againſt admitting ſuch into our ſuite, as no diſtinction of treatment would then be made. "They attempt," ſaid the orator of the party, "to impoſe

" upon us by long queues, party-coloured " clothes, female habits, &c. but no diſ- " guiſe can ſave a prieſt—ces gueux là ne " s'y cachent point—nous nous connoiſ- " ſons bien en prêtres."

A fracas with ſome looſe and diſorderly ſtragglers, at ſome diſtance from Nantua, did not promiſe ſo fair an iſſue. The horſes were ſtopped, and a fierce ſon of Mars drew his ſabre; and, approaching the carriage, demanded the object of our travelling. I told him, that having been to ſee about what his brethren were engaged, and having ſeen enough, we were now upon our return. I offered him the paſſports; upon theſe he ſet no value, and vowed that his blood ſhould not be ſhed for thoſe who deſerted the country. When he had finiſhed his harangue, I begged to know of him what claim the country had upon us, Engliſh, his friends and allies. He ſeemed ſoothed by this, ſheathed his ſabre, and requeſted my hand. This ſervice I was conſtrained

ſtrained to undergo with all his aſſociates; and, not wiſhing to improve the friendſhip, took the earlieſt opportunity of bidding them adieu.

Colonges afforded us an unmoleſted aſylum the evening of the 13th, and by noon of yeſterday we arrived at Geneva. A halt was commanded at the point of croſſing the boundaries, and an officer was preparing to inſpect the carriage in queſt of arms. I aſked him, whether that was the beſt method of teſtifying his reſpect for the Engliſh. "Monſieur eſt "Anglois?" interrupted he haſtily. I replied in the affirmative. He deſcended haſtily from the ſtep of the carriage, cloſed the door, and wiſhed us a *bon voyage*. The eyes of the Genevans were fixed upon us at our entrance, and for four and twenty hours that I have been in this city, my principal occupation has been replying to the curious and inquiſitive.

What will be my next line of travel, I am not prepared at this moment to conjecture.

ture. My thoughts are revolving the direful events which have filled up the laſt ten days. Their recollection haunts me in every moment of ſolitary reflection, and introduces a gloom, which the natural buoyancy of my ſpirits can with difficulty ſuſtain. The recreation of a few days will enable me to decide upon ſome plan for rendering my view of Continental manners more complete. I have a thouſand projects yet to accompliſh, and a thouſand curioſities yet to indulge. I feel as if my buſineſs was as yet but half effected; and my mind is impatient to graſp what yet remains behind; a checquered path is the route I anticipate, and ſuch is indeed the deſtiny I prize. A ſettled calm is more fatal than a ſtorm. Adverſity has leſſons of great and wholeſome inſtruction, and my heart is not ſufficiently correct to leave that uſeful ſchool.

LETTER CLV.

Schaffhauſe, Sept. 24, 1792.

MY expedition into France having convinced me, that this is leſs than ever the moment for travelling in that country, I formed my reſolution of chuſing a leſs embarraſſed route, and taking my courſe through Germany. This choice was not a little ſtrengthened by the hope of acquiring ſome ſlight knowledge of a language, whoſe maſculine accents have recommended it to my eſteem. I would not weary myſelf with conſtructing a plan, as it was more than probable that circumſtances of danger or caprice might induce me to depart from any preconcerted courſe, and render my line of progreſſion not a little ſerpentine. Laying down therefore no imperious rules for the conduct,

conduct, or rather the control of myself, I engaged a place in the Berne diligence for Broug; and, taking leave of my friends on Wednesday, I quitted Geneva.

Some few hours before my departure, news were brought that the French troops had entered Savoy: I had no reason to doubt the authenticity of the report, as I had heard it rumoured at Lyons, that an invasion of Savoy was not very remote. It was differently received at Geneva, as the spirit of party has produced two irreconcileable interests in that petty republic; and the rival jealousies of aristocracy and democracy render it perpetually exposed to new revolutions. The diligence travelled with much expedition, and by nine o'clock the following morning I arrived at Berne. Understanding that two or three hours would be allowed for refreshment, I transported myself and my luggage from the post-house to the Crown, where I had stopt on former occasions. Here I found an officer of the

Chaſſeurs, who was juſt arrived; he had deſerted, in company with ſix more, from the camp at Pont Beauvoiſin; he was a man of a fine military appearance, and had been at Lyons, the day preceding that maſſacre to which I was witneſs. Having heard the ſubject of the Paris maſſacres of the ſecond and third of September, held out as worthy imitation throughout the whole kingdom, and aware of the probability that himſelf would be among the victims, he left Lyons precipitately, and repaired to the camp. The realization of his apprehenſions having taken place in the maſſacre of the Sunday, he found it no longer ſafe to continue in France; and therefore, communicating with his ſix fellow officers, they attempted the hazardous enterprize of deſertion.

They were well mounted and ſuitably armed. They left the camp, ſword in hand, under the diſguiſe of a patrole. In order to avoid the danger of purſuit, they climbed the rugged mountains of Savoy to Evian; from

from thence croſſed the Lake of Geneva to Nyon, and ſo to Berne, with a view to join Monſ. de Condé. I mentioned to him ſome acts of violence which had been exerciſed upon the emigrating prieſts. He told me a circumſtance of that deſcription, which he had himſelf witneſſed. A poor prieſt was about to croſs the frontier on the ſide of Savoy, in order to ſeek ſhelter in Chamberri. A cannonier ſeeing him about to paſs, drew his ſabre, and directed a ſtroke at the prieſt, which muſt have proved fatal to him, had not a volunteer of the national guard interpoſed his arm. This generous and manly Frenchman had his arm ſhattered by the ſtroke; and when the grateful prieſt would have preſented him his purſe, the latter rejected it with theſe heroic words —" Allez! Je ne ſuis que trop payé en vous " ayant ſauvé la vie."

I aſked him in what condition he had left the army. He pictured it as very mutinous, and diſcontented: aſſured me, that he

he could have brought over two hundred men, had he been provided with money; that Monſ. Condé had recommended him and his friends to continue in France as long as poſſible, and he conceived that they had fulfilled their commiſſion, to their great perſonal riſque. My converſation with this officer prevented my paying a ſtrict attention to time; and the diligence went off without me. I had been promiſed ſome notice, which was not given, and was thus left to continue my journey in ſome other mode. I applied to the poſt-houſe and ſtated my complaint, but was calmly aſſured that the fault was my own. But on my exclaiming with vehemence againſt the incivility and injuſtice of this treatment, they laid their heads together, and at length informed me for my ſatisfaction, that they would transfer my name to a heavy coach, which would go the following day (Friday) to Aaraw—a town, within four leagues of Bourg, where the Berne diligence was to

have conveyed me. I bowed gratitude, and returned to the Crown.

I never was in a town which vapours me ſo much as Berne. Its buildings are noble, its arcades commodious, and its ſtreets clean. It is planted in the centre of a delicious country, and ſurrounded by ſcenery of great magnificence; yet I think I ſee in all that ſurrounds me, the evident marks of a ſtern government, and a jealous police. The general aſpect of the city is without movement, and without activity. The pleaſures of the coffee-houſe and the theatre are ſtrictly prohibited, and a public bagnio is the only amuſement which receives the ſanction of government.

LETTER CLVI.

IT was near two o'clock when I left Berne, and the weather was very rainy and tempeſtuous. This carriage did not travel all

night: I therefore was ſet down at an inn on the way, where the conductor acquainted me I was to repoſe till the next morning. This inn proved excellent, as the generality of inns in Switzerland are. The houſe was full of ſoldiers, who were indulging in every kind of feſtivity. This was a regiment, whoſe campaign being now expired, the ſoldiers were returning to the toils of agriculture, from which they had been taken to defend the frontiers of their country. The proſpect of repoſe upon their native mountains, and amidſt the embraces of their families, gave birth to the moſt lively emotions of joy. As I found the officers ſupped alone, I requeſted the honor of joining their party. They received me very politely, and though they ſpoke a barbarous and almoſt unintelligible dialect, we had a converſation of ſome length. I narrated to them the tranſactions which I had witneſſed in France; and was aſtoniſhed at the ignorance in which they ſeemed to be, reſpect-

ing the real ſtate of that country, and the parties which have divided, and which continue to divide it. They blended the whole maſs of the nation together, under the opprobrious appellation of democrats. They ſaw no difference between Feuillans and Jacobins; between the friends of limited monarchy, and the partiſans of republicaniſm; between the oppoſers of oppreſſion, and the advocates of anarchy. They were deſirous of ſeeing England enter into the league againſt France; and moſt humanely wiſhed, that all the Powers of Europe would unite in devoting to deſtruction twenty-five millions of people.

I renewed my journey the following morning by day-break, and paſſed in my way the citadel of Arbourg, a fortreſs ſituated upon the brow of a rock, and poſſeſſed of great picturesque beauties; but the exceſſive rain which continued to fall, prevented my viſiting it. I amuſed myſelf during this journey, by reading the Precis Hiſto-

Hiſtorique de la Revolution, by Rabaud. I obtained the copy at Berne from a book-ſeller, who told me that he could only ſell it to ſtrangers, it being among the number of thoſe books from which the natives are excluded. Every public catalogue of books iſſued at Berne, is arranged according to the political views of the governors; and thoſe publications of which they diſapprove, are branded with an aſteriſk, threatening with the penalties of the law thoſe who purchaſe or read them. This treatiſe of Rabaud appears to be written with a faithful attention to facts, and certainly poſſeſſes a fire and energy which enter into few compoſitions of a ſimilar nature. It is tranſlated into German, and has, I am informed, a very extenſive, though clandeſtine circulation.

I arrived at Aaraw in the evening, and was lodged at an inn where nothing but German was ſpoken. As I had but juſt commenced ſpeaker of this language, and was poſſeſſed but of few phraſes, I was not

a little embarraſſed. After wandering ſome time, I found the poſt office, where I engaged a place for the following night in the Berne diligence, which would convey me to Broug. I paſſed ſome melancholy hours the following day in this dull town. I was not yet reconciled to my ſolitude; and ſpent the principal part of my time, in ranging among ſome dreary wilds and quarries which ſurround this place. The arrival of the Berne coach at midnight relieved me from my melancholy, and conveyed me by four o'clock to Broug. After ſleeping two or three hours, I made enquiry reſpecting a carriage and horſes to Schaffhauſe. The exorbitance of the demand made by the hoſt, I oppoſed in a high language; but he gave me to underſtand, that the price was regulated by no law, and that he was the only man with whom I could treat. Adopting therefore a leſs haughty tone, I prevailed upon him to convey me about thirty miles for twenty-five French livres. This

he

he assured me should be my sole expence, excepting indeed turnpikes, passages by water, postilions, drink-money, and other sundries, with which he had no concern. I paid my money without a murmur; and thanking Heaven I was no extortioner, leaped into the chaise, which immediately drove off.

LETTER CLVII.

I WAS harassed the whole journey between Bourg and this place, by the daring impositions of innkeepers, postilions, &c. Independent of two passages by water, for which I paid handsomely, and some "droits "de chemin," which I suppose were demanded at least to the extent—an attempt was made at the place where I dined, to draw upon me for the horses corn, and the postilion's soup. This I opposed with such warmth

and obſtinacy, that I gained a complete triumph. From this half-way houſe I came poſt: This was, however, included in my contract. The poſtilion ſtopped on the way to bait his horſes, and after giving them what I ſuppoſe was to laſt for the day, applied to me for payment. Fluſhed with the victory gained over the poſtmaſter, I began to combat with equal violence this demand of the poſtilion. My ſucceſs was not equal to my expectation. He was perſevering in his claim, and refuſed to mount his horſe till the bill was ſettled. This was a threat too ſerious to be reſiſted; I therefore paid the ſcore, and muttering indignation, was whirled to Schaffhauſe. There being no poſt eſtabliſhed between Broug and this place, it is, I underſtand, a common practice for the innkeeper and the poſtmaſter to play into each other's hands, and to commit the moſt ſcandalous depredations upon travellers. Immediately upon my arrival here, I took advantage of the fineneſs

of

of the evening, to reviſit the noble caſcade of Schaffhauſe.

I know not what to ſuperadd to my former eulogiums of this majeſtic ſpectacle. Though the body of water was not quite ſo great as upon my former viſit, its tumultuous waves were tumbling over the rocks with ſtupendous violence, and the roar of its fall was that of accumulated thunders. I ſeated myſelf in front of it, and regarded with fixed attention the three magnificent branches into which the river is divided. It ſeems ſurpriſing that the columns which ſeparate theſe branches, ſhould be able to reſiſt the rapidity of a river, whoſe violence is not to be deſcribed, and whoſe bed is already ſtrewed with ſo many trophies of its fury. The height from which this river is precipitated, it muſt be confeſſed, when compared with many other falls, is very inconſiderable. What renders this more apparent, is the extreme width of the ſtream. In the generality of caſcades the ſtream is narrow,

narrow, and the height the only dimenſion which ſtrikes the ſpectator's eye. In the caſcade here exhibited, the breadth of the ſtream and the maſs of the water form the prodigy. There are, however, a thouſand beauties in this caſcade, which an attentive obſervation will diſcover, and in the contemplation of which a mind open to ſublime impreſſions will feel a ſovereign pleaſure. The rugged bed over which the waters roll, previous to their fall, gives them forms, tints, and varieties of the moſt exquiſite beauty. Theſe waters do not fall in a direct line; from the different configurations of the rocks by which they deſcend, they roll direct or oblique. Some fall unobſtructed, with the moſt violent impulſe; others glide along with a ſmoother, and leſs rapid current; others are ſeen to iſſue from crevices, and eſcape through chaſms in a thouſand diminutive branches. All unite to form the cloud of ſparkling foam that ariſes from the gulph beneath; and to

increaſe

increaſe that ſtupendous tumult, which fills the mind with ſolemnity, and the ſurrounding ſcenes with its echoes. I have before remarked, and had occaſion to feel it again, that the ſcenery around this noble caſcade gives it a number of pictureſque beauties. No pencil could deſign a more happy choice or diſpoſition of objects, than enter into the circumjacent landſcape; all the parts of which aid that enchantment which thoſe regions inſpire. I quitted with regret thoſe delicious ſcenes at the ſetting of the ſun.

I have found Schaffhauſe, in itſelf, extremely dull. The houſe is not very full, and the Table d'Hôte but ill attended. People are very reſerved here upon the ſubject of French politics; and, if I may judge of the generality from the tone of thoſe with whom I converſe, this part of Switzerland is not very hoſtile to French principles. The vigilance of the government ſeems to baniſh from the gazettes all intelligence which

which might hold out to their ſubjects, that the arms of the combined Powers are not invincible. An Abbé from Straſbourg amuſed us with the information, that a meeting had been lately called in that city, in order to regulate the economy of religion; and many plans were preſented for reducing the number of the churches, and converting the ſuperfluous edifices to the uſes of the ſtate. One propoſed that the number of temples ſhould be reduced to three; one for the Catholics, a ſecond for the Proteſtants, and a third for the Jews. Another equally liberal, and yet more economical, remarked, that the cathedral might ſerve for all three. That this might be effected, by appointing Catholic ſervice on the Sunday morning—Proteſtant in the afternoon—and giving it on Saturday to the Jews.

LETTER CLVIII.

Ulm, Sept. 28, 1792.

DURING my ſhort reſidence at Schaffhauſe, the weather was very unfavourable, and very little company in the town, ſo that I found myſelf at a loſs to fill up thoſe leiſure hours which I uſually devote to cheerful converſation, and ſome relaxing amuſement. Much depends upon the barometer, in a Swiſs town. Every portion of this ſtupendous country poſſeſſes beauties, which the unvitiated taſte muſt feaſt upon with luxury. But mountains and lakes, promontories and caſcades, muſt be viſited under the auſpices of a genial ſky, and can alone be enjoyed in a temperate atmoſphere. The Swiſs towns poſſeſs no reſources againſt the ſtorm—no aſylum againſt the oppreſſive vapours of a foggy air. No theatres

theatres or coffee-houſes are allowed, and none of thoſe important levities permitted which relieve the ſplenetic mind.

I was confined to my quarters by cataracts of rain; and, excepting the firſt evening of my arrival, have not obtained a glimpſe of the ſun. My principal occupation was, deſigning plans of my intended route, and rehearſing ſome crabbed words from the German Vocabulary. I find this a moſt indigeſtible ſpecies of matter. Imagine the difficulty of commencing a language, whoſe terms for the moſt part bear no reſemblance to thoſe of the languages uſually ſtudied. What analogy can you diſcover in the word "ewigkeit," to Eternity, Eternitas, Eternité, or Eternità? What ſtriking reſemblance is there between "gluckſeeligkeit," and felicity, felicitas, felicité, or felicità? The aids of reſemblance, which facilitate ſo greatly the acquirement of the Italian and French languages, fail totally in the German; and, except in the common

common neceſſaries of life, in which it accords almoſt accurately with the Engliſh, I find it a language new in all its particulars. In deſpite however of its difficulty and its harſhneſs, I am determined to take the only ſure and infallible method of acquiring it, by mixing with the natives.

Beſieged by the ſtorms of Tueſday, I diverted my ſpleen, by meditating ſome plans for the accompliſhment of this end, and reſolved upon one, in the execution of which I am already embarked. In my eager curioſity to run over a wide track of country, my eyes faſtened upon Vienna. Deſire ſees no difficulty—reflection muſtered up an hoſt. I at length determined to avail myſelf of the counſel of my landlord, and requeſted to know how far I was from Vienna? He told me, about one hundred German miles, or above five hundred Engliſh. I wiſhed farther to know, what kind of conveyance paſſed from hence to that capital, and the leaſt expenſive method

thod of travelling. He assured me that I might, provided the season was not too far advanced, perform the journey without much cost. In order to this I must take the post waggon to Ulm, which was about thirty leagues, and then embark upon the Danube for Vienna. This pleasing intelligence elevated my spirits, and decided my purpose. I sought out the post-house, took a place in the waggon for Wednesday, and returned to dinner with hilarity.

Our Table d'Hôte was not numerously attended, but the conversation was spirited. I was not a littled amused by a coachful of French travellers from Strasburg, who entered the room, dressed in the fanciful habits of strolling players. They quickly surrounded a table near us, and chatted, laughed, and dined, without solicitude or reserve. The reckoning, which succeeded the repast, produced a revolution in the mirth and content of the party. All the thunders of French impetuosity were dealt

out againſt the iniquity of the hoſt, who received, or rather reverberated, the ſhocks, with the phlegmatic ſturdineſs of a Swiſs landlord. The bill was at length diſcharged, with an aſſurance, that though a thouſand accidents might bring them into that quarter of the world, no inducement ſhould prevail on them again to enter his houſe. "Gardez votre parole, Meſſieurs," retorted the landlord calmly; "Je n'en ſerai pas "faché."

I had an opportunity in the afternoon of obſerving the impatience of an Engliſhman, who appeared an ill match for continental embarraſſments. The tardy movements of the Swiſs produced a ſeries of intemperate reproaches, which fell harmleſs, and appeared neither to wound their ears, nor accelerate their motions. When the horſes were put to, and he was about to enter, he diſcovered a horſe faſtened behind. He wiſhed to know the reaſon of this, and was told that the poſtilion having

occaſion to take back a horſe, had faſtened him there for that purpoſe. The Engliſhman wiſhed to know why his permiſſion had not been previouſly aſked—adding, "En Angleterre, on n'oſeroit faire cela ſans "m'en demander la permiſſion." "Oh!" replied the landlord, "quant à cela, on ne "s'en ſoucie pas dans ce pays-ci." "Adieu, "mon ami," ſaid the Engliſhman pointedly, "nous ſommes bien ſur un niveau;" and ſpringing into his carriage, put an end to the dialogue.

LETTER CLIX.

I LEFT Schaffhauſe on Wedneſday morning, under the evil auſpices of a deluging rain. I had never yet ſeen a German poſt waggon, or at leaſt had never regarded it with the attention which my preſent intereſt in it now diſpoſed me to

do

do. I was ſummoned about eight o'clock to attend at the poſt-houſe. The whole money was here paid, and I was left to diſpute for myſelf the priority and precedence of place. The waggon was made to contain eight perſons, and though called by this name, which is here a general term for all carriages, it reſembled in form a coach or caravan. Underneath paſs two leathers of vaſt ſtrength and thickneſs, connected at their ſeveral extremities with ſprings, and upon theſe reſts the body of the carriage. Having, not without ſome difficulty, taken my ſeat, and the machine being put in motion, I began to reconnoitre my company, and form ſome conjecture of the amuſement I was to derive from this ſingular expedition. Our carriage had got its complement. The vileneſs of the road, and the inceſſant rain, rendered our motion very ſluggiſh, though drawn by ſix horſes.

I could not help obſerving the eaſy manner in which every paſſenger accommo-

dated himſelf, upon aſſuming his ſeat in this machine. He took off his hat, drew from his pocket a night-cap, which he inſtantly put on, and then kindling his travelling pipe of ebony, prepared to enjoy himſelf.

I was not ſuffered to continue long in mute obſervation; ſome queſtions were addreſſed to me in German. I was juſt learned enough to acquaint them, that if they intended to converſe with me, it muſt be through ſome other medium. There happened fortunately to be among the company, a Swiſs, who ſpoke French. He acted as interpreter between me and the Germans, and explained to me occaſionally thoſe parts of the converſation which appeared the moſt amuſing. Though I had paſſed through different parts of Germany, I mixed ſo little with the natives, that I had not formed by any means a juſt conception of their character. The German Swiſs is indeed a ſilent and a ſullen animal; but the true German appears to me, though cool, yet capable

capable of animation; cautious, yet communicative: he can be cheerful without levity, and grave without ſtupidity.

The calm of our ſociety was ſcarcely eſtabliſhed, when one of thoſe accidents, which the uncouth ſyſtems of German mechanics not unfrequently produce, threw us into the utmoſt conſternation. One of thoſe immenſe leathers which paſs under the body of the carriage burſt, and the machine plunged inſtantly on one ſide, and rolled forward in this manner for ſome few paces. At length the carriage being ſtopped, we ſcrambled out, and in the midſt of a horrible quag, and under a driving rain, we remained, till by chains, ropes, &c. a ſubſtitute was conſtructed for the broken leather. After being again ordered in, a ſudden crack brought the conductor again from his ſeat, and we were re-ordered into the cold rain and mire, to wait the effect of another effort of German mechanics.

I muſt confeſs that this ſpecimen of the poſt waggon, and its embarraſſments, rather chilled my ardor, and alarmed me with evil prognoſtics. Decided, however, to await the iſſue, I reſumed my place, after the neceſſary reparations had been made, and we moved cautiouſly and ſafely to the poſt town, where we ſtopped at the poſt-houſe to dine. Here I learnt, with much diſſatisfaction, that I was to part with my company. The carriage in which we came was bound for Stutgard, and parted immediately after dinner, leaving me to wait, in company with the German Swiſs, the arrival of the Ulm coach. As I could neither underſtand here, nor be underſtood, after making an experiment in my new language without ſucceſs, I felt myſelf ſurrounded by barbarians; and dreading peculation and robbery, I gathered up the articles which belonged to me, wrapped myſelf round in my travelling cloak, and,

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throwing myſelf on the ground, paſſed a long interval beſide my property in interrupted ſlumbers.

LETTER CLX.

YOU have read of voyagers caſt by ſome evil chance upon a deſert iſle, where the rude accents of the natives convey no ſenſe to the ear, and where all communication has been maintained by external ſymbols. Such was the ſituation into which I was plunged at this miſerable houſe, and in which I continued till a late hour of the night. The arrival of different waggons, and the entrance of ſeveral companies, rouzed me from that torpor which my helpleſs condition had generated. I now began to direct my obſervation to the carriages arrived, and was vigilant to diſcover if the name of Ulm ſhould be

uttered. Various carriages were announced, and different parties entered and diſappeared, till at a very late hour the name of Ulm was loudly proclaimed, and I was made to underſtand that the carriage bound to that city was now arrived. I ſoon obſerved a man bearing off upon his ſhoulders my portmanteau. I followed him with my ecritoire, cloak, &c. and attended him to the waggon, in which he packed my portmanteau, and delivering my ecritoire into his hands for the ſame purpoſe, I returned. He ſhortly rejoined me, reſtoring me the writing-caſe, and uttering ſome unintelligible words, directed me to go up ſtairs. I tried various ways to divine what this might mean, but in vain. I obeyed him at length with reluctance, but ſoon deſcending a ſecond time, placed myſelf beſide the waggon, when the knave, as I had pictured him, came up to me, uttered again ſome rapid expreſſions, and taking me by the arm, re-conducted me up ſtairs.

I was now embarraſſed and enraged. I flew to the office, addreſſed the Commiſſaire in French, and entreated him to explain this matter. My language was Coptic to him; he returned me no anſwer, but gently ſhook his head.

Thus baffled by ignorance on the one hand, and circumvented, as it ſeemed, by knavery on the other, I once again repaired to the waggon, took my deſk under my arm, and my cloak upon my ſhoulder, reſolving not to abandon my poſt, till I ſhould comprehend the deſtiny of my portmanteau, in which my own was involved. While I was thus torturing myſelf with imaginary fears, the company bound for Ulm were ſupping. At length, my perſecutor approached me a third time, took my deſk from under my arm, not without ſome reſiſtance on my part, put it into the ſeat of a ſmall uncovered cabriolet which ſtood near, at the ſame time directing me to take my place in this carriage. I obeyed; the

German

German Swiſs followed, the poſtilion cracked his whip, and we rolled away with great velocity. I now conſidered all as loſt. My reſiſtance had been exhauſted, and my reflections upon the ſuppoſed iniquity of the people whom I had juſt quitted, ſupplied me with matter of anxious occupation till we arrived at the poſt-houſe. The cold was rather violent, and the only defence I had againſt it was an immenſe cloak, which I had purchaſed at Geneva. This was five ells wide, and almoſt a quarter of an inch thick. To this I added a fur cap, and, by way of defence, a tolerable weapon of Geneva manufacture. Such were my travelling accoutrements, and ſuch my armour againſt ſtorms and robbers.

I could not help obſerving how little impreſſion the chilling air of the night appeared to make on my hardy companion. He had neither cloak nor gloves, yet never uttered a murmur. Our carriage was very light, and the poſtilion drove with great violence,

violence, not appearing to have any choice of track. We ran over all the obſtacles of a rough and ſtony road without diſcrimination, and at about two o'clock in the morning were ſet down at the poſt-houſe. Here we were left to ſhift for ourſelves. Obſerving the Swiſs loading himſelf with his luggage, I took my ecritoire and the other few articles I poſſeſſed, and ſcrambling in the dark through piles of mud, I reached the door of the poſt-houſe. I threw myſelf on the ground when I entered the common room, and wrapping myſelf in my cloak, ſlept till four o'clock, when the very man who had ſo perſecuted me at the laſt ſtation, awoke me, by announcing that the waggon was ready to proceed, and intreating ſome *trink-gelt*, or drink-money, for his ſervices. I now made ſome ſigns reſpecting my portmanteau, which he comprehended, and made me underſtand that it was ſafely ſtowed in the large waggon. I began now to comprehend what had ſo greatly

greatly diſtreſſed me, and what was afterwards more fully explained. The waggon having more than its complement, an extra carriage had been taken for myſelf and the Swiſs, and the luggage divided, in order to charge both equally.

It was now four o'clock, and the great waggon being ſet off, myſelf and the Swiſs were put into a cabriolet, with two others. One of theſe was a man of no ungenteel appearance, and ſeemed to poſſeſs great wit and pleaſantry. I underſtood ſcarce any thing of what he ſaid, yet the expreſſion of his countenance, and the humour of his manner, provoked, not leſs in myſelf than in thoſe who underſtood him better, uninterrupted laughter. The mirth occaſioned by this lively traveller operated as an antidote againſt the chilling fogs of the morning, and we arrived at Moeſkirch in great ſpirits. Here we were brought together round a large table, and, the conductor preſiding at the meal, a very good repaſt was ſerved up.

up. We had ſcarcely more than ninepence each to pay for coffee and dinner. Our company was numerous; the ſeveral members of it were here rallied; and dinner being ended, and accounts ſettled, the ſame arrangement was obſerved as in the morning, and the carriages being ſeverally charged, were again put in motion.

LETTER CLXI.

UPON re-entering the cabriolet, our wit renewed his vivacity, and began to play off his jokes with as much rapidity and humour as before. The fourth member of our party was a merchant, native of Ulm, who ſpoke ſome few words of French, and interpreted occaſionally ſome parts of thoſe lively ſallies which produced ſo much diverſion. My paſſion for the German language

language increaſes in proportion to the embarraſſments to which the ignorance of it expoſes me. I employed all thoſe moments in which mirth languiſhed, in ſtudying thoſe parts which are the ground-work of converſation. Next to the uncouthneſs of the terms themſelves, upon which I have before inſiſted, the ſingularity of arrangement becomes the moſt important difficulty. The firſt is ſimply the work of memory, the latter of habit; the firſt may be conquered by ſtudy, the latter can only be ſurmounted by obſervation: the firſt may be combated in ſolitude, the latter muſt be met in ſociety. Some rules, I obſerve, are offered to direct this arrangement of words, and ſome few analogies to account for it; yet ſo many exceptions exiſt to the firſt, and ſo many objections to the laſt, that the ear appears ultimately to be the arbiter; and the ear can be no farther accurate, than as it is corrected and formed by habit and experience.

We ſtopped in the evening at Riedlingen, and had ſcarcely commenced ſupper before our pleaſant companion, who was now at his journey's end, approached to take leave. This he did with a ſpecies of ceremony, which in England would paſs for a very uncivil freedom. After ſupper, I had an opportunity of ſpeaking to a gentleman and his family, amounting to ſix perſons, who formed the principal part of the waggon company. I found them to be natives of Baſle; and to my great ſatisfaction, bound equally with myſelf to Vienna. This gentleman ſpoke Engliſh and French remarkably well; the former he had learnt in the Weſt Indies, where he had paſſed much of the earlier part of his life. He had a very ſtrong predilection for my countrymen, in whoſe ſociety he had mixed at Copenhagen, where he had alſo paſſed ſome years. The liberal encomiums beſtowed upon the Engliſh character, attached me to him, and gave him in my eſtimation credit

credit for qualities, which a farther acquaintance will, I truſt, confirm. Our converſation was interrupted by a ſummons to reſume our ſeats in the waggon, and thus through an intenſe cold we travelled till eight o'clock in the morning. My clothing was inſufficient to counteract the ſeverities of this night, which penetrated my limbs, and baniſhed ſleep from my eye-lids. We only ſtopped ſufficient time to change horſes, and then proceeded to Ulm, through a denſer fog than I almoſt ever witneſſed.

Upon arriving before the gates of the city, our names were demanded, and we were then ſuffered to paſs. We were driven to a comfortable inn, where my limbs after ſome little repoſe began to recover their ſenſibility. We had been two complete days and nights making a journey of not an hundred miles. A great part of the country was laid under water, and the roads were miſerably ploughed up, and deluged by carriages and rain. As I have already

deſcribed

deſcribed the poſt waggon, I ſhall only add, that theſe carriages travel with poſt horſes, are under the direction of government, like the Engliſh mail-coaches, though certainly not ſo light nor ſo rapid. The price of travelling in them is extremely moderate, the fare did not amount to more than ſeven or eight ſhillings, and at every ſtation ſix kreutzers are given to the poſtilion.

Ulm is a town of great antiquity, and ranks next to Augſburg in the circle of Swabia. It appears dull, though populous; and poſſeſſes neither beauty nor activity. It has the reputation of very ſuperior manufactures, in ſtuffs, linen, cotton, &c. I have heard its clock-work mentioned as one of its moſt productive branches of commerce. I took a turn round the town, but diſcovered nothing of importance in its architecture, except the tower of the cathedral, which is a very fine edifice. Judging of this town from its hiſtory and general character, I am inclined to ſuppoſe that the little external appearance of activity ariſes

from the number of inhabitants occupied in the different manufactories; and that the hour which I chose for reconnoitring the town, was one in which the streets were thinned, to fill the work-shops and warehouses.

I am now preparing to take advantage of a barge, which is this day to set off for Vienna. Though I was more disposed to rest than to travel, and am sufficiently fatigued to wish for some intermission, I have engaged myself as passenger in the vessel; of which if I should neglect to profit, I must wait another week, and run some risque of letting the season go by. The passengers are said to be very numerous, and what the vicissitudes of this voyage give birth to, shall be transmitted when occasion offers. I move too rapidly to observe with accuracy, or write with precision; of this you are aware, and in this consideration I find my acquittal.

LETTER CLXII.

Donavert, Sept. 29, 1792.

BETWEEN two and three o'clock on the Friday, I proceeded, in company with four Frenchmen, down to the place where the barge was moored. Theſe Frenchmen were young ſtudents at a neighbouring univerſity, and were inſufferably riotous. They dined at the inn from which I ſtarted, and faſtened themſelves upon me *ſans ceremonie*. This was a circumſtance by no means in my favour, as Frenchmen are, I find, generally diſliked. I had an early proof of the diſadvantage occaſioned by it. I had ſcarcely entered the barge, when one of the proprietors addreſſed me with ſome degree of rudeneſs, aſked me if I was not a Frenchman, whether I had a German paſſport, repeating frequently and ſternly, that, if I was a Frenchman, I ſhould not paſs, and

that a French paſſport would anſwer no end. I replied ſullenly, that I was an Engliſhman; and upon being preſſed, produced a German paſſport, which I had purchaſed at Schaffhauſe for a few kreutzers. This appeared to ſatisfy them, and I replaced it in my boſom.

I was aſtoniſhed at my arrival upon the banks of the river, to obſerve ſo large a company, at leaſt fifty paſſengers, many of whom were accompanied by their friends and relations, attending on the ſhore to bid adieu, and to ſee us looſe our cables. All preparations being finally arranged, luggage ſtowed, and paſſengers on board, the ſignal was given, the cable looſened, and the current of the river began to bear us along from the croud of ſpectators which covered the ſhore, and who prayed aloud to Heaven to grant us a proſperous voyage. The Danube, which riſes at no great diſtance from Freibourg, is here firſt navigable for veſſels of burden. The barge was covered in by rough planks; an oar is diſpoſed at each

extremity, whoſe principal uſe is to aſſiſt the current againſt the wind, and is ſeldom uſed but when the latter is contrary. Theſe barges cannot proceed in the night, nor when the wind is very violent, on account of the bridges under which they have to paſs. As the day was far advanced before we left Ulm, we made but five leagues, and brought to before Gunſburg. On landing here, we were inſtantly accoſted by a commiſſaire, who demanded our country, character, and paſſport. The four Frenchmen were immediately ſtopped: the ſailors had repreſented to them the impoſſibility of paſſing, but they had treated the notice with ridicule. I found afterwards, that not without conſiderable delay, and by virtue of their being ſtudents, they did at length effect a paſſage. As they were not at preſent allowed to proceed, I here took my leave of them with no great regret. In general, nothing is more diſguſting than a young Frenchman—empty, volatile, and obtruſive. The Frenchman of a ripened age is a com-

panionable man. He has uſually much knowledge of the world, and abounds in anecdote. The ſober gravity of age is animated in him by the embers of his youthful paſſions. Experience has tranſmuted volatility into vivacity, and taught the rebel ſpirits to flow within their juſt current.

But to return—The inns at Gunſburg would ſcarcely contain us. We moved in bodies up to the town; and ſeparating into different companies, ſought accommodations in different quarters of the town. We ſupped at the Table d'Hôte; where, finding a German, inhabitant of the place, who ſpoke Engliſh, I enquired of him ſome particulars of the voyage. He aſſured me, we had near five hundred miles Engliſh to go, and that the number of days in which we may expect to perform this voyage, is uncertain. Foreigners, taken in the general, have an inquiſitiveneſs which ſuits ill the conſtitutional reſerve of an Engliſhman. This appears to be conſiderably augmented, if not abſolutely

abſolutely created, by the liberties of a Table d'Hôte. It would ſeem in England not a little impertinent, to aſk the *buſineſs* of any gentleman who is travelling to any definite place: yet, upon being told that I was on my way to Vienna, a member of the company made no ſcruple of aſking me without circumlocution, "What was my object in going to Vienna?" As I was not diſpoſed to develope my plan, and knew of no law which bound me to a poſitive anſwer, I contented myſelf with an evaſive remark, and ſhortly retired.

There is ſomething very cheerful in the nature of a Table d'Hôte; it is a point around which the ſcattered individuals rally, and find here the amuſement of a diverſified and periodical ſociety. In moments of fatigue and languor they are leſs grateful; the flagging ſpirits are, in ſuch a caſe, beſt reſtored—not by ſociety and exertion—but by retirement and repoſe.

LETTER CLXIII.

Donavert, Sept. 29, 1792.

BETWEEN five and six o'clock this morning, a summons was sent for all to rise, and hold themselves in readiness to renew the voyage. After a cup of coffee, I joined the passengers, who were assembling and crowding down to the vessel. I was charmed with the scenery on quitting Gunsburg. The banks of the river were clothed with a varied and charming verdure: woods and mountains, softened by the gentle effulgence of the rising sun, exhibited a very pleasing spectacle. We were brought on shore to dine at a town on our way, and again came to an anchor this evening, in order to pass the night at Donavert. The inn to which we were conducted, is very pleasantly situated upon the banks of the river, and affords us very excellent accommodations.

This

This day has paſſed in a variety of amuſements; the paſſengers have begun to form a ſpecies of ſociety; and, throwing off the reſerve of ſtrangers, to intermix with ſome degree of confidence. From the proſpect of a long continuance in each other's ſociety, each has been zealous to diſcover ſome recommendatory qualities. Anecdotes and enigmas filled up the greater portion of to-day; as I comprehend but little, I did not ſuffer the time to elapſe without a ſtudious application to my German elements. This was occaſionally relieved by diverting experiments in the line of converſation. The family from Baſle, before announced, appear people of reſpectability. All that I have yet learnt concerning them is, that the ſituation of political affairs at Baſle has impelled them to this emigration. Threatened by France on one ſide, and urged to hoſtile meaſures by the combined Powers on the other, this diſtracted town is between two batteries; and thoſe who prefer the ſecurity of their families to the proſperity of

their

their fortunes, are amply juſtified in abandoning their agitated country. The eldeſt daughter of this family is a girl of a very pleaſant countenance, and genteel manners.

The next acquaintance to whom I ſhall introduce you, is a young man, native of Hungary. He has been to Bruſſels, and is on his return to that kingdom. The object of his expedition was, to acquire the French language; and the expences of it were defrayed by leſſons in the German during his reſidence in Brabant. He diſcovers a very conſiderable portion of good nature, and is not deſtitute of talents. The next is a madame Vogel from Zurich, of whoſe character I am perfectly ignorant. She has, however, attracted conſiderable attention by the ſuperiority of her converſation, and by repeating from memory, tales, anecdotes, and verſes of uncommon length. She is a woman of an agreeable height and figure: her countenance, without poſſeſſing beauty, is yet intereſting, and ſhe plays her fine eyes "*avec beaucoup de coquetrie.*" She is attended

attended by a man, who has the appendages, though not very much the air, of an officer.

Beſides theſe, there is a Lieutenant of Huſſars from Darmſtadt, a man of a very reſpectable appearance. To judge from an early acquaintance, he unites to the qualities of the ſoldier, the virtues of the man. He appeared ſtudious to enter into converſation with me, upon our getting on board; and, as he ſpeaks French, our acquaintance was not long in forming. He profeſſes himſelf extremely attached to the Engliſh nation, as his father, who was alſo a military man, paſſed a number of years among thoſe Heſſians employed in the Britiſh ſervice. He bore a conſiderable part amongſt the actors in this day's amuſement, and read occaſionally to the company ſome of Lavater's aphoriſms. There are many others, who have not as yet made any figure, or diſcovered any qualities ſufficiently noticeable. A Swiſs has indeed forced himſelf upon my obſervation, by the ſingularity of his phyſiognomy, and the forwardneſs of his manner,

ner. He is a German from the canton of Zurich, has a countenance of the moſt ſtubborn and inflexible caſt, talks with much violence, and in a very barbarous dialect, and takes an immoderate quantity of ſnuff.

The Huſſar officer undertakes the arrangement at the inns, and is, by general conſent, erected into maſter of the ceremonies. He and myſelf have the preference in beds and accommodations; a compliment paid to *him* in conſideration of his rank, and to *me* out of reſpect to my nation. There is ſomething very whimſical in the ſpectacle which our barge and crew make at every debarkation. We are ſo numerous and ſo blended, differ ſo in complexion and character, that the evacuation of the ark could not have diſplayed a more motley ſcene; and the form of our veſſel, which appears conſtructed upon the antidiluvian model, favors very ſtrongly this analogy.

LETTER CLXIV.

Ingoldſtadt, Sept. 30, 1792.

ONE great ſource of pleaſure to a traveller exiſts in the ſurvey of thoſe ſcenes, which have been rendered famous by the memory of ſome great event. The battle of BLENHEIM, as it is uſually regiſtered in Engliſh chronicles, was fought in ſome plains bordering upon the Danube, in the neighbourhood of Hochſtedt. Here the cool intrepidity of Marlborough triumphed over the precipitate ardor of Tallard; and fortune united with talents and bravery, to humble the pride of France, and exalt the fame of Britain. The ſcene of action was pointed out to me as we paſſed: the plains ſhewn in which the French encamped, and on which they periſhed. A vaſt extent of territory was moiſtened with Gallic blood, and the ſhores of the Danube whitened with

with human bones. Of ſixty thouſand who entered the field, not more than twenty thouſand are computed to have eſcaped. Such is ſaid to have been the confuſion which pervaded the ranks upon the capture of Tallard, whoſe ſhortneſs of ſight threw him into the hands of the enemy, that whole battalions preſſed down to the ſhore in conſternation, and were ſwallowed up in the waters of the Danube. I caſt a look of horror on the awful ſpot where "miſta "ſenum ac juvenum denſantur funera." My ears were aſſailed by a thouſand imaginary phantoms in the ſupplicating ſtrains of the unburied ancient:

At tu nauta, vagæ ne parce malignus arenæ,
Oſſibus et capiti inhumato
Particulam dare.

This celebrated ſcene of action is ſituated on the confines of the circle of Swabia; a territory which, though mountainous in many parts, is in general fruitful, particularly in the Marquiſate of Baden. Augſbourg,

bourg, of which I have before ſpoken, is its capital, and occupies a very conſiderable rank for beauty and commerce among the cities of Germany. The wines moſt in circulation in this part of the country are the Rheniſh, which bears a good price; the Tyrol, which is a red ſweet wine, of an excellent flavour, and extremely cheap. The great centre of this latter article of commerce is Augſburg, from whence it is exported to the different parts of Germany. In addition to theſe, is the Necker wine, ſo denominated from the river of this name upon whoſe banks it is made.

Donavert, which bounded our ſecond day's voyage, is the firſt town upon the Danube, in the circle of Bavaria. The break of day was the ſignal for quitting Donavert, and we were allowed the privilege of going aſhore at Neuberg, in order to dine. The troops of the Elector make a very military appearance. They are numerous, and in general of a fine make and ſtern countenance. This warlike air was

not a little augmented by large whiſkers, and creſted helmets. They had, beſides, a narrow kind of frill round their necks, faſtened cloſe under their chins, which gave a good finiſh to their portraits. A circumſtance which fell out while we were dining, had nearly thrown us into ſome embarraſſments, and threatened ſome delay to our voyage. A corporal of the guard entered the room where we were dining, and demanded of the officer of Huſſars his name, which he took down. He aſked farther, in a tone of ſome importance, his regiment. This the officer treated as an unauthoriſed liberty; and, upon the corporal's uſing ſome peremptory language, called him curious and impertinent. We had ſcarcely dined, when a ſoldier entered, with a ſummons for the officer to appear at the guard-houſe. He hung on his ſabre, and requeſting me to accompany him, we were conducted through ranks of ſoldiers to the guard-houſe. The commandant, who was very much of a gentleman, and a ſoldier, ſtated the ground

of

of complaint as brought before him, which the Huſſar explained to the perfect ſatisfaction of the Bavarian officer. The Heſſian was, however, too much exaſperated to excuſe the inſult, and deſired that the corporal might be brought to confront him and apologize. The officer conſented, and the corporal preſented himſelf, with an air, however, of the moſt unſhaken firmneſs, and when commanded to apologize, he aſſumed a look of the moſt ſupercilious defiance. The Huſſar was ſo irritated by the determined obſtinacy of the corporal, that he aſſured the officer, he would demand ſatisfaction againſt himſelf, if he did not produce an apology for the inſult offered. The officer requeſted him not to purſue the matter farther, ſaying, that a complaint to his ſuperior might be of conſiderable diſſervice to him. He then gave the corporal a ſevere reprimand, and taking the Huſſar by the hand, hoped he would conſider himſelf ſatisfied. Thus ended the affair.

In quitting Neuberg, we paſſed under a bridge, where the current was extremely rapid. The firſt we paſſed excited ſome alarm, as the ſituation is undoubtedly critical. On theſe occaſions the oars are indiſpenſable, and are worked with great violence, to guard the veſſel from ſtriking againſt the piles. As there is uſually very little width to ſpare, and the velocity with which the veſſel is born is extreme; the moſt vigilant attention and the moſt active exertion are neceſſary, to preſerve the equipoize of the veſſel, and enſure the ſafety of the paſſengers.

LETTER CLXV.

Viltzhofen, October 4, 1792.

We met a gang of barges early in the afternoon, labouring againſt the ſtream; it was ſurpriſing to obſerve the vaſt exertion with which their ſlow movement was effected.

fected. Four or five and twenty horſes were employed in this laborious ſervice: to theſe were added all the auxiliaries of ſhouts and whips, forming a moſt tremendous clamor. I am aſtoniſhed that ſuch a buſineſs can at all anſwer; the advances are ſo ſlow as ſcarcely to be perceptible, and the number of horſes neceſſary to the draught, muſt render the tranſport very expenſive. Towards the evening we ran over ſome ſhallows: the river was here conſiderably overflowed, and the wind blowing with ſome violence againſt us, occaſioned ſome ſerious alarms, which were however of no long duration.

The approach to Ingolſtadt is extremely beautiful. It is ſituated on the north bank of the Danube, and forms, with its environs, a very delicious ſcene. Upon landing here, the gates were cloſed upon us, and an inquiſition of the cuſtoms took place. Our paſſports were collected, and ſent to the guard-houſe; and we were left to attend in a body without the gates, till the validity of

our claims to entrance ſhould be aſcertained. We were at length admitted, and accompanied to our inn by ſeveral officers, who paſſed the evening with us in great conviviality. They were men of a very genteel appearance, and of much manly politeneſs: they treated me with more than ordinary civility, from a prejudice in favour of my nation; and bore without a ſymptom of deriſion, the broken accents in which I acknowledged their compliments. I have invariably found the Germans, in the interior parts of the country, very reſpectful to the name of an Engliſhman. I was not equally flattered when travelling up the Rhine, upon the confines of France. You will recollect the ſevere judgment I paſſed upon the national character, from a very ſlight and partial knowledge of it. To ſuch errors muſt all general obſervations be expoſed; nor can the characteriſtics of a great nation be ſucceſsfully ſtudied, but by attentive compariſon and much experience. The officers at Ingolſtadt took great pains to point

out

out to me the similarity of their language to ours: of this I was sufficiently aware. I have however observed, on more occasions than one, how great a pleasure the Germans take in insisting upon this analogy between the languages, and sometimes of extending the analogy to the characters of the two nations.

The evening was passed in a variety of amusements. Some were occupied at drafts, others with pipes, and some of our company diverted us with feats of agility. An unlucky idea has gone out with respect to me; and I am, it seems, regarded by the whole crew, as a rich and prodigal Englishman; qualities to which neither my appearance nor my conduct bear testimony. It was in vain that I denied these charges; and cited my mode of travelling in contradiction of the first, and my general œconomy in opposition to the last. Wealth and profuseness were, I perceived, in their theory of association inseparably connected with the idea of an English traveller; and this notion

or pretence they converted to good account, apportioning, in reference to this, my quota of the expenditure, which was usually calculated in round numbers; while my good friends who partook of the same fare, had their accounts made out to a fraction. Notice was given us at Ingolstadt, that the voyage marked out for the following day would admit of no dining on the way, and that therefore provisions must be laid in for the day. The Hussar who superintends all these concerns, assigned to every man his share of this duty; and I was not a little diverted, when the several articles were produced the following day, to find, that while I was required to contribute a couple of ducks, the generality of the company escaped with the production of a penny loaf, or at the most a flask of ordinary wine. Before we quitted Ingolstadt, each was obliged to present himself at the guard-house, and re-demand, *propriâ personâ*, his passport, which was then returned. I had an opportunity of observing, in traversing the

the town, its extreme neatneſs; independent of which, and the good appearance of the military, Ingolſtadt has no claim to attention.

The whole of this day was paſſed in the moſt cheerful merriment: the proviſions of each were thrown into one common fund; and the repaſt made univerſal. After theſe feſtivities, all tongues were looſened, and a thouſand vocal pleaſantries were played off. Songs, choruſſes, and catches, in all languages and manners, ſupported the general mirth. The Hungarian diverted us with the barbarous airs of Sclavonia, and the Swiſs with the wild ballads of the mountains. Our hilarity maintained its vigor, nor ever relaxed its tone; the boatmen regarded our boiſterous orgies with ſurprize. They caſt a look of curioſity towards the narrow cabin, in which we were crouded, or rather compreſſed into one compact maſs, enveloped in clouds of ſmoke, and convulſed with peals of laughter.

LETTER CLXVI.

THE boiſterous feſtivities of the cabin were on a ſudden terminated by a notice from the captain, of ſome objects of magnitude to which we were advancing. We came immediately upon deck, and our attention was in a ſhort time arreſted by ſcenes, whoſe parallel in their kind I have never ſeen. It was, as near as I could conjecture, within about three leagues of Ratiſbon that this grand ſpectacle commenced. The Danube here appearing in all its majeſty, purſues a ſerpentine courſe between a double range of rocks riſing in a wonderful variety of forms. Some are perpetually barren, others are ſcattered with a light and beautiful verdure: ſome riſe in pyramidic columns of ſublime dimenſions, others pro-

ject

ject as bulwarks againſt the impetuoſity of the ſtream; and, while they oppoſe its ravages, augment its violence. On the ſummit of this rocky ſhore which overhung the waters, devotion had raiſed an altar. A chapel elevated above the higheſt cliff, invites the pilgrim's vows, and gives an air of pictureſque and ſolemn grandeur to the ſcene. The river at times appeared to be terminated by the rocks; and the veſſel moving with rapidity, ſeemed reſolute to force a paſſage for the obſtructed waters. Every opening preſented new phænomena, and excited freſh admiration. All eyes were fixed upon theſe magic ſcenes, and each gazed attentive, as though the gates of Paradiſe had been opened to give a momentary glimpſe of the celeſtial regions. I was ſtruck by the manner in which the Huſſar was affected: though habituated to the toils and tumults of war, he poſſeſſed a fine ſenſibility of natural beauty; and tears ſtarted from his eyes, while abſorbed in the ſilent rapture of contemplation. Theſe

rocks

rocks lowered gradually as we advanced: the country opened into a wider expanſe. A proſpect more rich, but leſs ſublime, ſucceeded to the ſcenes now paſſing from our ſight; and Ratiſbon received us, exhauſted with admiration.

Ratiſbon, or Regenſburg as it is named in Germany, is a town of conſiderable magnitude and traffic. It derives its name from the Regen, a river which here falls into the Danube, and whoſe navigation aſſiſts very materially the commerce of the place. The Elector of Bavaria, within whoſe dominions Ratiſbon lies, is a very opulent prince. All the parts of his duchy, which lie upon the Danube, are very fertile and productive. Corn, ſalt, and beer—which are exported into other countries—form the principal reſources of this ſtate; the annual revenues of which, from the various export duties, from the monopoly of tobacco, and other ſources, amount to more than ſeven hundred thouſand pounds ſterling. Upon landing, our paſſports were immediately demanded,

and

and taken, as at Ingolſtadt. I was cautioned, on my approach to this place, not to ſpeak French; and a ſailor, upon my landing, acquainted me of the rigor exerciſed againſt the French in this town: the jealouſy is extended even to the language. I was told, that the paſſions of individuals ſeconded the decrees of the government; and I might ſuffer ſome perſonal inconvenience, if I excited the leaſt ſuſpicion. This people exhibit a melancholy inſtance of the reverſe of national fortune. Torn from the height of political importance, they are diſperſed as vagabonds through all parts of Europe, and experience neither pity nor reſpect. Mankind has viewed them ſo long in the character of tyrants and perſecutors, that their downfall ſcarcely draws a tear to individual ſuffering. Victims of a great political change, they now ſeek an aſylum in thoſe very quarters, where the perſecuted objects of their former tyrannies have eſtabliſhed a laſting hatred of the Gallic name.

Our

Our landlord informed us, that there would be a comedy performed by a company of dogs this evening. We were in the humour to be amuſed, and did not much concern ourſelves about the dignity of the objects. I was really aſtoniſhed at the docility of theſe animals; they were dreſſed in the characters of comedians, and performed what might well be deemed impoſſible. The ſcenes were varied into grave and gay alternately, and the exhibition was occaſionally relieved by dances upon the ſlack rope by two American monkies, who executed their taſk with wonderful ability. Our captain allowed us but two hours in the morning to view the town, which appeared very populous. I obſerved no edifice of importance but the cathedral, which is a Gothic building of fine architecture, and highly ornamented within. There is alſo a very noble bridge thrown acroſs the Danube. As the river is here extremely rapid, we were directed not to embark till the veſſel had paſſed under the bridge. The

mead of Ratiſbon bears ſo high a reputation that I requeſted my Hungarian friend to purchaſe ſome for me, which being taken on board and our paſſports returned, we reſumed our voyage under the ſmiles of a delicious day.

LETTER CLXVII.

OUR day was paſſed in cheerful amuſement; we dined on board, and came on ſhore in the evening at Straubing. Here we paſſed ſome lively and pleaſant hours. From Straubing our object was to reach Paſſau in the compaſs of the day. This, from the unfavourableneſs of the wind, not being practicable, we were brought aſhore laſt night at a miſerable place, where want and wretchedneſs ſeemed to have eſtabliſhed their abode. I know not the name of this inhoſpitable ſpot, or if it even have a name. We had continued on board all day, and

ſome

ſome articles of proviſion had been procured, of which a ſoup was made, and we all meſſed out of one common bowl. A general ſpirit of good humour prevails amongſt the company: we are all inclined to blend together and think of no ſuperiority—except that the Huſſar and myſelf generally pay half the reckoning. Our fare had been ſo indifferent, that we were diſpoſed to find a good repaſt on ſhore. Our firſt entrance into this miſerable hovel taught us how vain were ſuch expectations. There were but two rooms, and only three beds in them both. We were thirteen, amongſt whom theſe luxuries were to be ſhared. After ſome conſultation reſpecting the neceſſary arrangements, it was concluded, that one apartment with the entire ſtock of furniture ſhould be conſigned to the females; and the other provided with ſtraw for the accommodation of the men. The houſe was tenanted only by two decrepid old women, who told us frankly, they had nothing to give us. A foraging party was therefore

therefore dispatched into the village, who returned with a large piece of black bacon, and a quantity of potatoes. These they boiled, and distributed among us, in equal portions. Some very sour beer, and wine still less potable, were all the liquors we could procure. We supped as well as circumstances would permit, and forgot upon our straw the severities of our lot. We bestowed in parting, the following morning, our warmest execrations upon this inhospitable lodge, and blest the tide that bore us from these abodes of misery.

We are now entered into a part of the river in which there are many rocks, and the wind has blown so hard and contrary, that it has been judged expedient to come ashore. The name of the town where we now repose is, Viltzhofen, a place, as I can observe, of no consideration. Finding no object worthy attention in the town, and understanding that the wind continued to blow with dangerous violence, I stole from the rest of my society, and brought up the

regiſter of my tranſactions. You will have probably found very little of an intereſting nature, in the circumſtances I have recorded; but minute incidents in a diſtant country acquire ſome kind of importance. If any other apology be neceſſary for the triviality of theſe details, I can only ſay, that, though I might doubtleſs by the aid of fiction embelliſh my narrative, I prefer the dullneſs of truth to the brilliancy of falſehood. I have as yet encountered none of thoſe magnificent horrors which relate ſo well: I have neither combated robbers, nor put wolves and bears to flight: I have not yet been carried overboard by a guſt of wind, and eſcaped drowning by miracle.

You muſt however reflect, that my voyage is not yet terminated; and that ſome of theſe agreeable varieties may at ſome future period adorn and animate my page. A wide tract yet lies before me—my route is, I doubt not, marked out by the deſtinies of Providence, but the book is not open to me. Deſerts and foreſts may ſtill obſtruct my path;

path; wild beaſts, and men more ſavage than beaſts, may yet menace my ſafety; and dark ſuſpicion may purſue me as an Engliſh ſpy, or a Gallic democrat. Some evil angels are now perhaps weaving the woof of miſadventure: ſo that I may ſtill have to ſpeak of "hair-breadth 'ſcapes and "moſt diſaſtrous chances," though little ambitious of thus acquiring diſtinction or celebrity.

LETTER CLXVIII.

Engelhartzel, Oct. 5, 1792.

WE left Viltzhofen the following morning, the wind having conſiderably abated. We were all on board by a little after five o'clock, and came down a very beautiful part of the river. The banks were arrayed in very majeſtic ſcenery, and the current of the river increaſing in ſtrength as we advanced, the veſſel moved rapidly along. The approach to Paſſau is ſtrikingly

magnificent. The town is ſituated ſouth of the Danube, over which a bridge is conſtructed. Paſſau appears large, and not deſtitute of beauty. The oppoſite banks riſe to a conſiderable height—are clothed with a charming verdure, and interſperſed with houſes and *chateaus*. The landſcapes around are not leſs captivating; and the whole extent which the eye takes in, is full of pictureſque attractions. I have not particularized every ſcene of beauty that has preſented itſelf on this voyage. Language has not the variety of nature; and the pen can but faintly ſhadow out the ſtupendous operations of that mighty principle, which forms the channels of the deep, which hews the rock into all the irregularities of ſhape, ſcatters a wild verdure over its rugged boſom, and out of apparent accident produces effects ſuperior to the moſt exquiſite atchievements of art. I have been overpowered many times, by the action of theſe ſcenes upon my imagination; the Danube has borne me amongſt regions where nature

diſplays

diſplays her powers with a ſplendid profuſion.

At Paſſau I was diverted with the dreſſes of the women, which were extremely ſingular. Their faces are remarkably flat, yet not deſtitute of a certain kind of beauty. They wear a ſhort black jacket and petticoat, with a blue handkerchief tied about the head, the ends of which hang looſely upon the ſhoulders; and altogether make a very groteſque figure—not unlike the repreſentations I have ſeen of the Lapland and Norwegian modes of dreſs. We were allowed but a tranſient view of Paſſau. Being ſhortly to quit the circle of Bavaria, and enter the dominions of Auſtria, the captain appeared little inclined to the indulgence of our curioſity; as ſome hours day-light would be required at the next ſtation to unload the veſſel, and undergo the neceſſary formalities. Upon our landing at Engelhartzel, we were conducted in a body to the cuſtom-houſe, where our paſſports were ſeverally examined; and, our luggage be-

ing next disembarked, and carried to the warehouse, each entered into the comptoir separately, and was examined with the most rigorous severity. I had some reasons for wishing that the examination might not be so strict; and fortunately for myself that inquisition which in others had been extended to the person, was in me confined to the baggage. This was a civility the more acceptable, as it was not purchased by any fee. The officer addressed me in French, and simply thrusting his hand into my portmanteau, declared himself satisfied.

From Passau to this place, the Danube has presented one uninterrupted range of beauties. The mountains were disposed on each side in the most charming order, and glowed with all the tints of autumnal grandeur. We were all interested in these scenes, and communicated our common feelings in the most rapturous expressions of admiration. The town of Engelhartzel—if such it may be called—is only composed of a few neatly built houses, and occupies a

delightful ſpot. A vaſt phalanx of mountains compoſe the bank in face of which it ſtands. Their flinty ſurfaces are covered with a gentle vegetation, and form a delicious picture, diverſified with ſhades of verdure pleaſingly blended. The veſſel was here, agreeable to eſtabliſhed rule, unroofed, in order to facilitate the examination of its contents, and to guard againſt the artifices of a falſe roof. All things were reſtored to their juſt order in the concluſion, and the luggage of the ſeveral paſſengers replaced.

Our evening was ſpent with great gaiety. An officer in the Auſtrian ſervice quartered in the town joined us at table; and told us ſome articles of French news, which I could have related to him a fortnight paſt, but which—from the air of importance with which he communicated them—I was obliged to receive with ſurpriſe. Governments appear in this part of Europe diligently to obſtruct the progreſs of political information; and not to ſuffer facts to make their

way among the common claſſes of people, till their notoriety might render farther concealment impracticable. Before quitting the inn, I copied an inſcription, whoſe quaintneſs recommended it to my notice. It was written in letters of gold, upon one of the pannels of an antichamber.

Vivant arma majeſtatis
Vivat Laudon, cum proatis,
Vivat rex, vivat grex
Vivat ſummus
Pontifex.

LETTER CLXIX.

Vienna, October 10, 1792.

IT was between eight and nine o'clock when we left Engelhartzel. The banks of the river continued to exhibit new beauties. The ſhore was for the moſt part formed of rocks, diverſified in a thouſand modes, and inveſted with a charming verdure. The whole compoſed a theatre of majeſtic variety. Upon ſome of theſe rocks

aroſe,

aroſe, in pictureſque grandeur, chateaus ſurrounded by the umbrage of overhanging woods. We were brought on ſhore at a little village called Achach. A few houſes, grouped at the foot of a mountain, formed the whole of this place. We paſſed an hour here, and terminated the voyage of the day at Lintz. I was very much pleaſed with this town. There is an air of elegance in ſome parts of it, and neatneſs pervades the whole. I went to the comedy in the evening, and was amuſed with the performance of the Doctor and Apothecary, an opera of German original, and a great favourite with the Germans, particularly the air which in Engliſh is adapted to the words "Sighing never "gained a maid." This I have heard ſung and whiſtled in almoſt every town through which I have paſſed. We quitted Lintz by ſix o'clock the following morning, and arrived in the evening at Morbach.

Our voyage the latter part of this day was uncommonly intereſting. Within about three leagues of Morbach the river began

to narrow, and the mountains to aſſume an appearance of aſtoniſhing magnificence. We were warned by the boatman, when we ſtood over a village called Krein, that we were about to encounter what the Germans call *Strudels*, and what are in fact whirlpools. We were divided in this ſituation between fear and wonder, admiration and apprehenſion. The waters of the Danube are here encloſed by ſtupendous rocks, whoſe battlements, crowned with chateaus, frowned tremendous over the flood. The river was worked into frightful commotions by the inequality of its bottom and the numerous rocks which ſhoot out of its bed and oppoſe its current. The rapidity with which we ran along theſe curling eddies was ſurpriſing; and the ſucceſſive dangers through which we were paſſing rendered us not indifferent to the motion of the veſſel.

It was in the moment of croſſing one of theſe whirlpools that my eye caught a ſcene of perfect enchantment. The river was extremely

extremely violent and ſonorous; mountains roſe on each ſide to a prodigious height, covered with verdure to their ſummits. A ſmall bridge extended between the ridges of two oppoſite declivities, and continued a romantic and rugged path through the over-arching ſhades. A company of pilgrims were paſſing this bridge at the moment in which we arrived at the ſpot. Theſe, dreſſed in black, proceeded ſingly in ſucceſſion, counting their beads and chaunting their veſpers. The ſimplicity of the pilgrim notes, warbled amidſt theſe elevated regions, excited in me a ſenſation which may be felt, but cannot be deſcribed. We paſſed from ſcene to ſcene this afternoon, and the ſcanty terms of admiration were exhauſted in expreſſing our feelings at the magnitude of that machinery which nature introduces into her ſublime operations. Many of theſe rocks appeared as though compoſed by art from maſſy and uniform blocks, piled upon each other with a regularity ſimilar to the coloſſal ſtructures of ancient

ancient Rome; and, like them, bidding defiance to the depredations of time. The courſe of the river added to the grandeur of this ſcenery. The proſpect was ever bounded, and therefore ever changing. The eye had conſtant leiſure to diſtinguiſh the ſeveral parts, and the imagination anticipated a novelty in the ſucceſſive ſcenes.

At Morbach we climbed a very laborious aſcent, in order to viſit a church which is held in great reverence, and reſorted to by pilgrims from very diſtant parts. The Catholics, like the ancient Idolators, are very much attached to mountain worſhip; and, like the Jews, as reproached by the Prophets, raiſe many an altar upon *the high hills*. This church was richly decorated with ornaments of various kinds, and the muſic was not without its charms; yet the path to it was ſo difficult, that I, who had no vow to ſolemnize, thought my labours very ill repaid by the privilege of bending at this holy ſhrine. In returning from this expedition to Morbach, we paſſed ſome pil-

grims,

grims, who muttered ſome words which I took for a ſalute, and repaid by wiſhing them a good night. A German overhearing me, explained that the words uttered by the pilgrims were "Gelobet ſey Jeſus Chriſtus!" "Praiſed be Jeſus Chriſt!" and that the anſwer I ſhould have given is "En "ewigkeit," "To eternity." This I found to be the common ſalutation. They utter the words ſo faſt, that without aſſiſtance I ſhould never have diſcovered their meaning. Our voyage of the following day was planned for Vienna, but a denſe fog prevented our embarking as intended. By nine the fog diſperſed, and by two in the afternoon we were brought aſhore at Cremz. Here we were to reſt till the next day. The pleaſanteſt circumſtance attending this town was its nearneſs to the place of our deſtination. At Vienna we arrived the following morning, and this completed our voyage of twelve days.

LETTER CLXX.

Vienna, Oct. 13, 1792.

I HAVE been now nearly a week at Vienna, and, under the conduct of the Heſſian Officer, to whom I have before introduced you, am lodged in one of the fauxbourgs called the Joſeph-Stadt, at a houſe where he aſſured me I ſhould meet with honeſty and good treatment. I have been preſented by him to ſome few perſons, among others to the Major *de la Place*. The advantage gained by theſe introductions is a reciprocal ſalute in paſſing. The firſt two or three days were extremely foggy and cold, but lately the weather has become fine, and the city has appeared to great advantage. I am delighted with Vienna; the houſes are in general well built; many of the ſhops are brilliant, and vie with thoſe of London in the rich diſplay of merchandize. The town

appears

appears very ſtrongly fortified, and the ramparts form a delicious promenade. All the fauxbourgs are ſeparated from the city by a conſiderable area, and the communication is formed by roads for carriages, and very excellent gravel-walks, ſhaded with trees, for thoſe who go on foot. Theſe alleys, for ſuch they are, would be dangerous in dark evenings, but that they are extremely well lighted up immediately after ſun-ſet, and centinels placed at proper diſtances.

I have been to three theatres: the firſt of theſe was that called Caernerthore, as being ſituated near that gate—in German, Thor—which opens towards Carinthia. This is a very handſome theatre, and of conſiderable ſize. The performances here are not regular. It ſeems a ſort of *theatre of caſe* to that called the National. The Italian Opera is uſually given alternately at theſe two theatres. The ballets are got up with great brilliancy, the decorations are magnificent, and the band of performers extremely reſpectable, though the expence

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is very moderate. Seats in the *Place*, or pit, where a man, in obedience to fashion, pays the most, in order to see the least, and be the worst accommodated, bear no higher price than half-a-crown. The second theatre to which I was conducted is stiled the *Wiedner*. This is in the fauxbourgs. It can boast of no great beauty. Its principal excellence arises from the musicians and singers, who support the whimsical performances here exhibited. The pieces represented in this theatre are usually of a metaphorical description, and abound in magic and metamorphose. I was much entertained with the representation of the favorite burletta of the Magical Flute. The scenery was varied in a thousand grotesque forms, and the wonderful powers of the magical flute gave birth to many humourous events. The stile of composition, though perfectly unnatural, and even monstrous, was yet, by the ingenuity of the author, neither uninteresting nor inelegant. The music was simple and characteristic,

assorted well with the composition, and added to the enchantment of the action the more potent magic of sweet sounds. This species of dramatic entertainment is novel and delicious. Founded upon the fictions of imagination, it sets probability at defiance, and justifies the wildest caprice of genius.

I cannot yet relish the German serious song, and much doubt if I ever shall. I think it wants character: perhaps I want taste. The comic songs amuse me. *There* I am less shocked at the guttural exertions of the singer; as he repeats his words rapidly, I hear less of that harshness which renders this language an ill accompaniment to the melting tones of a tender strain. Figure to yourself a man executing a *Largo*, and measuring out his uncouth words to the lengthened notes—figure to yourself two-thirds of these, words of a guttural termination; and then conceive the singer trilling upon a term which he cannot express without labour, or straining through a semi-

breve, which ſeems with difficulty to eſcape his throat—Could you liſten with pleaſure, or even with patience?

The third theatre I have viſited is in the Joſeph-Stadt, where I reſide. This theatre is very ſmall, and of no great reputation. I ſhall ſcarcely make it a ſecond viſit, unleſs induced by its proximity to my lodging. You will think me arrogant, in giving ſo decidedly my opinion upon the public theatres, who underſtand ſo little of the language. But you muſt obſerve, that I confine my remarks to muſical pieces; and the ſubſerviency of poetry to muſic is now ſo univerſal, that very little knowledge of language is neceſſary to criticiſm. Antiently words were deemed of ſome importance, but modern taſte has otherwiſe decreed. Sentiment is baniſhed for the ſake of *expreſſion*, and ſenſe is ſuperſeded by ſound.

LETTER CLXXI.

Vienna, Oct. 15, 1792.

I HAVE ſeen the Emperor. The parade on Saturday was unuſually brilliant, and the Emperor, accompanied by his brother the Palatine of Hungary, appeared. He makes no great figure in the field, and I ſuſpect by his countenance, that he ſhews to as little advantage in the cabinet. His features indicate that ſort of tranquillity which is allied rather to dulneſs than benignity. In ſhort, I read nothing in his phyſiognomy which marks the ſoldier or the politician. The parade afforded a very ſplendid ſight, as ſome of the fineſt troops in Europe here performed their evolutions, and the field was covered with officers of rank.

Two days paſt I attended a repreſentation, which from its novelty was intereſting, but

from whoſe cruelty I turn with horror. This is called the Hetz, or combat of wild beaſts. It was exhibited on a ſpacious amphitheatre, not built like the antient Roman amphitheatres of maſſy ſtone, but of a light conſtruction. A triple row of galleries encircle that area which is allotted to the combats. The opening of the ceremony was announced by the firing of a piſtol, when the maſter of the beaſts proceeded to the centre of the Arena, and cracked with great violence a long whip. This was the ſignal for the keepers to throw open the mouth of the den, and let out that beaſt which was to ſuſtain the firſt combat. The ſeveral dens are under the galleries, upon a level with the Arena, the mouths opening directly upon it. The animal that firſt entered was a bear, upon whom two furious dogs were ſhortly let in. Theſe chaſed him ſome time, till at length they faſtened upon him, and brought him to the ground, when the maſter and his crew entering, looſened the dogs from their prey, and the bear was remanded

manded to his priſon. To this ſucceeded many ſimilar engagements between the dogs and other beaſts, which afforded vaſt diverſion to the ſpectators, who crowned every victory with ſhouts of triumph. The effect of theſe united acclamations reminded me of the ſingular ſtructure which the Romans have given thoſe edifices appropriated to the purpoſes of public ſpectacles. The walls in the Circus of Caracalla are thickly ſown with urns and hollow earthen veſſels, doubtleſs in order to give the greateſt poſſible effect to thoſe ſhouts which mark the ſpectators applauſe.

The ſcene which moſt amuſed me in this repreſentation was that in which the whole tribe of ſavages were let out together. Theſe were bears of all nations, Hungarian oxen, buffaloes, wolves, and wild boars, attacking each other in all directions, and engaging in a thouſand varied combats. There was a moſt noble lion let out, who exhibited a majeſtic ſpectacle. He regarded the ſpectators with a collected aſpect; and

ſeating himſelf upon his hind quarters, received all the attacks of dogs and beaſts with a frown of defiance, and a roar which ſhook the theatre. At the cloſe of this repreſentation a ſuperb firework was played off from a board, which was elevated to a conſiderable height in the air. To this board a bear clung with his paws, and aſcending with it, continued ſuſpended till the whole of the firework was played off. It was very extraordinary to ſee the beaſt in this ſituation, enveloped with ſparks and flame. I was curious to know how this is effected, and was informed that the board is ſmeared with blood; and as theſe animals are nearly ſtarved, in order to keep them furious, the ſcent of the blood fixes the animal. In addition to this, the actor of this great ſcene is conſtantly regaled when he deſcends, with a piece of fleſh prepared for that purpoſe. The neglect of this accuſtomed bounty is ſaid to have proved fatal to the former maſter of theſe animals. The bear deſcending from his frightful elevation,

elevation, and not receiving inſtantaneouſly his expected morſel, faſtened upon the maſter, and tore him mortally before he could be diſengaged. As this is an exhibition which humanity can find little to delight in, I was aſtoniſhed to ſee, in caſting my eyes around, ſo many female ſpectators attending this bloody ſpectacle, which ſeems indeed ſcarcely compatible with the police of a civilized ſtate.

The Heſſian officer quitted me yeſterday. He is gone to join his regiment in Hungary. His departure has left me more at liberty in the choice of my purſuits, yet I feel a loſs in him of a friend, a companion, and an interpreter. A novice in the language, unknowing and unknown, I feel the inconveniences of ſolitude, but apprehend ſtill greater from ſociety. While the Heſſian continued with me I feared neither impoſition nor violence; the ſcale may turn upon his departure. I am therefore determined to change my quarters, and ſeek a reſidence within the walls of the city.

LETTER CLXXII.

Vienna, Oct. 18, 1792.

I ACQUAINTED you in my laſt of my intention to quit the quarters in which I then reſided. After two days ſearch, I am now lodged for a month to my ſatisfaction in a very convenient part of the town. My landlady, who is a very pretty *brunette*, of about five or ſix and twenty, ſerves my coffee in a morning, and I am treated with all poſſible attention and civility. As my object in paſſing a month at Vienna is to acquire ſome knowledge of the language, I have taken ſome pains to procure a maſter. The circumſtances attending this ſearch are not a little ridiculous. My firſt application was to a banker, who recommended me to a bookſeller, as one that would ſuit my purpoſe. When I waited upon the bookſeller, I was ſo diſcouraged by the ſeeming im-

portance of the man, that I did not venture to aſk him directly if he were a language-maſter, but whether ſuch a character were not lodged in the houſe. He anſwered me in the negative. I expreſſed my ſurprize at the error into which I had been led. He requeſted to know the name of the perſon to whom I was recommended. I repeated his own. He then acknowledged, that three years paſt he did give leſſons in the language, but ſince that time he had renounced it.

My next application was to a great adept, who, I was told, would teach me the German in its grammatical purity. After beating about in many obſcure and narrow ſtreets, I at length found the houſe in which he was ſaid to lodge, and climbing to the higheſt ſtory, was informed, that Monſieur was not at home, but would certainly return to dinner at twelve o'clock. As it wanted but little of that time, I agreed to wait his arrival. In about a quarter of an hour a conceited figure entered the room ſuddenly,

his hair well powdered, and his hat in his hand, and approaching me with an air of familiarity, declared how glad he was to ſee me. But ſoon correcting himſelf, and regarding me with a look of ſurprize, requeſted to know my buſineſs, declaring that he had miſtaken me for a friend, whom he expected to dine with him. Upon my explaining the occaſion of my viſit, he appeared more embarraſſed than the bookſeller had been, wondered how I could have miſtaken him for a teacher of the languages, and who could have put ſo egregious an impoſition upon me. Being ſomewhat at a loſs to defend myſelf, I named to him my informer and conductor, of whom he could not be ignorant. He then confeſſed, that about five or ſix years ago he did give aſſiſtance in the languages to perſons of ſome conſideration, but that being now particularly occupied at COURT, he had not leiſure to oblige me. A third gentleman to whom I have applied, tells me, he is no maſter himſelf, but that, if I will

call

call on him in about three days, he will endeavour to obtain the *addreſs* of ſome perſon of that profeſſion. Thus it appears that if I waited their leiſure to commence my German ſtudies, the period of my labors would be very ſhort. I therefore reſolved to waſte no more time in a fruitleſs ſearch for aſſiſtance, and am now endeavouring to become my own maſter.

I find the manner of living at Vienna very different from what I have been accuſtomed to ſee on the continent. They have a vaſt variety in their diſhes, and in general eat of all. *This* has gained them the character of gluttony, rather than the quantity which they conſume. For my own part, I have ſeldom made a dinner out of their apparent abundance. Their diſhes are numerous, yet formed of ſcraps, ſophiſticated into all the varieties of epicureaniſm. For each of theſe they have invented a term, unknown to all but themſelves, which renders eating a perfect ſci-

ence,

ence, and the command of a dinner no eaſy taſk.

Early after my arrival at Vienna, I fell into a diverting embarraſſment at one of theſe eating-houſes. The Heſſian being to dine out, conducted me to a houſe of much reſort in the city, and aſſuring me that I ſhould there dine well, left me to provide for myſelf. Upon entering the room, and ſeeing many different parties, I placed myſelf at a table where no one elſe was, in order not to be attacked in a language I was ſo little acquainted with. Upon ſeeing me ſeated, the *Keller*, as he is called, brought me a very long bill of fare, containing an immenſe number of articles. I quickly diſcovered that this was by me wholly illegible. I therefore returned it to him, intreating him to read it. He read on however ſo faſt, and repeated names ſo unfamiliar to me, that I continued profoundly ignorant. In order to abridge the matter, I requeſted him to bring me a ſoup. This being

being dispatched, he renewed his application. For this I was prepared, and asked for *Rhindsfleisch*, or *bouilli*. This dish being also cleared, neither he nor I thought the dinner complete. He pressed me to another dish: I had no objection; but what was it to be? and how to ask for it? I requested him again to rehearse his catalogue. Among the hard names repeated, hearing that of *Saur-kraut*, I arrested him in his progress, and demanded *kraut*. But unfortunately *kraut* signifies only the vegetable, and is never eaten alone. He therefore wished to know what I would eat with it. Thus provoked, I caught at the first name he mentioned, and hastily demanded *brodwurst*, a term of which I could not guess the meaning, but which proved in the end to be a sausage.

LETTER CLXXIII.

Vienna, Oct. 20, 1792.

I KNOW not how far the little incidents which I meet with in my preſent contracted mode of travel may intereſt you. Although courts and ſuperior ſocieties ceaſe to regiſter my name, this neither ſhocks nor alarms me. I have had a view of thoſe circles, where mankind meet for the purpoſe of parting; where the exhibition of dreſs takes place of the expanſion of the heart, and where ceremonious ſilence is ſubſtituted for chearful converſation. Little is to be read of the human character in ſuch circles, where artificial forms ſupplant natural qualities, and faſhion dreſſes the temper of all in the ſame uniform. The lot therefore which renders me unworthy ſuch exalted notice, throws me into a field where my heart finds a better feaſt, and

my

my mind more ample inſtruction. I avail myſelf of that freedom which my ſituation affords, to mix with all who viſit the public walks of ſociety, and derive amuſement from thoſe who ſeek it in me.

The number of Italians who reſide in this city is very conſiderable, not leſs, on a medium computation, than twenty thouſand; and the Italian language is more ſpoken at Vienna than the French. Its univerſality opens to me a communication with many whom I meet in the places of public reſort, and ſupplies thoſe chaſms which cannot but happen when I venture to converſe in the language of the country. This latter I am very ſedulous to maſter. To maintain that independence which my ſituation affords, and which I ſo highly value, is not without its difficulties. My firſt embarraſſment aroſe from ſome ſingularities in my dreſs, which made me an object of notice. I had been diſtinguiſhed for ſome time by the title of the *Frenchman with the white hat*, ere I became acquainted

with it. I ſoon however removed this attraction of the public eye; and in order that I might blend ſtill more ſecurely with the maſs of the people, provided myſelf with boots which covered my knees, and ſeldom ventured to theatres or coffee-houſes without my cloak. Thus I glided on unperceived, and, till I ſpoke, was never betrayed.

There are three kinds of people againſt which I have to guard; I mean, in the firſt place, adventurers or cheats; ſecondly, good ſort of people, who have few ideas beyond feaſting and lounging; and thirdly, my own countrymen. My ſuſpicions as to the firſt of theſe were greatly excited by an incident which recently happened to me at the little theatre in the Joſeph-Stadt. I was ſeated in a part of the pit in which was very little company, but had obſerved a young man for ſome time evidently preparing to addreſs me. At the cloſe of the act he came up and remarked to me, in German, how thin the houſe was; and, upon perceiving

perceiving that I did not acquit myſelf very well in my counter obſervations, he aſked me if I was a Frenchman. On my appearing to aſſent, he expreſſed himſelf rejoiced at finding a Frenchman, as he wiſhed very much for an opportunity of converſing in that language. At the concluſion of the repreſentation I begun to move. He aſked me if I was alone, and where I lived. Deſirous, for good reaſons, to keep theſe ſecrets, I replied evaſively. Upon our iſſuing amongſt the crowd, he requeſted me to tell him what it was o'clock. Without anſwering his queſtion, I preſſed on, and ſtopped not till I arrived at my lodging.

My next adventure happened ſome days paſt at a houſe where I was accuſtomed to dine. I had ſeated myſelf at a table where I hoped to eſcape interruption, when two gentlemen entered, and diſpoſed themſelves in ſuch a manner, that I, who occupied the corner of the table, was between them. They ſoon begun a converſation in Engliſh, though not the pureſt poſſible. I affected

no ſurprize, but continued to dine. The converſation at length turned upon me; the one inſinuating his ſuſpicions that I was an Engliſhman, the other offering to bet two to one upon the contrary. I perſiſted in my ſilence, and drank my glaſs of wine. At length, finding they could not provoke me to loquacity, the gentleman to my left, who had planted a great dog between us, hoped he did not incommode me. I replied in ſuch a manner as to gain him his wager. I was now no longer exempt from their importunities. They wiſhed to know the whole of my hiſtory; the object of my coming to Vienna, the length of time I propoſed to ſtay, and where I lodged, dined, and ſupped. Upon the gentleman on the left quitting us for a few minutes, his friend took an opportunity of hinting to me, that the Officer was extremely rich, "worth more than a mil-" lion." He ſoon rejoined us, and requeſted with his friend to conduct me the following day to a houſe where I ſhould dine off ſeven diſhes for thirty kreutzers, and meet very

very good company. To this I acceded, and the rendezvous was given for the Imperial Riding-School, whence, at the time appointed, they conducted me to a house in the *Kohl-marckt*. Here we dined sumptuously, and saw an assemblage of what appeared to be persons of no mean condition. These new friends were so desirous of relieving my solitude, that they wished to make still further assignations, the honour of which I chose to decline.

My third rencontre took place two or three evenings past, at a very fashionable coffee-house in this city, where I go to read the English papers. I was seated in a corner, in the act of reading an English Gazette, when a gentleman entered, whose appearance marked him for an Englishman. He regarded me in a manner very particular, and shortly after took his seat near me. Taking advantage of his state of doubt, I addressed him, to his visible surprize, in German, and to give strength to the deception, took up my cloak, threw it

over my ſhoulder, and left the coffee-room. I avoid my countrymen, not from want of a juſt patriotiſm, but on conſiderations founded in reaſon and experience. The generality of thoſe Engliſhmen abroad, who ſeek accidental acquaintance, may be ſet down as characters of no very fair deſcription; hoping, from unſuſpecting confidence, in the aſylum of a foreign country, to be at leaſt ſhielded from obloquy—perhaps exalted into eſteem.

LETTER CLXXIV.

Vienna, Oct. 22, 1792.

THE obſervance of Sunday in England has no parallel in Europe. London exhibits on that day a ſtillneſs and a ſolemnity which mark the public appropriation of a ſeventh portion of time to the worſhip of the Deity; and the law of the land evidently ſpeaks only the ſenſe of the people. In other countries this interval of labor is

devoted almoſt entirely to the purpoſes of amuſement; and in no city of the continent is the rigor of the Moſaic law held of leſs account than at Vienna. The dawn of this day is indeed conſecrated to religion; bells are ringing throughout the city, and the churches thronged at an early hour. The performance of this duty ſeems to be conſidered as the acquittal of what is to enſue; nor is the ſacrifice ſevere; for no-where have I heard more delicious muſic than in the churches at Vienna. It is among my moſt favorite amuſements to attend maſs at the cathedral on a Sunday morning, where an excellent band of muſicians, concealed from public obſervation, perform moſt admirably. The ceremonies of devotion ended, the ſtreets begin to enliven, the public places of reſort to fill, and every countenance to glow. The corners of every ſtreet are covered with *affiches*, publiſhing the pleaſurable inventions of the day's amuſement—operas, plays, marionettes, muſic, dances, and dinners. If you may

credit these public bills, all is more festive this day than on the other six: the opera is more brilliant, and the wild beasts of the Amphitheatre are more savage.

In summer the grand rendezvous is the Prater. This is a delicious spot of ground, distributed into alleys, walks, and rides, and open to all ranks of people. Joseph II. threw open this source of amusement to the inhabitants of Vienna, which now forms a favorite spot of general resort. Here, on the Sunday, all ranks are found assembled; the rich to roll their equipages, and the poor to admire them; the vain to exhibit themselves, and the curious to gaze on others. Here industry relaxes from labor, and melancholy from spleen. Notwithstanding the approach of the winter months, its charms are not yet departed. The wood which covers it, is not yet stripped of its foliage, though the chilling winds that now blow, are committing severe ravages upon this charming scenery. The *Lusthaus*, as it is named, is not much frequented

quented at this period of the year, as the delicious proſpects which adorn it in the pride of ſummer no longer exiſt. There is another place of public reſort in the ſummer ſeaſon, which muſt at that time poſſeſs great beauty, ſtiled the *Augarten*. The vaſt area which is here covered with all the varieties of wood and promenade, was, together with the Prater, formed, at vaſt expence, into this garden of public diverſion, by Joſeph II. and by him laid open to all ranks of men. An inſcription, which announces this generous bequeſt, upon the principal entrance, does ſingular honour to the philanthropy of this emperor. The ſenſe of it is as follows:

This Place of Amuſement
is devoted to
All Ranks of Men
by
The FRIEND of MAN.

Theſe are the two principal places of public reſort, where the inhabitants of this city

aſſemble upon Sundays and feſtivals, to purſue their favorite amuſement of eating and drinking, and to breathe an uncorrupted air. Next to feaſting, dancing ſeems to predominate in the ſcale of amuſements with the people of Vienna. Numerous houſes are appropriated to this purpoſe on the Sundays. Among the moſt celebrated in this line ſtands that diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of *Moonſhein*. Independent of theſe public rooms, which are not deſtitute of ſplendor, an infinity of dancing-maſters open their little chambers on this gaudy day; and not an alley or court in the city but has it *Tanzmeiſter*, and he a *Tanzſaal*, for the diverſion of the public. As my travelling pride has never been equal to my fondneſs for novelty, and is now ſtill leſs ſo than ever, I was determined to viſit one of theſe inferior places of rendezvous, and requeſted my landlady to conduct me, on a public occaſion, to that where ſhe was accuſtomed to go. This ſhe readily conſented to do, and I was preſented

to

to the Tanzmeiſter, who ſtood at the door to receive the company. The dance was in its full brilliancy when I arrived; and to ſuch a ſcene I had never before been witneſs. They were dancing the *Valtz* with a rapidity and violence which I ſhould have conceived unattainable. The dance ended, each retired or not, as he thought proper, to drink wine, or beer, which is here a more expenſive beverage than wine. After a very ſhort interval, the dances renewed, and I had an opportunity of remarking the progreſſion in time which they obſerve in the Valtz. It is firſt played *ſlow*, as they ſtile it, and they move in what they conceive an adagio, but which appears to me as ſwift as the Valtz is uſually danced in Switzerland. The time then changed into *quick*, which accelerated the motion of the dancers. From this it paſſed into *very quick*, and then commenced the conteſt for ſpeed. Thoſe whoſe talents for rapidity ſurpaſſed the reſt, frequently broke out of the ranks, and exhibiting a few turns in the centre, ſtruck in

where they found an opening, and thus continued to diſtance all that followed them. As the length of their ſtep is conſiderable, and the force with which they move very great, I was under the neceſſity of taking my ſtation behind a chair, in order to ſave myſelf from being carried away in the vortex. There were in the courſe of the evening ſeveral falls, occaſioned by the claſh of oppoſite parties. This, however, only contributed to heighten the amuſement, in which order and grace were never deſigned to make a part. Myſelf and my conductreſs mixed not in the dance, ſhe kindly excuſing me on my aſſuring her that I could not perform ſuch rapid evolutions.

As I had entered the room wrapped up in my cloak, little attention had been paid to me; but having now been forced, by the violent heat which this vaſt agitation of the atmoſphere produced, to take it off, I became more the ſubject of notice. Having therefore ſatisfied my curioſity, I took my leave; the Tanzmeiſter hoping that this

would not be the laſt honor I ſhould do him. I was aſtoniſhed, on paying the reckoning, to eſcape for twelve kreutzers, which comprehended not only the entertainments of the evening, but a bottle of very excellent beer; the Tanzmeiſter uniting, as I found, the profeſſions of a dancing-maſter and vintner.

LETTER CLXXV.

Vienna, Oct. 24, 1792.

THE town of Vienna makes a very handſome figure when entered at the Bourg-gate. The ſtreet called the Kohl Marckt here opens, and preſents very well built houſes, handſome ſhops, and a crowded population. The ſtreet which opens upon the Caernerthore, and which is the longeſt ſtreet in the city, wants not a certain kind of beauty; yet derives its principal dignity from its length, and the right line in which

it

it is built. The Herrn ſtreet is another, which, with reſpect to the houſes, may rank among the beſt that Vienna can boaſt. There are ſome ſquares, as we improperly call them in England, but which the Germans, as well as the French and Italians, more properly denominate *Places*. The word in the German is *Platz*, correſponding to the French *Place*, and the Italian *Piazza*.

One of the principal is ſtiled the *Platz Graben*. This is a very handſome area, and of conſiderable ſize. It is ſurrounded with ſhops, coffee-houſes, and temporary booths; and the centre is adorned with a permanent monument of Auſtrian orthodoxy, raiſed as a teſtimony of public gratitude. A plague in the year 1679 had committed dreadful ravages among the inhabitants of Vienna, and the deliverance from this deſtructive malady produced this column. It is conſecrated to the Holy Trinity. Many are the monuments raiſed to the *bon Dieu*, the Madonna, and St. Francis, who are the favou-

rite

rite objects of Catholic devotion; but a column of marble raised to the Trinity in the centre of a public square—is, I believe, unique. The column is ingeniously imagined: it has three faces; and above the base it is formed by clouds, among which two rows of angels stand as supporters, in ranks above each other. Over these, and upon the necks of a million little cherubs, the Father and Son are placed—the one bearing the emblem of a globe, and the other a cross. The Holy Ghost, in his usual hieroglyphic of a dove, crowns the column. The execution of the sculptor is highly celebrated; and, with all its singularities, it is a considerable ornament to this part of the town. The Platz Graben is the nocturnal promenade of a certain class of ladies. In the afternoon it is usually crowded with fops, bucks, petit-maitres, and loungers. As muffs are fashionable here for men, I am frequently disgusted by figures skipping upon this public walk with these ridiculous appendages of an immense size, and whistling

ling a little lap-dog who follows at their heels.

The Platz of the Hof, or court, is alſo very handſome, and of ſome extent. It is at preſent covered with booths and temporary ſhops, conſtructed for the fair, which is ſhortly to begin. This fair, I underſtand, will contribute nothing to the amuſements of the place, being devoted wholly to the purpoſes of merchandiſe and traffic. A monument of bronze, which ſpeaks more loudly the devotion than the taſte of its conſtructors, occupies the centre of this place, and deforms the general appearance. It is a column of bronze crowned by a ſtatue of the Virgin, and conſecrated to her by the ſame Leopold, who raiſed the monument before mentioned to the Trinity. The national theatre is a very handſome ſtructure. This is ſituated amongſt thoſe edifices which form the court, and is under the direction of the court. Here Italian operas and German comedies are uſually given alternately—it is more antient and leſs brilliant than the *Kaernnerthore*.

nerthore. In addition to this are the theatres in the Leopoldſtadt, that in the Landſtraſſe, and ſome others of leſs note. The firſt of theſe is upon a ſimilar plan to that in the *Wiedener.* Here alſo are exhibited thoſe monſtrous ſcenes of magic and ſorcery, which now rage ſo much in the theatricals of Vienna; and which, by the aid of that excellent muſic by which they are ſupported, poſſeſs no ordinary degree of merit.

I was much ſurpriſed ſome evenings paſt when at the national theatre, to ſee the little deference paid to the Emperor and Empreſs, who honored the Italian opera with their company. They were ſeated in a private box, nor was it till late in the evening that I was informed of the circumſtance. The preſence of theſe exalted perſonages did not appear to affect in the leaſt either the performers or the audience. I could not help making a compariſon between the introduction of the king and queen of England at the London theatres, with the noiſeleſs entrance of their Imperial majeſtics. The

opera

opera neither waited their time, nor the actors their command. I obſerved between the acts, that thoſe who choſe to wear their hats, did not refuſe themſelves that pleaſure out of reſpect to theſe Imperial viſitors, who on their part ſeemed not to expect it. This is the general feature of all ranks in Vienna, that whatever diſtinctions exiſt in rank, fortune, or office—all blend in public upon a line of equality.

In juſtice to Vienna I muſt declare, that in no town throughout Europe have I ſeen more real freedom, or—as far as appears—more complete independence. There are gates in Vienna which are open the whole night, and uninterrupted ingreſs and egreſs are allowed to the moſt contemptible plebeian. Loudly as *egalité* may be preached in ſome countries, whoſe political theories may be more pure, a greater virtual equality in the conduct of life cannot eaſily ſubſiſt; notwithſtanding the maſs of feudality that clogs the machine of government, more perſonal ſafety remains to the ſubject than

France,

France, under her new conſtitution, can boaſt; and the form of government being regarded as immutable, no jealouſies are excited on the part of the people, by new tyrannies on the part of their governors.

LETTER CLXXVI.

Vienna, October 26, 1792.

I KNOW no amuſement ſuperior to that which a man derives, from unobſerved ſpeculation on the conduct of others. The world has often been compared to a theatre; yet it is only ſo to thoſe, whoſe obſervation is awake to the ſcenes that paſs, and who regard all around them as actors in the drama. Every ſituation does not leave the mind ſufficiently independent to purſue this enjoyment. Where the varieties of character are to be read, the man of faſhion muſt ſeldom be found; and the haunts moſt fertile in leſſons of nature, are

not

not acceſſible to all. I know not whether you bluſh for your correſpondent, who, liberated from thoſe ſhackles which high rank and fortune impoſe, enjoys all that independance, which chooſes its pleaſures without control, and purſues its choice without reſerve.

I have already introduced you to ſome ſcenes in humble life which had attracted my notice, and from which I derived no ſmall amuſement. Others I have viſited from the ſame curious motives, and theſe have recompenſed me with equal pleaſure. Diligent to avoid notice, I change repeatedly my houſe of reſort, and ſeldom mix twice in the ſame ſociety. I fall willingly into converſation with any one who offers, and exhibit no reſerve at the firſt interview; but if he good humouredly pities my ſolitude, and offers his ſervices to introduce me to company, our acquaintance is at an end. Hence my dining-houſes are infinitely varied, and I have at leaſt the diverſion of change, though change is not always improvement.

provement. In all these houses the custom is, to give every man his portion separate; insomuch that though numbers dine at the same table, they seldom dine in common. In almost all the dining-houses here, a bill of fare, containing a vast collection of dishes, is written out, and the prices affixed to each article. As the people of Vienna eat of variety, the calculation at the conclusion of the repast would appear somewhat embarrassing; this, however, is done by mechanical habit with great speed. The custom is for the party who has dined, to name the dishes, his quantity of bread and wine. The keller, who attends on this occasion, follows every article you name, with the sum which this adds to the calculation; and the whole is performed, to whatever amount, without ink or paper. It is curious to hear this ceremony, which is muttered with great gravity, yet performed with accuracy and dispatch. It is inconceivable how numerous these houses are in Vienna, to which we have in England no-

thing that correſponds exactly. There is ſomething remarkably pleaſant in this mode of living. An evening ſeldom paſſes in theſe houſes without muſic, and the German dances have an air of vivacity and cheerfulneſs ſuperior to all others.

I have been often regaled by a ſtrolling band at one of theſe houſes; where, deeming myſelf totally unknown, I was accuſtomed to paſs an evening hour. I uſually entered this, wrapped in my cloak, and took my ſeat in a corner of the room, where I might regiſter what paſſed without attracting notice. A principal part of my amuſement aroſe from the warm debates of ſome worthy citizens, who, having diſpatched the buſineſs of the day, were relaxing their minds with a little politics. I was diverted to hear theſe great perſonages regulating the affairs of empires—leading the combined armies into the heart of France, by a ſhorter cut than the Duke of Brunſwick had taken—making the rebels own their lawful king, and receive their expatriated princes.

I had

I had remarked every night that I frequented this houſe, a little man of uncouth figure, and unpropitious phyſiognomy; and had obſerved him conſtantly twirling a large key over his finger, whenever he entered into converſation, and ſtriking this forcibly againſt the table, when he wiſhed to eſtabliſh his argument or ſilence his adverſary. I was aſtoniſhed to find ſo much wit and pleaſantry in his diſcourſe. He rallied with much vivacity all nations, and all governments—but his own. He thought that France and Switzerland, which boaſted of the pureſt conſtitutions, had leſs liberty than the Auſtrians, whoſe conſtitution of government he owned was the worſt. "In "Switzerland," ſaid he, "a man cannot "ſpeak his ſentiments without hazard of "impriſonment, nor in France without the "danger of decapitation; while in Vienna "a man may indulge himſelf in all free-"dom of remark, and runs no riſk, till he "lends his aid to plots, cabals, and conſpi-"racies."

There are, however, diſcontents at Vienna; and, were there all that freedom of ſpeech on which the orator inſiſted, the coffee-houſes would reſound with the complaints and remonſtrances of the people. On the various topics he ran over, he expreſſed himſelf with great vehemence, took much ſnuff, and ſmote frequently with his key. Some intelligence which I picked up from the houſe has acquainted me, that he has lately married a very pretty woman; and that every evening when he leaves her, he locks the door, and pockets the key. I will make no apology for theſe colorings after nature—however remote from the ſplendid ſcenes of life: my fortune has at preſent thrown me into thoſe walks of ſociety, where higher incidents cannot occur.

LETTER CLXXVII.

Vienna, Oct. 29, 1792.

VIENNA is a city ſingularly built, in the centre of its fauxbourgs, and derives its name from the Wien which laves its walls, and falls into the Danube. That arm of this laſt river, which paſſes under the walls of Vienna, though ſmall, gives to this town great commercial advantages by its navigation. The town itſelf, ſtrictly taken, poſſeſſes not more than three miles circumference, though the fauxbourgs are eſtimated at four German, or upwards of twenty Engliſh miles. The promenades upon the ramparts are very delicious, and command very extenſive and intereſting proſpects. The climate appears to be very variable, and the weather admits of ſudden and violent changes. The heat is ſaid to be

extreme in ſummer, and the cold is now ſevere. All the inhabitants are wrapped in the thickeſt clothing; the ladies wear dreſſes lined with warm furs, and the gentlemen envelope themſelves in bear-ſkins. All the ſhops are now filled with theſe winter robes; and the fair, which is now commenced, has little elſe to exhibit, but caps, cloaks, boots, &c. made of the ſkins of beaſts. Poëles here—which they call *ofens*—ſupply the place of fires, yet are in my opinion a very bad ſubſtitute. The heat of theſe *ofens* is certainly more general, yet is neither ſo pleaſant nor ſo ſenſible as that which ariſes from a chimney fire. In addition to this, I know no object more cheering than the latter. It is the point of concentration in ſociety, and the ſource of amuſement in ſolitude. There is ſomething ſo ſombrous in theſe machines, which are of great magnitude, and occupy a large angle of the room, in the diverſified forms of urns, pyramids, columns, &c.—that I pity the people who are yet ignorant of that luxury,

luxury, which illumines and animates the darkneſs of winter with its bright and vivifying rays. Goldſmith anticipates the return of the fire-ſide amuſements with poetic ſenſibility.

> I ſtill had hopes—for pride attends us ſtill—
> Amongſt the ſwains to ſhow my book learn'd ſkill;
> Around my *fire* an evening group to draw,
> And talk of all I felt, and all I ſaw.

The ſtreets of Vienna are in general tolerably clean. Such is the nature of the ſoil, that half an hour's rain renders them impaſſible; but then half an hour's wind remedies the evil, and reſtores them to the uſual dryneſs. The winds here are very ſharp, and very quickly work the ſoil into duſt, which they then ſcatter in whirlwinds; and being ſtrongly impregnated with chalky particles, it is ſaid to be very pernicious to the health. The fauxbourgs are extremely pleaſant; and the ſpace which ſeparates them from the fortifications of the city is in ſome places adorned with very handſome houſes, and the communication of that de-

nominated the Joſeph-Stadt with the town, formed by very pleaſant promenades. The houſes are built extremely well, and carried, in many inſtances, to a vaſt height—though the generality do not exceed five ſtories. The ſtaircaſe is uſually of ſtone, and the apartments on each floor ſufficiently numerous to lodge different families. Every houſe is numbered, and the name of every ſtreet affixed at the corner in large legible characters. The town is well lighted; the range of the fauxbourgs when illuminated —which is only in the abſence of the moon —forms a very ſtriking ſpectacle, and is by the inhabitants conſidered as ſuperior to the illumination of London itſelf.

They reckon here ſeven hundred hackney coaches, in general handſome, and drawn by very excellent horſes. It is, however, a fault in the police, that the fares are not regulated by any fixed or general ſtandard. The character of the people is that of a tranquil claſs of men, more attached to ſenſuality than riot; in the treatment

ment of ſtrangers, liberal and hoſpitable. The charge of gluttony, with which they are ſo commonly ſtigmatized, is not totally without foundation; yet I will venture to ſay, that Vienna does not contain gluttons ſo eminent, as numbers who ſit down to our parochial feaſts or corporation dinners. Good cheer is, indeed, purſued here in every quarter, and mirth is worſhipped in every form; yet the ſtreets are profoundly quiet at all hours of the night; no intemperate revels diſturb the public harmony, and the town is traverſed with the moſt perfect ſecurity. Robberies are very rare in this city, and fires are yet more uncommon. I was witneſs to one, which was announced by a ſignal from the ſteeple of the cathedral, and the farther ravages of this accident ſpeedily prevented.

Vienna ſeems protected by the natural honeſty of the inhabitants, for neither centinels nor watchmen are to be found. The police of Berne is ſaid to be one of the moſt effective and ſucceſsful in Europe; but for

my part, I never paſſed a cheerful hour in the place: nor could I view without horror the ſeverities ariſing from the unrelenting vigilance of that ſtern and jealous government, which prohibits every ſpecies of amuſement, and which eſtabliſhes public order by individual oppreſſion. If perſonal ſafety and civil quiet are to be paid for at the expence of ſuch ſacrifices, I for one would never become a purchaſer. I confeſs to you, I would fly a town—where the utmoſt returns which I obtain for the ſurrender of my liberty and my amuſements—are the boaſt of a free government, and the privilege of moping in melancholy ſecurity. I would rather plunge into the perilous walks of Paris or London, where I might be diverted—though at the hazard of my perſon and my purſe.

LETTER CLXXVIII.

Vienna, October 31, 1792.

MY pen muſt ſtill run upon trifles of the day—Rouſſeau ſhall be my apologiſt—"c'eſt dans les bagatelles," ſays this ſtudent of mankind, "que le naturel ſe decouvre." I was amuſed a day or two paſt at a dinner, to which chance had brought a cluſter of men, whoſe diverſity of figure, nation, and language formed a curious ſcene. Soon after I had ſeated myſelf, an Italian entered the room, who placed himſelf next me; ſhortly after entered two portly Turks, who took alſo their ſeats at the table; laſtly crept in a ſtupid looking German: and thus our company being formed, dinner proceeded. I exchanged a few words with the Italian, who wiſhed to recommend to me the purchaſe of a ſilver ſnuff-box. Very little other converſation paſſed, and that little

little ſeemed reciprocally unintelligible; but the ſingularity of the combination was, to me at leaſt, a ſubject of ſufficient diverſion.

Soon after my arrival at Vienna, myſelf and the Heſſian commenced a very laborious ſearch after Madame V——, our female friend from Zurich, which ended ſucceſsfully. We found her lodged and boarded in a very mean apartment, at the very ſummit of the houſe. Her landlord was a *frauenſchneider* *, who certainly had the talent of converting his apartment, a portion of which was occupied by himſelf and his wife, to very lucrative uſes. Madame V—— admitted the awkwardneſs of her ſituation, but deemed the embarraſſments which ſhe encounters in this miſerable lodging counterbalanced by its nearneſs to the academy, whoſe models ſhe copies, and by the clearneſs of the light which the *attic window* conveys. Here I often paſs an hour or two in the cloſe of the evening, enjoy a very pleaſing converſation, and make a very fru-

* Woman's taylor.

gal

gal repaſt. The Swiſs painter, who uſually attends, is diſpatched to purchaſe for me a bottle of Vienna beer, and Madame V—— provides a brown loaf, upon which we feaſt with primitive luxury. As I have been repeatedly ſolicited, I once ſat down to a participation of the general ſupper, which conſiſted only of a large bowl of potatoes and onions chopped up together. I need ſcarcely inform you, that contentment made one of the party.

My friend the Heſſian, of whom I have ſo often ſpoken, (and from whom I have now, perhaps, for ever, ſeparated,) was a man, whoſe character I cannot contemplate, without feeling for him a ſentiment, in which pity has ſome, but reſpect the greater ſhare. He appeared in no moment of life to have given himſelf the trouble of thinking. The "vivre ſans ſouci" was, in his eſtimation, ſuperior to all the ſplendor of ſcience. I admired the goodneſs of his heart, and was amuſed by the pleaſantneſs of his ſociety; but my purpoſes

poſes of travel were in no degree promoted by his acquaintance. He cared nothing for the productions of learning, or the monuments of art. He had paſſed ſome years in Vienna, yet ſtudied alone thoſe quarters of the town which vended the beſt wine and lodged the prettieſt girls. He wanted indeed neither natural reliſh, nor original capacity, for literary attainments; but the means of cultivating that taſte, and augmenting that capacity, lay not in the route of a military life, of hard ſervice, and haſty pleaſure. Condemned to paſs his days in a country, remote from the land which gave him birth—torn from all that he held dear—I ſaw him chilled by the proſpect, whenever circumſtances brought it into view. Notwithſtanding his long abſence, Darmſtadt ſtill held the firſt place in his affections. "I "have left," ſaid he to me, "my friends; "they are but few, but you cannot conceive "how I adore them. Thoſe friends," would he ſay, while the tear ſtole down his cheek, "whoſe virtues I have proved—of

"whose constancy I am convinced, and "whose image is ever before me." Many are the instances of violent love, but such examples of passionate friendship do not often occur. If the feelings of the latter are less rapturous, they are better calculated for duration: love is, in the maxim of the French, *pour long-tems*—but friendship *pour toujours*.

LETTER CLXXIX.

Vienna, Nov. 2, 1792.

THERE are many edifices at Vienna which merit attention, less from the beauty of their architecture than the treasures they contain. Without descending to particulars, the *tout ensemble* of the metropolis conveys to the mind ideas of magnificence. The entrance at the Bourg gate announces a city of no mean importance. The numerous buildings which form the Court, and the extensive square which these

incloſe, the well-dreſt guards, and the ſuperb equipages, form a *coup d'œil* of conſiderable grandeur. I ſhall not undertake to give you an enumeration of thoſe public edifices which adorn this great capital, nor of the treaſures they poſſeſs. Abler pens have already traced the beauties and the defects of the firſt, and correct catalogues of the ſecond are in the hands of every one. The treaſures of the crown are eſtimated at an immenſe value. The cabinet of antiques has been laid open to the world by the Abbé Eckhel, who has given plates and explications of the moſt rare and remarkable. The arſenals here are in very high repute: I ſaw not their interior, for reaſons whoſe force I was unable to oppoſe. The great mortars and cannon, taken from the Turks at different periods, are preſerved in the grand arſenal: theſe are ſaid to be enormous. The ingenious diſtribution of the ſmall arms is alſo very highly celebrated; this is ſaid to be done in all the varieties of elegant arrangement. I have heard it affirmed, that three

hundred

hundred thouſand ſtand of arms might be taken from this vaſt armoury, without deranging apparently the order of the diſtribution.

Vienna abounds in liberal inſtitutions for the encouragement of the arts. Independent of the univerſity—which is a very noble foundation, and comprehends in its plan every ſpecies of literature—there are public ſchools upon a large ſcale, and academies whoſe reputation is not confined to the circle of their own territory. The academy of the fine arts is furniſhed with copies of the beſt Roman and Florentine ſtatues, as models for the artiſts, who ſtudy within its walls. Its members are numerous, and include ſome very reſpectable names. There is in this city a public pawn-office, under the title of *Lombard*, upon a ſimilar plan with the "Banco di pieta" at Rome. I have alſo obſerved two inſtitutions here, whoſe objects are of the wiſeſt policy. The firſt is a ſeminary for the formation of *ſchool-miſtreſſes*, who are inſtructed in all

points neceſſary to qualify them for that office. The ſecond is an inſtitution cloſely connected with political wiſdom—an aſylum for unplaced ſervants, who are here employed, to prevent the evils of idleneſs, the temptations of beggary. There are other equally politic and humane eſtabliſhments, to receive the wretched and recover the ſick—to remove objects of horror from the public eye, and to provide occupation for thoſe ſuperfluous members, who ſeem born only to clog the wheels of ſociety.

I have viſited ſeveral of the principal churches in Vienna. The cathedral, conſecrated to St. Stephen, is a very magnificent Gothic edifice; the interior is ſpacious, and bears ſtrongly the marks of antiquity. The memory of the great Eugene was revived, by the monument in the cathedral which incloſes his aſhes. The church of St. Peter is very handſome, but ſombre: it is of an oval figure, and covered with marble. The tomb of Wolfgangius, that real and laborious ſcholar, is ſimple, and denoted only

by

by a plain inſcription. The "Hof-kirche," or Court Church, is an elegant edifice, and has its façade upon the *Place* denominated from the court. There is a monument, in the church of the Auguſtines, of a very odious nature. The ſkeleton of St. Clement is here clothed in gold, and extended upon its back; the ſkull bears an handſome tiara: the whole is depoſited upon velvet, and incloſed in a glaſs caſe. This grim figure, in its ſplendid robes, preſents to my eyes a very diſguſting ſpectacle.

In a chapel called, "La Chapelle des "Morts," is the tomb of the famous Mareſchal Laudohn. The medallion of that hero is elevated upon a pyramid, formed of trumpets, cannons, and all the different implements of war. Various parts of this monument are covered with repreſentations of battles, in which of courſe the enemy is deſcribed as flying before the Imperial eagles. Conſonant as this may be to the truth of hiſtory, it ſeems not to find its place here. The laurels of peace alone

ſhould adorn the marble, which records the memory of the dead—if it be the object of theſe public honors, to excite the tear of ſenſibility, or to draw forth the benediction of the pious.

LETTER CLXXX.

Vienna, November 5, 1792.

I ATTENDED divine ſervice yeſterday, at the church of the Reformed, and was very much gratified by the chaſte ſolemnity of the ſcene. The congregation was numerous, and there was this peculiarity in their ſervice, that they chaunted the whole of the pſalms without any accompaniment from an organ. Madam V——, who is a proteſtant, was my conductreſs. In returning from this church, by the way of the cathedral, I obſerved upon an old monument an epitaph, whoſe quaintneſs may divert you—The author is, in his medallion, ſaid to have been "Præfectus Urbis."

Excolui

Excolui primum muſas et Apollinis artes,
Nempe fui medicus tuncque poeta ſimul.
Poſtea me rebus natum majoribus auxit
Cæſar, et ornavit præſidis officio.
Illa igitur noſtro ſunt verba inſcripta ſepulchro
Unica, vixi olim, Cuſpinianus eram.
Hiſtoriæ immenſæ monumenta eterna reliqui,
Vivus in his ſemper Cuſpinianus erit.

I ſhall give you a tranſlation, of about equal merit.

The muſe's firſt I try'd and Galen's art,
And jointly played the bard's and doctor's part.
But fated to ſuſtain a nobler care,
Great Cæſar placed me in the præfect's chair.
Enough, the marble ſpeaks that ſhall proclaim
In ſimple lines Cuſpinianus' name.
The reſt his tomes record, and till they rot,
Cuſpinianus ne'er ſhall be forgot.

My calculations of this morning have led me to decide upon a ſpeedy departure from this place. Upon comparing the weight of my ducats, with the extent of my plans, I felt the neceſſity of withdrawing myſelf from this capital; and, as my advances in the language have put me, in ſome meaſure, upon a level with the natives, I ſhall enter

with more confidence upon the progreſs of my tour through this intereſting country. There is a term in uſe at Vienna, from which, without an extraordinary ſhare of contrivance, I am likely to experience ſome inconvenience. This term is "Andenc-"ken" or, as they vulgarly uſe it, "Anget-tencken"—and indicates a *ſouvenir*, or token of remembrance. All with whom I have any ſort of acquaintance, upon the apprehenſion of my quitting Vienna, have put in their claim for an "Angedencken." The variety of claimants upon this principle, have compelled me to conclude upon a ſecret emigration; and as the ſervices of my landlady were neceſſary for the accompliſhment of this enterprize, I have preſented her with a little German volume, and announced my intention of eluding the reſt.

Prague will be my firſt ſtage, after leaving Vienna; and Berlin, by the way of Dreſden and Leipſig, will be, as I conjecture, the utmoſt limit which my travelling finances, aſſiſted by the moſt intrepid œco-

nomy, will admit. The communication between Berlin and Hamburg will enable me to find a place in ſome veſſel bound for England; and then, committing myſelf to the mercy of the waves, and the care of Providence, I ſhall hope to reviſit that happy iſland, to which, every compariſon I have yet made, has increaſed my attachment and regard.

Whether I may experience any, or what interruption from the progreſs of the French arms, I am little anxious to know; but their extraordinary ſucceſſes along the Rhine, have filled the coffee-houſes with clamor and predictions. To-morrow is the day on which the weekly waggon ſets out for Prague, ſo that I am at this moment preparing the neceſſary ſteps for an early and unobſerved departure.

LETTER CLXXXI.

Leipſig, Nov. 13, 1792.

I HAVE moved with ſome degree of rapidity towards this place—the very advanced ſtate of the ſeaſon, and the apprehenſions of obſtruction from ſnows, induced me to preſs my march. In my laſt I apprized you of my intention to quit Vienna. On entering the office to take my place for the Prague *Wagen*, the office-keeper regarded me ſternly; and, without paying any attention to my requeſt of regiſtering my name, made ſome remark, whoſe ſenſe I did not comprehend. He quickly explained, directing his finger to my head, and declaring, that he could not poſſibly treat with me till I had taken off my hat. To authenticate his claim, he ſhowed me the ſovereign's arms over the door, and ſaid, that

that he acted under Imperial authority. I neither made oppoſition, nor teſtified reluctance; but ſimply aſſuring him, that in England theſe things were indifferent, finiſhed my treaty hat in hand.

Excluſive of the conductor, we were only three in number. One a Pruſſian, native of Berlin, who had been reſident in England; the other an Auſtrian, whoſe accent diſcovered him not to be an inhabitant of the capital. The weather was clear, yet tremendouſly cold; and our journey, which was of three days and nights unintermitted, did not want its fatigues. Bohemia is not a wine country. Upon paſſing the frontiers of Auſtria, beer is the common beverage; and, if I may judge from the rigor of the natives, the qualities of this beer are not below its general reputation. The country abounds in game: our track bore us through ſome parts, in which the hares on either ſide of the road were innumerable. At a town where we ſupped, within ſome few poſts of Prague, the landlord indulged us with

with the choice of hares, pheaſants, or partridges. The ſhortneſs of our time decided us for the latter, and he dreſſed us quickly two brace of the greateſt beauty and flavor. They did not coſt us more than fourteen pence a brace in Engliſh money. The whole face of Bohemia is mountainous; theſe mountains are ſaid to poſſeſs great treaſures. Their mines are various, and invaluable; gems and metals are there found in great numbers, and of ſuperior character.

I was more pleaſed with the Bohemian than the Auſtrian girls. The former are, indeed, leſs fair, yet what they want in complexion, is amply ſupplied by form, and faſcinating ſimplicity. Their features are not regular, nor are their countenances correct; yet nature has given them charms, which muſt be felt, though they cannot always be defined. Their dreſs is wild, and not ungraceful; and their general appearance is, in a high degree, prepoſſeſſing.

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I have heard it reported, that the Bohemians export largely the feathers of their birds, and that feather beds are therefore very ſcarce in this country. Of this I had little opportunity of judging, as, between Monday and Friday evening, I was not allowed to preſs the couch, or ſeek in any horizontal poſture the bleſſings of repoſe. Though our carriage was by far the beſt German vehicle I ever ſaw, yet the ponderous ſtructure, and the roughneſs of the road, occaſioned perpetual concuſſions, which effectually prevented the enjoyment of continued ſlumbers. Other interruptions alſo occurred of a no leſs provoking deſcription. At the end of every ſtation the poſtilion blows his horn, and ſtriking the window, demands of each paſſenger his fee. The irritation excited by ſo unſeaſonable a demand, the buſtle neceſſary to diſcover the purſe, and count the ſols, baniſhed completely all propenſity to ſleep. Ere ſuch propenſities can be re-acquired, another clamorous poſtilion is preparing to blow his

his horn, and dazzle your half-closed eyes with the flames of his lanthorn.

LETTER CLXXXII.

THE spirit of a traveller should be fortified with much philosophy, and that philosophy should be of a cast to counteract the influence of minute provocations. That small portion which I possess is usually exhausted, before I have been dragged through all the ceremonies of entering a new town. Upon arriving before the gates of Prague, guards as usual arrest our progress, demand our names, characters, occupations, hotel, &c. which are severally registered; a grenadier then enters the waggon, and accompanies us to the custom-house. Here we are transferred from military scrutiny to civil inquisition: we are conducted into a warehouse, confined to a few square feet over whose boundaries we step at our peril; and, fatigued with a painful journey of eighty

eighty hours, we must continue upon our legs, till the different articles of our luggage are minutely explored, and the excise-man is at leisure to catechise us. An Englishman, who has so few inconveniences to encounter in his own country, is not quickly disciplined to inquisitorial insolence. Fortunately, however, for the improvement of his temper, lessons succeed each other so rapidly, that if his natural irritability be not invincible, a course of travelling must effect his cure.

Prague is a town of great antiquity, and the general aspect of it bears the traces of remote times. The bridge which connects the two divisions, makes a noble figure. It is, indeed, crowded with cumberous groupes of sculpture, which, though totally at variance with taste and proportion, give an air of magnificence to the whole. The situation of the town is delicious, and must afford in the gay season of the year many picturesque scenes. Some parts of the *New Town* are constructed upon the de-

clivities of thoſe hills which flank the city, and command a proſpect of vaſt extent. The cold was exceſſive, yet conſidered by the inhabitants as temperate. I expreſſed my ſenſations at the rigors of the winter—They deem themſelves as yet but in the veſtibule; and wave their complaints, till half the town ſhall be buried in ſnow. The Molda, which is the river that waſhes this capital, is either not very conſiderable, or was at the time I ſaw it much below its ordinary level.

Hiſtorians and travellers have minutely traced all the beauties of this celebrated city; and its military and religious viciſſitudes are too notorious to need recapitulation. I could not help caſting an eye of reflection, as I ſauntered among its battlements, upon the deſtructive ſieges this place has experienced, and the blood that has been ſhed before its walls. Yet the events of war are eclipſed by the brilliant examples of ſcience and religion, which adorn the early hiſtory of this capital. Foremoſt

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in the ranks of religious enquiry, Prague exhibited to the world an early ſchool of reformed theology; and added to the rolls of martyrdom, two of the firſt victims of papal intolerance and religious perſecution. How melancholy to reflect, that the war ſhould have found an ally in religion! that the diſorders of mankind ſhould have been aggravated, by what was deſigned as their cure: and that the bonds of civil ſociety ſhould have been diſſolved by thoſe very means, which were deviſed to cement their union, and perpetuate their exiſtence! If ever a momentary pang could enter celeſtial boſoms, it would ſurely be, when the ſacred name of religion is proſtituted to the purpoſes of cruelty, and the ſword of perſecution is employed to ſubvert the inviolable rights of conſcience.

LETTER CLXXXIII.

I PASSED but two days at Prague, and yet am pretending to judge of the people. You may allow what degree of credit

dit you think proper to my teſtimony, I ſhall not be deterred from delivering my ſentiments by your deficiency of faith. I had conceived, I know not why, ſomething barbarous and unfavourable in the Bohemians. This prejudice was quickly done away by converſation with the natives in my way to Prague. In the capital I was introduced to a family of ſome conſideration, from whoſe hoſpitality and manners I inferred very advantageouſly of this people. Had it been within the nature of my plan to allow more time to this place, I had every proſpect of an agreeable reſidence through the good offices of this family.

The Pruſſian, whom I have before mentioned as my fellow-traveller in the poſt-waggon, agreed to join me in the route I propoſed to take, as it coincides nearly with his own. By his mediation I drank Tokai with the citizens of Prague, and talked politics with their wives—French politics I mean, which have ſet the whole world at variance,

variance, and which here infuſe themſelves into all the channels of converſation. Six regiments are ſhortly to march from Prague to join the combined forces. Theſe are men of noble ſtature and fine military figure; the greater part of whom will probably never ſee their native ſoil again. "And for whom "this ſacrifice?" ſaid the lady who reported it, and who had a near relation of the number, "for a ſett of fugitives who have "ruined their country, and whoſe crimes "have provoked the vengeance which pur-"ſues them." War is doubtleſs a calamity under all its circumſtances, and patriotiſm is the ſole ground which can reconcile its horrors to a feeling mind.

The Bohemian language has a barbarous ſound, and differs very widely from the German; it is the Sclavonic dialect. The German is however very much ſpoken here, and the name of every ſtreet is announced at its entrance in both languages. The inn called the Bath is remarkably good. The beef here was without exception the fineſt

I ever met with; and, if I might judge of the country at large, from the ſpecimens which this town afforded, proviſions are excellent and abundant. Myſelf and the Pruſſian having come to an agreement to travel together, we determined upon employing what is here called the extra poſt, in which caſe we ſhould be more at our own direction, and move on with leſs tedioufneſs and fatigue. By a ſort of contract entered into between us, our travelling finances were united; and the reſpectability of my companion's connections at Prague induce me to believe that this accidental engagement will not want its advantages.

LETTER CLXXXIV.

IT was little more than two o'clock on the Sunday morning when we were rouzed by the horn of the poſtilion whom we had engaged the over-night. Our baggage was

ſoon faſtened on, and ourſelves ſeated. The morning was extremely dark, but the poſtilion flogged through the ſtreets as though the town had been fully illuminated. When arrived at the gates, a grenadier centinel ſtopped us, and demanded our *bill of the night*. This, from advice obtained the preceding day, we had procured from the Municipality, and this ſecured us the opening of the gates. At the end of the firſt ſtation the day began to break, and I had an opportunity of obſerving, what I had been before curious to examine, the ſtructure of our carriage.

A long narrow baſket forms the body of this machine, and this is faſtened, by wood and iron, upon four wheels. In about the middle of this baſket is a ſeat, and the luggage is diſtributed before and behind. They carried us with two horſes, the poſtilion driving from a little box. As the price of the poſt is fixed, there is no difficulty attending the payment. The ſame cannot be ſaid of that fee which the poſt-boy re-

quires, and which is called *trink-gelt*, or drink-money. This, though fixed by the same tariffe that determines the price of post-horses, only decides, in the opinion of these extortioners, how little you shall *not* give them. The pay fixed for these harpies is seventeen kreutzers each post. We tried at first to acquire the reputation of some liberality by a moderate addition to this sum, but were defeated in our expectations of giving satisfaction. We therefore fixed our plan to rise no higher than twenty-four kreutzers, except on particular occasions; and we succeeded at least as well by such œconomy, as we had before done by a more liberal allowance. The whole distance between Prague and Dresden is eighteen German miles, making near one hundred English. We could not with all our diligence make more than fourteen the first day, though we were near nineteen hours on the road, and scarcely made any stoppage by the way. The country through which we passed was of no particular beauty, and the towns

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but of an ordinary caſt. As we approached Saxony the country improved; and we coaſted along ſome formidable mountains till we arrived by the cloſe of day at the poſt-houſe from which we were to make our laſt ſtation. It was near ſix o'clock before we could get a relay of horſes. The ſtage proved a very perilous one, and nothing but our ignorance of its dangers could excuſe the undertaking it at ſo late an hour.

Our poſtilion mounted in a very ſullen humour, and expreſſed his paſſion by cracking his whip outrageouſly as he left the town. It ſoon began to grow extremely dark, and neither myſelf nor my comrade could diſcern what track we were purſuing. We found ourſelves beginning to aſcend, and could hear beſide us the ruſhing of water. As we were thus mounting, the poſtilion blew his horn: this was returned by another, who was deſcending; and how we ſeverally paſſed is ſtill to me a ſecret. The night continued to darken, and a fog

came on, which ſeemed deſtined to aggravate our embarraſſment. The poſtilion now diſmounted, and after proceeding ſome time on foot, aſſured us that if the darkneſs continued he ſhould not be able to find his way; that there were yet two mountains to paſs, the ſecond of which was very laborious, and after this mountain a very extenſive wood. Thunderſtruck with this intelligence, we could only recommend him to uſe his beſt endeavours to keep the track and *proceed*. Having paſſed the firſt mountain, and being arrived at the foot of the moſt formidable, our poſtilion acquainted us, that in a hut at ſome few yards diſtance he ſhould be able to procure a lanthorn, and that it would be dangerous to proceed without it. We embraced the propoſal with readineſs, and he ſhortly returned, accompanied by a man who bore a lanthorn before us the reſt of the way. We ſaw by the help of this light the dangers of which the poſtilion had given but a juſt repreſentation; for a more tremendous

track

track was never paſſed by night. The road was cut out of the rock; great maſſes of ſtone ſtrewed the path by which we aſcended; and I am perſuaded that without this light we muſt have periſhed in the attempt.

After conquering this mountain, we entered upon the wood of Peterſwalda; through the denſe and dark coverts of which our light diſcovered a track, croſſed by a thouſand others. As theſe receſſes are not unfrequently the aſylum of robbers, we wiſhed ourſelves well through it. A ſword a-piece was all the arms our magazine afforded. We covenanted to uſe them in each other's defence; but unfortunately for our proweſs no enemy appeared. We quitted the wood by ten o'clock in peaceful triumph, and ſheathed our uſeleſs arms in the poſt-town of Peterſwalda.

LETTER CLXXXV.

OUR ſituation, on arriving at the poſt-houſe, was not very enviable. All the weary world was retired to ſleep in this hamlet, and no light was to be ſeen. The ſound of the horn brought out a poſt-boy, who took charge of the horſes, whilſt we endeavoured to rouze ſome of the people of the houſe. When we entered, we found neither light nor fire. After paſſing ſo many hours in an open carriage, we were however ſtrongly diſpoſed to ſolicit ſome refreſhment. At length an old woman came to our aſſiſtance, holding a lath lighted at one end, which, according to the uſual mode of illuminating theſe miſerable manſions, ſhe ſtuck into the wall obliquely. After conſiderable waiting, we were at length ſerved with the remains of a hare, which, whether from its real excellence or from

from our neceſſities, appeared to have an exquiſite flavor.

Having diſpoſed of the ſmall portion of hare which our hoſteſs had procured us, we ſlept till five o'clock of the following morning, when we re-commenced our journey, in the firſt ſtation of which we croſſed the boundaries of Saxony and Bohemia. One diſadvantage of our change of country was the addition of half a florin per ſtation to the poſting; a proportionate increaſe was made in the poſtilion's demand. The road purſued a track along the left bank of the Elbe, and the approach to Dreſden was not unworthy the elegance of this city. Our names and profeſſions were, as uſual, demanded upon entering the town; and, as we had croſſed the frontiers of Bohemia, a viſit from the cuſtom-houſe was the firſt ſalute with which we were welcomed at our arrival in Saxony.

DRESDEN is a beautiful town, compoſed of houſes extremely well built, and poſ-

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ſeſſing in general an air of magnificence. The cathedral is a majeſtic edifice, and the bridge of ſtone thrown over the Elbe contributes greatly to the ornament and convenience of the town. The public buildings are noble, and the Gallery yields to no repoſitory of the fine arts in Europe. Travellers have detailed the various treaſures that compoſe this vaſt muſeum; and, as the world is in poſſeſſion of deſcriptions the moſt accurate of its curioſities, it would be ſuperfluous in me to add to the eulogiums it has already received. I could throw no new light on its antiques, nor detect any new beauties in its more recent monuments—for I did not ſee it: Circumſtances, which I need not particularize, interpoſing between me and my wiſhes, I left Dreſden without this gratification. The landlord where we lodged was one of thoſe inconvenient men who, ſpeaking ſome Engliſh, and affecting much civility, gave us a very conſiderable ſhare of his company.

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He had ſerved in America, which he regarded, in connection with his broken Engliſh, as a ſufficient claim to notice.

There is a very neat theatre at Dreſden, but the performers were very much below mediocrity. The Elector and his conſort attended the evening I was there, and I could not help remarking the *etiquette* that was obſerved by all preſent. Theſe perſonages occupied the ſtage-box, and drank coffee, as it appeared, for the amuſement of the ſpectators, who watched and obeyed their motions with great preciſion. At the cloſe of each act all the company roſe, and continued ſtanding with the moſt perfect decorum till the next commenced. This was a ceremony I had never yet ſeen practiſed; and I could not help contraſting the deference here paid to the Elector and his conſort, with the ſlight notice taken of the Emperor and Empreſs in the theatre at Vienna. The women of Dreſden are very fair. I ſaw more pleaſing countenances during the time I paſſed in that city than in

any town where I have lately reſided. There is a degree of elegance in their form and their phyſiognomies which is not often equalled. In returning from the theatre I was aſtoniſhed to meet in the public ſtreets ſuch numbers of the Cytherean train. However the ſtrict obligations of virtue may be diſregarded by theſe charming females, the laws of decorum appeared to ſuffer no relaxation. Our landlord to-day held forth, at the wane of the evening, very warmly on continental politics. He talked of troops which were to march from Dreſden againſt the French, whoſe ſucceſſes had occaſioned no ſmall alarm in this part of the country. He ſtated very fully the anxiety which was excited by the late propoſal to raiſe the Elector to the throne of Poland. As he had all theſe topics in a certain chain, he ſuffered no reply to interrupt him till he had finiſhed. A little Hungarian wine brought out the ſecret of his heart, when diſcourſing on French politics; and he cloſed his harangue by proteſting, that though a

faithful ſervant of his own government, he ſhould be unwilling to bear arms againſt the gallant defenders of a better conſtitution.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

I WAS diſtreſſed at the neceſſity which bounded my ſtay at Dreſden to one day; but the compaſs pointed to Leipſig, and by four o'clock of the following morning we prepared to quit this charming town. Our firſt ſtage was run over with great rapidity, as road and horſes were excellent. In general the road continued good to Leipſig, and we found no part indifferent but the concluding ſtage. The greater part of the road ran along the ſhelving declivities which incloſe the valley. The Elbe flows for a conſiderable part of the way parallel with it; and in the gay ſeaſon no beauty can be wanting

wanting to render theſe landſcapes pictureſque and pleaſing.

I found Leipſig a very plain town, but compact. To judge from ſhort and general obſervation, it is chiefly compoſed of ſtudents, mechanics, and bookſellers. Of the firſt there are eſtimated from fourteen to ſixteen hundred. The town has little to claim on the ſcore of vivacity, as the ſtreets want not only the elegance of faſhion, but the activity of trade. The population is ſaid to exceed thirty thouſand. Here, as at Vienna, the houſes are built upon ſo large a ſcale, that they contain, in many inſtances, from twenty to thirty families. The Univerſity is formed of a ſet of very ancient buildings, occupying a very contracted ſpace, and by no means ornamental to the town. The church of the Nicolaiques is a very elegant edifice, and the only one of the kind that merits attention. It is not yet completely finiſhed in its interior. Its decorations are perfectly expreſſive of that dignified ſimplicity which ſhould characterize

terize a chriſtian temple. There is a promenade without the walls which encircles the whole town. Parts of this promenade are diſpoſed with no ſmall taſte, and the whole is agreeably arranged for the purpoſes to which it pretends.

Upon the whole, Leipſig has little to exhibit to a traveller who makes a tranſient viſit, and who ſeeks to be gratified with pompous curioſities. The great ornaments of Leipſig are to be found in the characters which iſſue from its Univerſity, and the productions of its preſs. The manners of the inhabitants cannot be fairly judged of by a rapid ſurvey. They have the reputation of being ſuch as a traveller would wiſh to find the manners of thoſe with whom he is to paſs a great portion of his time. I have converſed with ſome perſons of credit in the place, and, from all that I can collect, in no town is ſociety more compact, or upon a more eaſy footing. The inhabitants appear to want none of the *agremens* of ſocial life. Intercourſe the

moſt

moſt familiar, and hoſpitality the moſt liberal, are ſaid to prevail amongſt them. In addition to theſe, all the advantages which books and the converſe of literary men can contribute, abound. If theſe circumſtances be fairly conſidered, few towns can afford a better aſylum to the man whoſe taſte can be amuſed by rational ſociety, and whoſe deſires can be gratified by moderate pleaſures.

LETTER CLXXXVII.

Berlin, Nov. 16, 1792.

THE Table d'Hôte at Leipſig was very well attended, and exhibited a variety of company. I was aſtoniſhed at the free diſcuſſion of political topics which I there heard; ſubjects which involved the moſt dangerous queſtions, were treated with a boldneſs, which convinced me, that the evils complained of by ſome as exiſting in this government were little injurious to the general liberty. The privilege of being diſ-

contented

contented is found in all ſtates; but the privilege of diſcuſſing thoſe diſcontents without control, can only exiſt under a government of ſome virtue. It always ſuppoſes a degree of conſequence in the people, which a perfect tyranny never allows.

Leipſig, to be known, claims a longer reſidence than the limits of my plan would allow me to make. I therefore took a haſty ſurvey of its ſeveral parts; and reſolved upon quitting it on the cloſe of the ſecond day. We entered our carriage in the afternoon, and paſſed over a very ſandy road, four German miles.

When arrived at the poſt-town, we conſulted the poſtilion upon the propriety of continuing our route, who aſſured us, that the next four miles were entirely through woods, and that the road was uniformly bad. As we had already made experiment in this way through the wood of Peterſwalda, we were prepared to eſtimate the inconvenience of entering upon a wood by

night. We yielded, therefore, to the reaſoning of the poſtilion, and paſſed the night at Tuben. The next morning, between five and ſix o'clock, we renewed our journey, and entered the wood before day-break. We were convinced of our prudence in declining to purſue our journey by night, as the roads were extremely bad, and full of dangerous inequalities. As the poſt-maſter had no *wagen*, he gave us a calaſh, which is a ſmall four-wheel chaiſe upon a perch. We had ſcarcely made a third of our ſtation, when this perch ſuddenly ſnapped in two, and brought us to the ground. Our ſhouts arreſted the poſtilion, and we fortunately were delivered from this wretched machine, without receiving any damage. Our ſituation was ſtill very embarraſſing. We were now in the middle of a wood, at the diſtance of more than a league from any inhabited ſpot, with a carriage ſo entirely ſhattered, that it appeared impoſſible to repair it ſufficiently for the journey. We debated with the poſtilion for ſome time,

upon the beſt means of remedying this diſaſter.

It was difficult at the outſet, to reſtore the enraged driver to any tolerable temper. He curſed the broken calaſh by his gods, he gave it to the furies, and deſtruction. When he grew weary, he recommended us to watch the horſes and the property, while he went in queſt of ſome aſſiſtance. The cold was exceſſive, and we were left to experience all its rigour, till, in the courſe of an hour, we eyed him afar off, returning with the ſtem of a fir-tree, which the accidental rencounter of a woodman had enabled him to fell. All hands were now employed to raiſe the machine, and inſert the ſtem of the fir-tree. This being at length effected by chaining and tying it to the remains of the fractured perch, we remounted our calaſh, and were dragged gently along in this manner to the next poſt-town. Though the morning had opened fine, yet ſhortly the clouds collected, and a ſtorm of very cold and violent rain blew upon us. We were

nearly torpid when we entered the poſt-town. Fortunately a meſs of officers were juſt ſet down to dinner, and we were admitted to a portion of what the table produced.

From this place we proceeded in our old ſpecies of carriage, and were aſſailed by wind and rain, againſt which our uncovered vehicle afforded no ſhelter. This ſtation, which was alſo of four miles, brought us upon the Pruſſian territory. A Pruſſian centinel accompanied us, upon entering, to the poſt-houſe, where in his preſence the officers of the cuſtoms made due inveſtigation of our luggage. My great object had been to reach Potzdam this day; but the accident of the morning had rendered this impracticable without conſiderable danger. We entered, however, upon, and accompliſhed another ſtation. At the boundary of this, the rain fell with great violence, and we were within an hour of midnight. It was reſolved, therefore, to reſt at the poſt-houſe the remaining hours

of

of the night. Riſing with the firſt light of the morning, we entered upon the road to Potzdam. The ſands over which we had to paſs afforded ſo great obſtruction, that it was not till eight o'clock that we arrived before the gates of this city.

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

THE expence of travelling poſt increaſed in a kind of arithmetic progreſſion through the ſeveral countries of Auſtria, Saxony, and Pruſſia. I have before mentioned the addition of price which took place, upon paſſing from the Emperor's dominions to thoſe of the Elector of Saxony. Another increaſe has now been made, and the reckoning at the end of each ſtation, conſiſting of the different charges for the horſes, and wages of the wagen-maſter, the ſchmeer-gelt, or greaſe for the wheels, and

trink-gelt, or poſtilion's bounty money, is not a little complicate. Potzdam is a very handſome town, and bears the marks of a monarchical reſidence. This it no longer is; the preſent king's attachment to Charlottenburg has totally ſupplanted the importance of that city, which was the production and the idol of Frederic the Second. The ſtreets of this city are in general very wide, and the public buildings and ſquares have an air of magnificence. But my curioſity flew from palaces and edifices of public ſplendor, to the dignified retreat of this king and philoſopher.

At about a mile and a half from the city, ſtands the manſion of Sans-Souci, built by this firſt of kings and of heroes. In the grounds contiguous to the building, are diſpoſed ſome ſtatues of no ſuperior ſculpture. The buſts of the twelve Cæſars are arranged at the two wings, and in one angle of this terrace, the remains of ſome favorite dogs are honored by flat ſepulchral ſtones, which preſerve their names. There is a very

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ſplendid alcove, upon entering the grounds, which ſavours more of the king than the philoſopher. Upon entering the houſe, we were uſhered into a very handſome hall, and paſſed from thence into a dining parlor. I ſhall not particularize the ſeveral apartments which compoſe this elegant, though contracted, reſidence. The chambers in the left wing, were thoſe principally occupied by the late king; thoſe which compoſe the right, were for the moſt part devoted to his gueſts. His own particular chamber is very neat, decorated with very ſimple ornaments, and hung with ſome pictures by the beſt maſters. Two muſic-ſtands are here preſerved, of which he made great uſe, as he had a very paſſionate attachment to muſic, and was eſteemed to blow the flute in a very maſterly ſtyle. His ſtudy is ſmall, but remarkably pleaſant: the windows open upon the grounds in different aſpects, and command very delicious and varied proſpects. Theſe were the apartments that chiefly fixed my attention. Independent of

the principal building, there is a ſmaller, detached by a conſiderable interval. This contains two very ſuperb ſaloons, in the moſt magnificent of which the monarch uſed to dine with his officers upon review days. The whole of Sans-Souci forms undoubtedly a very handſome reſidence, yet derives its principal value, from the recollection of the monarch who built and inhabited it;—a monarch who united in an eminent degree the higheſt qualities of the philoſopher and the hero, and who entwined with the laurels of war the flowers of Parnaſſus. I could not help regarding with ſilent admiration the abode, within whoſe walls were planned ſyſtems of legiſlation and ſchemes of policy; where the ſtudies of the ſtateſman were combined with the viſions of the poet; and the councils of war with the ſpeculations of philoſophy.

I went at eleven o'clock on the parade. Here the military are exerciſed every day, and they performed all their evolutions

with an addreſs, which marked the moſt excellent diſcipline—the reſult of the heroiſm, the firmneſs, and the military paſſion of Frederic the Great. After the parade, I was deſirous to make for Berlin, as it was not my intention to viſit any of thoſe buildings which uſually attract, and, where circumſtances favor, may ſufficiently merit the attention of travellers. A public carriage called the Journaliére, was about to ſet off. We therefore paid our fare, which was extremely reaſonable, and arrived here before the cloſe of day. The road was admirable, and the laſt half of the ſtage ſuperior to any I ever ſaw. I could not help *agonizing* at being told, that a conſiderable part of the troops I had ſeen exerciſed were ordered to march againſt France. The flower of them has already been drawn off; and theſe are to be ſacrificed to the ſame ambitious views of an intriguing monarch. Some people at Potzdam, who acquainted me of this, remarked that it was a ſhocking conſideration. I aſſured them, I thought it perfectly ſo. I

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ſoon found, however, that humanity formed no part of their diſtreſs—"For Potzdam," ſaid they, "will be ſo dull without the ſol-"diers—we ſhall have no ſights at all!" Thus are men under arbitrary governments amuſed and cajoled into ſervitude; amuſed at the expence of their liberty, they forget in this fatal faſcination the chains they are compelled to wear.

LETTER CLXXXIX.

Berlin, Nov. 20, 1792.

THE journaliére, which I entered at Potzdam, is a ſort of daily caravan: it affords a very uſeful accommodation to the cits of Berlin, who hold it amongſt their higheſt luxuries to be rolled in a carriage to Potzdam upon days of feſtival or leiſure.

On our arrival at Berlin, I was driven to the cuſtom-houſe; and after due inveſtigation of my wardrobe and papers, it being adjudged, that the one contained no contraband,

contraband, and the other no libellous matter, I was permitted to retire in the dark to the quarters which the truſty Pruſſian had in the interval engaged for me.

Berlin has ſeaſons of particular diſadvantage to its convenience and beauty. So little attention has been paid to paving, and ſo little regard is had to cleaning the ſtreets, that they preſent at this moment, in conſequence of heavy falls of rain, one continued ſheet of water and mire. In other reſpects the city is deſerving of conſiderable praiſe. The ſtreets and ſquares are wide and magnificent. The houſes are built of white ſtone, upon a plan of regular and noble architecture; and few cities preſent, to a ſuperficial view, a more grand and prepoſſeſſing exterior: but a greater contraſt can ſcarcely exiſt, than that which appears between the city and its inhabitants, the houſes and their tenants. While the firſt exhibit all the marks of pomp and opulence, the laſt betray the evident ſymptoms of poverty and wretchedneſs. Few carriages roll

over

over the pavement, and the crowds which ſtruggle on foot afford a melancholy commentary upon military government. Houſes which might grace the fortune of a prince, are ſhared amongſt a groupe of miſerable labourers; and tattered ſtockings are flying from windows, which would do no diſcredit to the walls of a palace. The greater part of theſe were built by the late king for the ornament of the city, and given to his ſuperannuated ſoldiers, in reward for their military labors: and this circumſtance at once accounts for their outward magnificence, and the poverty which reigns within. Extenſive as this capital is, it contains but one theatre, and that of no great eſtimation. The opera-houſe belongs to the king, and is only opened at one ſeaſon of the year. The repreſentations in this are given at his majeſty's expence; and this is conſidered by many as a very ſufficient return for the revenues which he derives, from the burdens impoſed upon his ſubjects.

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The general dullneſs which prevails, and of which I have found frequent reaſon to complain, is attributed to the abſence of the king. If his majeſty's reſidence be ſo eſſential to the gaiety of the city, I cannot imagine that he has decided particularly well to leave it in ſuch a criſis of public ferment. Pleaſure is the old and uſeful ally of political tyranny; and Frederic cannot have forgotten himſelf ſo greatly as to ſuppoſe, that the diſſipation of his grandfather's treaſures upon a diſtant enemy can excuſe the omiſſion of preſcriptive largeſſes within his own dominions. The weekly export of Pruſſian coin has already ruffled ſome unquiet ſpirits, and decrees againſt Jacobin aſſemblies have excited ſome ſecret alarms: but what the real temper of the majority may be, it is by no means eaſy to diſcover, or ſafe to conjecture. Real opinion is too cloſely entrenched behind the neceſſary diſguiſe of intereſt or fear; and the ſubjects of a military deſpotiſm are not readily hurried into flights of indiſcretion. It is true

that

that all ſeems hitherto fortified by ample and vigilant force: the guards ſeem proud of their tinſel, and the people of their chains: it is, however, difficult to believe that the day is diſtant, when ſomething further will be requiſite to the ſatisfaction of the people, than the ſplendor of the monarch; and a more ſolid advantage expected from the revenues of government than the oſtentatious gratuity of a theatrical gala.

LETTER CXC.

Berlin, Nov. 22, 1792.

MY landlord (to whoſe good offices I was recommended by my Pruſſian fellow-traveller) is a man of no contemptible underſtanding. His attachment to my countrymen is not among the leaſt of his admirable qualities. His wife, a comely dame of little more than half his age, preſides at the Table d'Hôte which is held at his houſe; and we number amongſt our daily gueſts a couple

couple of barons, who ſeem to have as good reaſons as myſelf, for not frequenting the firſt ordinary in Berlin.

The arrival of a ſtranger ſeems an object of ſome moment to the ſharpers of this city. My ſlumbers of the ſecond morning were broken by the unſeaſonable interruption of various dealers, who offered to make themſelves uſeful in their different lines. An attic—four ſtories from the ground—had placed me, in my own judgment, above the reach of theſe intruders; but before I could well procure my breakfaſt, I had given denials to half a dozen hawkers and money-brokers. The laſt are Jews, and very importunate in their offers of obliging. Their demand is, for any thing *Engliſh*. The ſmalleſt article of dreſs is to them an object of ready purchaſe. But my wardrobe was purpoſely thinned at the commencement of my expedition; and my gala ſuit of figured velvet, after having done its courtly duties, was already bartered at Geneva with an honeſt clothier for a warm German cloak.

Articles

Articles of living are considerably dearer in this city than at Vienna, and it is already sufficiently evident, that my connection with Berlin will not be of long duration. My landlord has engaged to average his charges upon the most equitable scale, and the necessary arrangements were terminated by a significant shake of the head on the part of my landlady, who did not doubt but the Englander was a *Reicher Kerl* (a rich man), and wished herself no worse luck, than to exchange fortunes with me.

French wine is the ordinary beverage of the Table d'Hôtes, but this is retailed in the smallest quantities; and as the usage of continuing the session after the cloth is removed has not yet found its way to Berlin, half a pint seems in general the measure with which each guest is contented. The breaking up of the Table d'Hôte is the signal for repairing to the coffee-house. Each of these houses is a receptacle for smoaking and cards. At the entrance of the house a large rack is discovered, in the inter-

interſtices of which pipes of at leaſt three feet long are inſerted. When a ſtranger enters, a pipe is immediately drawn from this magazine; and being charged and kindled by the waiter is put into the hand of the party, who then takes his ſeat at a card-table, or his poſt at billiards, according to his choice. It is truly ridiculous to ſee the expedients practiſed to unite ſmoking with play. The unuſual length of their pipes renders it quite a ſcience to diſpoſe of them, ſo as that four perſons thus occupied may ſurround a ſmall table, and handle their cards without incommoding each other. Black coffee, as it is called, or coffee without milk, is the general drink; and this is ſerved out on very reaſonable terms. A cup of this entitles me to the privilege of mixing with all who aſſemble; and I ſometimes perſuade myſelf, that I come away better inſtructed from this peep into human vagaries, than from the peruſal of a book which has coſt me ten times the ſum.

LETTER CXCI.

Nov. 28, 1792.

BY the good offices of my Pruſſian friend, who is a native of this place, I have found a paſſport into the ſociety of at leaſt the ſecond-rate inhabitants; and am now in great meaſure familiarized to them. The labors of my private ſtudies during my reſidence at Vienna, are now turning to the beſt account; and I have daily opportunities of tracing the inflexions of this complicate language, in the practical uſes to which I am compelled to apply them. Nothing has delighted me more than the agreeable change of accent, which I found upon approaching this city. The coarſe and barbarous pronunciation to which I had been accuſtomed in Auſtria, is very agreeably contraſted by that ſoothing ſoftneſs which prevails in the accent of Saxony, and Branden-

Brandenburg. In Vienna the gutturals are expreſſed in full and lengthened tones; at Berlin the voice is induſtrious to glide over the harſher conſonants, and give a liquid ſmoothneſs to its leaſt melodious terms. My attachment to this language increaſes with my knowledge of its powers. It poſſeſſes a richneſs, variety, and correctneſs beyond any modern language with which I am acquainted. Nor is its praiſe confined, in point of tone, to energy and vigor. No language is better adapted to chaſte and delicate expreſſion, and few lyrics that I have read ſurpaſs in ſweetneſs and melody, the gentle meaſures of the German muſe. The coarſe and popular accent has excited an unreaſonable prejudice againſt this language; but in the mouth of the Berlineſe it ſuits as gracefully the levities of converſation, as in the hands of a Euler and a Klopſtock, the graver majeſty of philoſophy and epic poetry.

The literary induſtry of the Germans is proverbial. They are the very bees of

Europe, drawing from every exotic production whatever can contribute to enrich their knowledge. Publications the moſt minute are ſpeedily tranſlated, and not a novelty appears throughout Europe, but aſſumes in almoſt the ſame time a German dreſs. Hence their ſhops and libraries are magazines of the moſt diverting caſt. Every ſhelf contains a miſcellany of recent productions, and a foreigner may find, amongſt the ſolemn labors of this country, all the looſe and common-place trifles of his own. The manners of the people are extremely courteous in this metropolis. Without poſſeſſing any extraordinary refinement, they yet diſcover a frankneſs and civility which does honor to their natural diſpoſition. They have all the requiſite endowments for cheerful ſociety, and the eaſy humor by which they are diſtinguiſhed, encreaſes in no ordinary degree the value of their hoſpitality.

An invitation from a friendly quarter led me ſome evenings paſt to ſee the humours

of a dance, at a place of public reſort, under the denomination of the Engliſh houſe. The company were ſufficiently reſpectable, and the ceremonies were under the direction of an officer, who uſed his beſt endeavors to remove that awkwardneſs which my ignorance of the company occaſioned, and which their attention to my conduct rendered it difficult to conceal. As *Engliſh* is with them only another term for *faſhionable*, the dances were profeſſedly accommodated to the *Engliſh* ſtyle; but this, like their dreſs, was ſo diſtant and imperfect a copy, that it only embarraſſed their own movements, without rendering it poſſible to divine what was the ſubject of their imitation. The reſidence of his Highneſs of York amongſt them is reported to have given circulation to this Anglomania, and a compliment paid to their Engliſh appearance is the ſureſt paſſport to their reſpect and affection. The introduction of pipes into a dancing ſaloon was a phænomenon, which I ſaw in this inſtance for the firſt

time. I had ſcarcely recovered from the ſurpriſe into which I had been thrown by the entrance of a band of ſmokers, when a ſervant girl approached me with a lighted pipe, which ſhe had agreeable to the cuſtom of the place charged and kindled; and was with difficulty prevailed upon to believe, that I was ſerious in declining the offer.

The hour of ſupper was paſſed in a cheerful diſplay of temperate, but good humoured feſtivity; but the reſumption of the dance and the card-playing ſet me afloat again upon ſolitary ſpeculation. It ſoon appeared that I was not the only member of the company whoſe thoughts were rambling from the pleaſures of the ball-room to ſpeculations of greater moment; for I had ſcarcely taken my ſeat, when a gentleman who had left the dance placed himſelf near me. As I had turned my back upon the part of the room from which he came, I ſhould ſcarcely have noticed his poſition or intentions, had not an unuſual volume of ſmoke announced the near approach of

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ſome new object. Without waiting for the ceremony of an introduction, he immediately addreſſed me in very indifferent French, with ſaying, that he underſtood I came from Mancheſter, and wiſhed me to tell him, if they had not in England "une "machine pour filer le coton." I told him, that I knew as little of Mancheſter as himſelf, having only heard of it by report; and, as to the machine of which he ſpoke, I was profoundly ignorant of every thing reſpecting it. I added, that I believed they had in England a machine for every thing; and that poſſibly my friend, who was at no great diſtance from me, might be able to ſatisfy him on theſe particulars, as he had reſided ſome time in England, and was an indigo merchant; though I was not ſure that the commerce of indigo had any particular connections with "les machines pour filer "le coton." The arrival of my friend at this moment enabled me to transfer the ſtranger into his hands; and, informing him that I was not "dans le commerce," I

left him, with a determination not to frequent again a citizen's ball, till I ſhould have qualified myſelf to make a better figure upon queſtions of mechaniſm and trade.

LETTER CXCII.

Nov. 30, 1792.

THE ſeverity of this climate begins now to be very ſenſibly felt; and a froſt, which promiſes ſome continuance, has already commenced. The ſtreets have gained conſiderably by the change in point of appearance; but, as they never undergo the ceremony of cleaning, they are now impaſſable without extreme hazard. The promenades are alſo laid under a vaſt ſheet of ice; and the track lately graced by belles and beaux, is now occupied with the diverſions of ſkaiting.

My thirſt for palaces was never extreme, and has been ſo amply ſaturated, that I was not without difficulty prevailed upon to unite

unite with a company in a viſit to the Schloſs, for ſuch is the term by which a palace is denoted. It is a building of very noble exterior, and the architecture of the façade poſſeſſes conſiderable majeſty. My companions, who conſiſted of about a dozen Pruſſians, were divided between admiration of what they ſaw, and aſtoniſhment at the little emotions which I diſcovered. Their aſtoniſhment had nearly taken another turn, when I aſſured them, that many a merchant in London could ſhow more ſumptuous furniture than that which adorned the reſidence of their monarch.

A Pruſſian count, whoſe viſits to our Table d'Hôte have been frequent, has treated me with ſingular marks of attention; and I owe it to his good offices, that my time has not occaſionally moved heavily. He has rank in the Pruſſian cavalry, and has travelled with advantage through almoſt the whole of Europe. His converſation is brilliant, and his manners refined; and an experience of nearly forty years in active ſervice

vice has ſtored his mind with information, and his memory with anecdote. He has preſſed me to accept of his introduction to a ball, upon a higher ſcale than that which I laſt viſited; and as it will give me an opportunity of ſeeing the flower of Pruſſian beauty, I ſhall put myſelf under his direction.

I think I have diſcovered, in advancing northward, a growing aſſimilation to the Engliſh character. The Germans feel a pride univerſally in the analogy which their language bears to the familiar terms of the Engliſh; and they ſeem to feel a greater pleaſure in this aſſimilation to a people they like, as it tends to remove them to a greater diſtance from the French, whom they hold in abhorrence. At Berlin the mode of life, habit, and intercourſe copy, more ſucceſſfully than at any place I have yet viſited, the frank and unaffected manners of Engliſh ſociety. The principles of government are amongſt the exceptions, which muſt be made, in pronouncing the eulogium of the native

native Pruſſians. Theſe they ſeem to have excluded from the general courſe of human ſtudies, as ſubjects of difficult comprehenſion, and dangerous import. The memory of the laſt Frederic has reconciled them to arbitrary power; and the influence of a prejudice which his glories inſpired, prevents them from ſeeing, that what was an inſtrument of good in a liberal and magnanimous prince, may prove a ſcourge in the hands of a leſs enlightened monarch.

LETTER CXCIII.

Berlin, Dec. 2, 1792.

THE amuſements of Berlin are upon a much narrower ſcale, than is uſual in cities profeſſedly ſubject to a deſpotic government. A ſingle theatre is their only dramatic luxury, and the repreſentations in this are by no means deſerving of an high eulogium. Rotundas are open on ſtated evenings for the promenade and the dance; theſe

theſe are illuminated and rendered attractive by decorations and muſic: but the groſs licentiouſneſs which rules the ſcene, renders modeſty an infrequent and unwelcome gueſt. The "Thüregarten" is a rendezvous for ſummer-parties, and poſſeſſes every accommodation for the pleaſures of the promenade. The ſeaſon of the year has robbed it of its natural ornaments; but ſufficient remains to ſhow, that its alleys and bowers muſt prove a grateful retreat from the heat and impure air of the city. In addition to the "Thüregarten," the amuſements of ſummer are ſaid to be heightened by the vicinity of Charlottenburg, the favorite aſylum of the preſent king. This, ſituated at the diſtance of two hours from the gates of Berlin, abounds in attractions for ſummer viſits; and is ſpoken of with enthuſiaſm by all but the aged, who ſee with regret the dilapidations of Potzdam, the favorite of the laſt monarch, haſtened by the coſt and attention which is beſtowed on Charlottenburg.

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The ball to which the Pruſſian count had undertaken to conduct me, afforded the only opportunity which in my circumſtances could have offered, for ſeeing the courtly ſide of Berlin. The ſociety was numerous; and what was wanting in beauty and taſte, was very amply ſupplied by brilliancy and rank. The king's late miſtreſs, decorated with jewels, appeared to occupy the office of lady preſident; and my noble conductor inſiſted upon preſenting me to a perſonage, whoſe good graces are eſſential to a faſhionable reputation. The greater number of perſons in the higher ranks being of the military profeſſion, their aſſemblies receive conſiderable ſplendor from the interſperſion of blue and ſilver, amongſt the looſe and flowing drapery of the female habits. As my purpoſes were ſooner anſwered than thoſe of the company, I withdrew in the zenith of their diverſion, and ſtole with plebeian ſecrecy to my lodging.

Some calculations, upon which my attention has lately turned, decide for a very ſpeedy

ſpeedy departure from this city; and I know not—as circumſtances now ſtand—whether I ſhall leave behind me any ſubjects of particular regret. My intercourſe with the natives has contributed eſſentially to my advancement in the language, and I have received from their courteſy an impreſſion conſiderably in their favour. In ſpeaking upon the morals of this city, I am apprehenſive of appearing in the character of a ſatiriſt: but I think I have no where ſeen —Naples itſelf not excepted—ſuch various and undiſſembled libertiniſm. It ſeems to pervade in a meaſure all the various ranks of which this city is compoſed; and vice might almoſt be ſaid to be domiciliated among them. I know not what judgment you will form of my poſitive deciſions, after a reſidence of ſo ſhort a period. But exempted by my ſituation from ſervices of ceremony, the whole of my time has been free for the inveſtigation of ſubjects which more particularly intereſt and engage my enquiries. In depth of obſervation I pre-

tend

tend not indeed to compare with that German, who, after a reſidence of thirty years ſouth of the Alps, being interrogated by a friend on the general ſtate of Italian manners and literature, replied—"Ah! lieber, "was kan man doch in treiſſig jahr ler-"nen?"—"Alas! my friend, what can one "learn in *thirty years?*"

LETTER CXCIV.

Hamburg, Dec. 10, 1792.

COURAGE is vulgarly imagined to be only then ſhown, when the battle is ſuſtained —Wiſe men have extended it, in critical caſes, to flight.—"When 'tis hard to com-"bat, learn to fly." For my own part, this laſt is almoſt the only ſpecies of courage I have employed ſince I begun my travels; and I have rarely entertained a better opinion of my own proweſs, than when I have turned my back upon the enemy without riſquing an encounter. Berlin and its plea-

ſures began to grow formidable; my landlord praiſed his wine: parties to Charlottenburg were hinted at by my landlady. The dangerous incenſe of flattery was offered. My coat was hübſch *, my boots were hübſch—"ſo kan † man gleich ſehen das ſie "ſind Engliſh gemacht," was the language of my companions. This was burſting the cearments of my ſecrecy. I whiſpered to my faithful Pruſſian, whoſe viſits and attentions were conſtant, that I muſt be gone. His affairs were ſettled, and therefore places having been previouſly taken on Tueſday the 4th, we entered by nine o'clock in the morning the Poſt-wagen bound from Berlin to this place.

This vehicle was beyond compariſon the worſt with which I have yet had to encounter; a looſe covering of oil-cloth, which hung in the form of curtains, was all the protection we had from the wind and hail,

* This is a term expreſſive of approbation.

† One can ſee immediately that theſe are of Engliſh manufacture.

during

during a journey of ſeventy-five hours. This is the only alternative when travelling poſt is unattainable. The expence on the former plan is ſix groſchen per mile German, and two groſchen each ſtation to the poſtilion. As a ſevere froſt had prevailed for ſome days previous to our departure, the roads were in the outſet agreably ſolid; and it was not till the ſecond day that the weather began to be tempeſtuous. A violent wind blew into our wagen the whole of the ſecond night, all the hail it could gather up in its way from the German ocean, to which we were tending. The darkneſs of the night kept our conductor in a perpetual ferment. As his office aſſigns him a place within the carriage, he broke our ſlumbers at every interval by tearing aſide the oil-curtain, and vociferating to the poſtilion his apprehenſions of our loſing the track. By ten o'clock we iſſued from the Pruſſian dominions, and exchanged our nervous conductor for a patient and intrepid Huſſar, who bore the marks of long ſervice.

He took his ſeat amongſt us, and drawing forth his pipe, ſmoked without uttering a ſyllable, till day-light. Our courſe continued with little interruption during the following day and night, till morning found us before the gates of Hamburg. From the floods and other obſtructions, againſt which we had to ſtruggle, it was noon before we arrived at the cuſtom-houſe. I was compelled to wait a full hour for the delivery of my luggage. But my anxious friend the Pruſſian converted this delay to advantage. Leaving me to defend the joint property of us both, he ſallied out in queſt of a lodging for me; and being very accurately verſed in the topography of Hamburg, procured without difficulty a ſituation correſpondent to the humility of my means and wiſhes. As a cup of coffee and a little ſour ſoup had been almoſt my only ſuſtenance for the laſt three days, I was not a little gratified by the luxury of a dinner. Having haſtily relieved the demands of appetite, and requeſted my landlady to

ſet a glaſs of hot punch before me and give me no further diſturbance, I threw myſelf, after the manner of the country, between two beds, and forgot in the moſt delicious ſlumbers the perils and fatigues of the journey.

I obeyed the invitation of my landlord the following day to his Table d'Hôte, and found myſelf ſurrounded by better ſociety than I had expected. An Heſſian officer, in broken Engliſh, welcomed me to the table; and placing me next him, aſſured me, with an agreeable mixture of Engliſh and German proteſtations, how happy he was to find an Engliſhman by his ſide. My daily intercourſe with the members of this table has eſtabliſhed a ſort of familiarity, which ſtands me in the ſtead of ſociety; and my next ſhall enable you to judge what ſpecies of amuſement I derive from this accidental combination of contraſted and diſſimilar characters.

LETTER CXCV.

Hamburg, Dec. 14, 1792.

SOCIETY is a term of wide import. It is to ſome a ſelection of friends, to others a circle of acquaintance, and to moſt a determined claſs and deſcription of perſons. To me ſociety means my fellow-creatures; and wherever I trace my ſpecies I find exerciſe for my ſocial affections.

The circle, to which I promiſed in my laſt to introduce you, exhibits a motley mixture of profeſſions, characters, and political opinions. At the head of our number is a paſtor of the reformed church, to whom the chief place at table is ceded out of reſpect to the gravity of his profeſſion. He is a man of a middling age, of very formal manners, but of a very logical head. Next to him in weight and eſtimation, is the Heſſian officer. He is a light active man, of about three or four and thirty. As it

was

was his fortune to be born in the dominions of that Prince, all whoſe ſubjects are ſoldiers, and all his ſoldiers venal, he has paſſed through an intereſting variety of ſervices. For ſeven years he fought under the Engliſh banners in the American war, and was of the number of thoſe made priſoners with Lord Cornwallis. When this war was ended he returned to his country; and the Dutch proceeding to a rupture with the Emperor, he petitioned his Prince to let him ſerve the former. This ſpeedily vaniſhing, he found employ in the civil commotions of Holland, and turned his ſword againſt the Patriots. Upon the arrangement of theſe differences, he entered the Daniſh ſervice, under the expectation of a war between the Danes and Swedes. It is in this ſervice that he now continues, as lieutenant of the Yagher Corps, or Light Horſe. He is a man of great perſonal bravery, and ſeems to have but little reſpect for any argument but that of the ſword.

A Gentleman from Lubeck, of reputed good fortune, and of much information, enjoys the third place in our ſociety; and next to him a large unwieldy lieutenant of the Hamburg guard, a man of a confuſed head and voluble tongue. In addition are ſome merchants clerks, who are leſs regular in their attendance, and treated with leſs deference by the landlord. As the affairs of Europe are almoſt invariably the ſubject of converſation, our debates are not a little animated. The prieſt maintains the ariſtocratic dogmas, as beſt aſſorting with the intereſts of the church. In this he is ſtrongly, that is, ardently, ſupported by the Heſſian, whoſe attachment to monarchy has not been impaired by all the blows he has received in its ſervice. The Lubecker is a republican, and profoundly verſed in the changeful politics of Paris; and but for the confuſion which his officious partizan, the Hamburg officer, throws in his way, would frequently be found a more than equal match for the united ardor and logic of

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the Heſſian and the prieſt. As Hamburg is reſorted to by all deſcriptions of foreigners, the Heſſian finds ample ſcope for Antigallican violence in every viſit he makes to the coffee-houſes. As prudence and good manners are in his judgment allied to cowardice, he deals out his reproaches againſt the objects of his hatred in places of the moſt public reſort. He has never diſtinguiſhed—for diſtinction requires thinking—between the Emigrant and the Citizen, the friends of the monarch or the republican conſpirators. The memory of his priſon has confirmed him in hoſtility againſt every thing that aſſumes the name of French; and all the terms of reproach which his language affords are employed without reſerve againſt the nation at large. It is my misfortune occaſionally to be made the referee between this outrageous monarchiſt and the Hamburg democrat; and ſuch is the zeal of the former to criminate thoſe whom the latter undertakes to defend, that upon a late deciſion which I gave in

his favor, and in which the French were in no ſort concerned, the exulting Heſſian broke out with a vehemence of joy and triumph, "God ſave the King, and **** "die Franzoſen!"

The general turn of ſentiment in this place is againſt the Revolutioniſts; and Baron Trenck, who had taken up his reſidence here, and whoſe civic enthuſiaſm is ſufficiently notorious, received an admonition to change his quarters; and he now reſides at Alternach, a village little diſtant from Hamburg, and within the dominions of the King of Denmark. A man whoſe life has been checquered with ſo many viciſſitudes is a ſubject at once of curioſity and aſtoniſhment. My enquiries reſpecting him induced my faithful Pruſſian to trace out his reſidence; and under his conduct I made a viſit to the houſe at Alternach where this extraordinary veteran boards, and dined in company with him. He is a man of tall, athletic, and military figure. An affair of honour has left him the uſe of but one eye;

eye; and the advances of age have viſibly impaired his corporeal vigor. He ſpake but little, and that in a very barbarous and unpoliſhed accent. The praiſes of the French Revolution, the defamation of Joſeph II. and the late Frederic of Pruſſia, are almoſt the only ſubjects that call forth his eloquence. On the firſt he indulges in a periodical paper, which he iſſues monthly. On the laſt he deſcants in every ſociety, and recounts anecdotes, in which the *horrid* and the *marvellous* hold an equal place. He repreſents Joſeph as delighting in ſecret executions, where every refinement upon barbarity was employed. Of Frederic he affirms, among other things, that he wore a ring mounted with a ſharp ſtud, for the expreſs purpoſe of wantonly knocking out the teeth of his innocent and unoffending domeſtics. Theſe *prodigious* hiſtories ſeem to have aſſigned the Baron a low place in the eſtimation of his neighbours; for I have ſcarcely heard his name yet mentioned in this quarter of the world without the addi-

tion

tion of ſome reproachful and ſcurrilous epithet. The Heſſian is outrageous when he ſees him paſs—as is his cuſtom daily—through the ſtreets of Hamburg. He ſeems at a loſs to ſatisfy his feelings of contempt with a term ſufficiently reproachful. This ariſes in the Heſſian from a knowledge of his hoſtility to Kings. "Mein Koenig iſt mein "Gott*!" is a maxim which the Heſſian avows as his ruling principle; and ſo accommodating is his creed, that, as his intereſt leads, he can find a god in any king in Chriſtendom.

LETTER CXCVI.

Hamburg, Dec. 19, 1792.

I AM always amuſed in a commercial town. I love the buſtle of an active commerce; men ſeem in ſuch ſituations to have found their uſes. The quickneſs of their motion ſeems to ſpeak the energy of their buſineſs.

* "My King is my God."

My

My eyes have been ſo long dazzled with military ſplendor, that I find an agreable novelty in the plainneſs of trade. At Berlin all were officers; here officers are converted into merchants. The change preſents an ample field for ſpeculation. I rarely fail paſſing amongſt the motley multitude at the hour of fulleſt concourſe, enveloped, as a neceſſary diſguiſe, in my German cloak. The diſaſters of the ſea, which has been unuſually ſtormy, and the uncertain condition of the French King, are the reigning topics of converſation and enquiry. For ſome days paſt the weather has been remarkably foul; and a ſignal-gun announced, in the night of laſt Tueſday, an extraordinary ſwell of the Elbe. Numbers of the inhabitants were compelled to eſcape with precipitation from their houſes, and the merchants have in general ſuſtained conſiderable damage. The oldeſt ſeaman ſcarcely recollects the ſea to have been more tempeſtuous. A Daniſh captain, who was caſt a-ſhore at the mouth of the Elbe, reports

that

that the whole extent of the coaſt is covered with wrecks, and that bodies are floating in prodigious numbers. Theſe circumſtances have obliged me to abandon the deſign of terminating my courſe by a voyage from this place; and my thoughts are at preſent engaged in contriving ſome means for proceeding along the coaſt to Holland. The Pruſſian has it in his plan to purſue this route by Bremen, Amſterdam, &c. and therefore it has been determined that this project ſhall be put into execution the 22d enſuing, if no accident prevents.

Hamburg is a town whoſe character is beſt eſtimated in the ſummer ſeaſon. The ramparts are furniſhed with promenades, and the vicinity with villas, which muſt render it an agreable reſidence during the ſummer months. The poſition it occupies is extremely commodious, and embraces every advantage of land and ſea. The variety of its commerce, and the opulence of its inhabitants, have introduced into its ſocieties a mode of life in a high degree ſumptuous

tuous and magnificent. The families I have viſited are on a very ordinary ſcale; but the offer of introduction to thoſe of a higher claſs was checked by the report of a largeſs expected by domeſtics who attend, in every family of ſuperior condition. The table of my landlord is very ſufficiently furniſhed; a ſingle ſhilling pays the ticket of admittance; a few ſols in addition procure a ſmall flaſk of wine; and the ſubſiſtence of a day would ſcarcely pay, as I am given to underſtand, the cuſtomary tribute for a *gratuitous* ſupper.

The military of Hamburg make but an ordinary figure, but the currency of their credit is their beſt defence. This is made, as is natural, the univerſal teſt; and the merit of each is weighed alone in the ſcale of commercial opinion. An attempt to aſſociate a Jacobin club was defeated by diſcrediting the paper of its members; and that was found to have little influence with the public which had loſt its weight upon 'Change. The military character of this

people has been of old burleſqued, but with what juſtice I pretend not to know. The ſatire is conveyed in a monkiſh diſtich; and though I recollect the verſes, I cannot aſſign my author:

Hamburgenſes, velut enſes, ſemper acuti;
Prælia poſcunt; nec bene noſcunt, enſibus uti.

The approach of Chriſtmas is now celebrating throughout this city, and a large fair is eſtabliſhed among the cloiſters of the Cathedral. Out of reſpect to cuſtom I ſuffered myſelf to be ſqueezed through the avenues in which it is kept, and I have ſeldom paid ſo dear for compliance with local cuſtoms. The four laſt days have excited an extraordinary degree of curioſity to receive the news from Paris and London. The fate of Louis is judged inevitable, and every courier is expected to announce the deed as already perpetrated. A caricature is ſaid to be in circulation at Paris, in which the King is repreſented as playing at picquet with a Sans-Culotte, and uttering theſe emphatic

phatic words, "J'ai ecarté les *Cœurs*, il a "les *Piques*, et je ſuis Capot." Intelligence from England is ſought with almoſt equal intereſt. Alarms of French plots in the metropolis have been reported upon very ſpecious authority; and the part which England will take in the preſent circumſtances, is waited for with a degree of anxiety, which argues the expectation, from her interference, of ſome important changes in the face of European affairs.

LETTER CXCVII.

London, Jan. 7, 1793.

BEING at length hoſpitably ſheltered under the roof of the houſe where the conveyance from Harwich has depoſited me, in company with a large ſociety of weather-beaten travellers, I proceed to recount the ſequel of my continental viciſſitudes, and acquaint you by what adventures I have regained my native country.

Upon

Upon leaving Hamburg, on the 22d of December, the whole of my travelling ſtock amounted to two ducats and ſome Hamburg ſols. The Pruſſian, who had obtained inſtructions for the route we were to purſue, attended upon me in an open waggon at the appointed hour, in order to proceed to the place of embarkation for the paſſage of the Elbe. When I conferred with him upon the probable expences of our tour, and threw into the common purſe my remaining ducats, he looked grave, and doubted whether our united finances would ſupply the means of conveying us to Amſterdam. But this was not the moment for deliberation: the veſſel was about to ſail, and we took our places under a very tempeſtuous ſhower of hail. The wind blew ſo unfavourably, and with ſo much violence, that we had great difficulty in clearing out, and were five hours upon the water, nearly four of which were paſſed in perfect darkneſs. The paſſage is uſually effected in one hour. The lights of Haarburg

burg at length ſaluted us, and we landed with expreſſions of gratitude to Providence, which had reſcued us from a ſituation the moſt perilous and alarming.

After an interval of two hours, we were ſummoned by our conductor to enter the waggon. This was literally a long cart, formed entirely of wood and iron. The ſeats were rough planks, with neither backs nor elbows. A conſiderable quantity of luggage was ſtowed in this vehicle; and we were left to find, as we could, a place for our legs among this lumber. Our number was ſix; and thus we travelled, with no other cover than the ſtormy canopy of heaven, till eight o'clock of the Monday morning. We then entered the town of Bremen, and, as it had frozen during the night, I found ſome difficulty in reſtoring my limbs to their natural functions. The roads had been in moſt parts deluged with floods, which rendered our motion particularly ſlow. The whole diſtance between Haarburg and Bremen was ſcarcely more than

ſixty Engliſh miles, and three or four and thirty hours were conſumed in performing the journey of a day. As a cup of coffee and a ſlice of bacon were all that we had found between Saturday and Monday, we embraced with readineſs our landlord's propoſal to prepare us a warm ſoup in lieu of breakfaſt. This ſoup was little better than warm water tinged with a ſcanty leaven of butter. We had ſcarcely terminated this wretched repaſt, when a meſſenger announced that the waggon bound to Leer was in readineſs to proceed. We ſettled with our landlord, and taking our portmanteaus under our cloaks, repaired to the ſpot where we were inſtructed to ſeek the waggon. An old Pilot, of robuſt make and Engliſh lungs, had already taken his place in the firſt ſeat, and gathered up at leaſt his ſhare of the ſtraw, as a defence for his feet. He ſaluted us, upon aſſuming our ſeats, with a rough compliment in the Dutch language. We returned his civilities in German: but ſuſpecting that Engliſh was not wholly unfamiliar

familiar to us, he hazarded a queſtion which produced an immediate explanation, and we congratulated each other upon the proſpect of returning to England together.

The Pilot gave us to underſtand that he had been appointed to conduct a ſhip from Portſmouth to Bremen; and after encountering a ſtorm of many days continuance, had effected his object. That the foulneſs of the weather induced him to prefer a land journey, though an experienced ſeaman. He was perfectly converſant with the route we were now to purſue, and had paſſed by it on many former occaſions. We requeſted that he would undertake to arrange for us at the inns, and permit us to partake of the ſame fare with himſelf. To this he objected, urging, that while we might be ſeeking the bed-chamber and the parlour, he ſhould content himſelf with the kitchen or the garret. We aſſured him that our reaſons for making the ſame choice with himſelf were at leaſt as ſtrong as his own. He then demanded, as a preliminary article,

a full delegation of authority, with the privilege of introducing us under thoſe characters which he ſhould judge expedient, to which we readily acceded.

LETTER CXCVIII.

WHILE this convention was forming between us and the facetious Pilot, the waggon was moving ſlowly on towards the place of our deſtination. The cold was intenſe, and the route ſo barbarous, that we had no alleviation of the ſeverities of our condition but in the good humour which prevailed amongſt us. The hardy Pilot rarely uttered a complaint. His memory was ſtored with Dutch and Engliſh naval ſongs; and when the wind blew its keeneſt, he vociferated his moſt forcible melodies. It was not till one o'clock of the Wedneſday morning that we entered the town of *Leer*. This is a ſmall but neat town in Eaſt Frieſland, under

under the dominion of the King of Pruſſia. The Pilot alighted firſt, in order to enter upon his office of caterer; and we were met at the door by a comely matron, whom the Pilot addreſſed with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "Well, mother," ſaid our protector; "I have brought you a pair "of *ſchneiders* *, who are travelling home "to their wives and families. Cook them "up a pot of warm beer, and throw an "egg and *ſchnaps* † into it; and give them "a morſel of cold meat, if you have it; and "look ye, don't make them pay too much "at the end of it."

In the abſence of our landlady, who retired to execute his orders, the Pilot, who had hitherto only ſeen us in the waggon, deſired to look at us more narrowly, in order to know how the diſguiſe was likely to be ſupported. With the Pruſſian he profeſſed himſelf ſatisfied, as the whole of his wardrobe would not have ſold for half-a-crown. He had his doubts about me when ſtripped

* Tailors. † A glaſs of Geneva.

of my cloak; bade me never part with my wrapper, and endeavour on every occaſion to look my worſt. Our good hoſteſs now ſerved up our ſupper, and we retired to bed; the Pilot having aſſured us that four hours ſleep was all that his plan would allow. By ſix, therefore, we were ſummoned to riſe; and it was not without extreme reluctance that I thruſt my ſwoln legs into thoſe boots in which they had already been ſo long confined. A boat, prepared by the Pilot, attended at ſome diſtance from our inn, and in this we aſcended the river *Ens* to Wender. Here the Pilot demanded a cart, to which they refuſed to attach leſs than four horſes. Our champion fought a very vigorous battle with the poſt-maſter; but Dutch obſtinacy prevailed over Engliſh violence, and we proceeded with this equipage to Neueſkans. The conduct of the poſt-maſter was fully juſtified in the end, for a more extraordinary track never obtained the denomination of a road. As it was conſiderably paſt mid-day

when we arrived at Neueſkans, our dinner was formed of the fragments which remained of the family meal; and in conſideration of the cold we had ſuſtained, and the gaiety of the ſeaſon—for the laſſes were dreſſed in their Chriſtmas attire—the Pilot admitted of an additional tankard to our regular quantum of beer.

I ſtrolled in the afternoon through this little town, in order to arm myſelf with a pair of Frieſland ſtockings, the cold being in this place ſeverely felt. The panic excited by the progreſs of the French had reached this quarter. Many of the inhabitants had packed up their effects, in order to fly, apprehending a viſit from the Sans-Culotte army in theſe inclement regions. By ſeven o'clock of the following morning we were in a travelling boat, and thus proceeded to Gröningen. The company was numerous, and treated us with very little ceremony. The froſt was beginning to take effect upon theſe tracks of water, whoſe extent covered the whole ſurface of the

country. A ſmall cottage occaſionally roſe amidſt this watery waſte, cut off, at leaſt in this ſeaſon of the year, from all intercourſe of human ſociety. The alarms of an invaſion in ſuch a quarter appeared ſufficiently chimerical. In approaching Gröningen, the coſtume, of which in my laſt viſit to Holland I have given a deſcription, began to appear—the ſpacious bonnets, the black patches, and all the groteſque peculiarities of the different ſtates. The landlord at Gröningen was no ſtranger to our Pilot: the latter had prepared us to expect ſome exorbitancy from the former, and therefore we requeſted him to uſe us with perfect freedom. No ſooner therefore had we diſembarked from the boat, than the Pilot called upon us to take our luggage under our arms and follow him. On entering the inn he demanded the way to the kitchen, where he commanded us to take our ſeats; and then began an harangue to our hoſteſs, in very voluble Dutch, recommending us to her charity and her care. "Theſe fellows,"

ſaid he, at the cloſe of his harangue, "are "poor enough—miſerably pinched in pocket—but honeſt, mother, honeſt as the day." An œconomical dinner was ſoon ſerved up; and the remainder of the day was enlivened by the exhauſtleſs humour of the Pilot. We entered on the following morning a boat for *Strobuſch*, where we arrived in the evening; and embarked with the remains of two ſhips company, whoſe veſſels had been wrecked, and ſome other paſſengers in the ſkiff, for Lemmer. It was nine o'clock in the evening when we embarked, and we met with ſo many interruptions from calms, contrary winds, and maſſes of ice, that it was not till after a tedious courſe of thirty-five hours that we reached Lemmer, a ſmall ſea-port upon the coaſt of the *Zuÿder See*. Here we found a large and commodious packet ready to ſail, in which we embarked, and left the harbour, in the teeth of a tempeſtuous gale. As the wind blew ſo contrary, we were taught to expect a voyage of three days.

But

But by this time our means were reduced ſo low, as to admit only of the purchaſe of a loaf, and leave ſome ſtivers for the payment of our paſſage, and other caſualties. Fortunately the wind came round in the courſe of the morning, and the lights of Amſterdam ſaluted us, after a voyage of little more than eighteen hours. As we arrived before the port at an early hour, we were compelled to ſleep on board till the opening of the *Baum*, as it is called: this took place about eight o'clock, and we landed with the reſidue of our travelling ſtock, which conſiſted in ONE ſolitary ſtiver.

LETTER CXCIX.

THERE is in human life a ſtrict alliance between pleaſure and pain. My feelings on the proſpect of Amſterdam were about equally balanced between the two; and

and I knew not whether to conſider the termination of my voyage an event of happy or diſaſtrous fortune. Befriended by my cloak, I walked the deck during the watches of the night, engaged in deep and ſubtle calculations for recruiting my purſe, now reduced to its laſt ſtiver. Morning brought the Pruſſian upon deck. I was by this time his debtor. He demanded my plan and intentions reſpecting our travels. I replied that my deſign was to raiſe ſome money upon a friend, ſhould he happen to be at Amſterdam; or, if that failed, to wait for ſome remittance. At this he demurred; but the jollity of the Pilot, who was now aſcending from the cabin, full of the beſt Geneva, put an end to our dialogue. As all hotels are indifferent to thoſe who can pay at neither, we determined upon being conducted to the beſt: and requeſting the Pilot, who had now paſt the line of temperance, not to viſit us till evening, we moved with cautious ſteps to the *Prinz von Wallis*. A luxurious breakfaſt compoſed us

for

for calculation; and it was agreed, with very ſhort preliminaries, that I ſhould make the firſt attempt at diſcovering a friend; and if my ſearch failed, the Pruſſian ſhould avail himſelf of his commercial credit. An excurſion of an hour through the ſtreets of Amſterdam fulfilled, on my part, the conditions of our engagement; and the Pruſſian, on the failure of my embaſſy, proceeded to execute his part of the contract. He ſhortly returned with nine ducats, which he had obtained by virtue of ſome letters he bore. Theſe were to be œconomized, and therefore inquiries were immediately made for a night-boat to Rotterdam. This part of the buſineſs the Pilot arranged, and ſummoned us in the duſk of the evening to attend him down to the Canal.

Rumours at Amſterdam were generally circulated of ſtrong diſaffection to the reigning powers. The name of Dumourier had been triumphantly inſcribed in ſome obſcure parts of the northern provinces; and the Orange cockade, which appeared univerſal

verſal on my former viſit, was now ſunk into as general diſuſe. Our company in the boat was numerous, and amongſt them ſome emigrant French officers from Condé's army.

At Gouda we entered a public carriage, and finiſhed our courſe to Rotterdam by land. The road paſſed through a pleaſant tract of country. Houſes of very agreeable aſpect, inſulated and inſcribed with their reſpective names, preſented a ſcene of novel and pictureſque beauty. The Guards of Rotterdam compelled us to diſmount; and, in defiance of my caution at firſt and my remonſtrance at laſt, carried off my truſty ſword to the Guard-houſe. I accompanied them in order to be certified of their authority, which appeared in a municipal order; and upon my prevailing upon them to believe, by a dialogue in German, that I was no Frenchman, they diſmiſſed me, with an aſſurance that my weapon would be reſtored

to

to me upon an application to the Grand Guard.

The Pruſſian having upon application at Rotterdam obtained a further ſupply, places were engaged in the packet to Helvoet for the following morning, it being decided that half a ducat could be ſpared for the indulgence of a bed, a luxury which the fatigue of four ſleepleſs nights had prepared us to enjoy. Our captain, to whom upon the faith of his engagement to convey us to Helvoet we had covenanted to pay a ducat each, brought us aſhore at the Brille; and landing our luggage, acquainted us, that the reſt of the journey muſt depend upon ourſelves. We demanded the carriages for which he had engaged; he replied that the poſts had rendered the track impaſſable for carriages, and that, if we declined purſuing our route on foot, the only alternative we had was to return with him. This was adding inſult to injury—we paid our ducats; and, accompanied by ſome French officers,

officers, commenced our journey, leaving the luggage to follow in a ſledge. After a fatiguing ſtruggle of two or three hours over a tract of rough and frozen country, we arrived at Helvoet. But by a ſort of union between fraud and fate, the ſledge containing our luggage foundered; and we had to ſuſtain the additional expence of ten porters, diſpatched from Helvoet for the tranſport of the general luggage. By pretended exertions of a moſt extraordinary nature, they accompliſhed this buſineſs ſufficiently early to admit of our ſailing with the packet on the following morning with the break of day. Emigrants of various quality and profeſſion compoſed our company. A calm of many hours arreſted us before the coaſt of Helvoet; but a gale of ſome ſtrength ſpringing up in the night, we found ourſelves by ten the next morning approaching faſt to the harbour of Harwich. An emigrant of ſome rank riſing upon deck, and being told that the land he now ſaw was the Engliſh coaſt, ſpread out

his

his arms, and uttered with a tranſport of enthuſiaſm—" Voila la terre de la raiſon, " la terre de la liberté." Then turning to France, he exclaimed, in a tone of indignation,—" Voila la terra de l'abomination !" By noon we landed; and uniting with a well-bred German from Leipſig, celebrated the event of our arrival with much feſtivity. The Pilot attended in the evening agreeable to our inſtructions; and as he had perfectly recovered the effects of his Geneva, received from myſelf and the Pruſſian ſome articles of apparel in gratitude for the ſervices he had rendered us. Thruſting them into a large black bag which ſtood him in the ſtead of a portmanteau, he threw this over his ſhoulder, graſped his oaken ſtaff, and left us, ſinging as he retired with a voice like thunder—" Come cheer up, my lads, " 'tis to glory we ſteer." We arrived at the metropolis the following day. As I had entered the country in a foreign coſtume, a ſecluſion of a few days became neceſſary, till ſuch changes could be effected

as would ſecure me from the ridicule of the public. My obligations to the Pruſſian were then diſcharged, but a ſenſe of his frank and important ſervices will hold a laſting place in my recollection and my gratitude.

My travels now are at an end, and the laſt page of my continental adventures is written. Reflection naturally carries me over the paſt; and I am diſpoſed to think, that I have not ſuſtained, in the varieties of my lot, an uſeleſs or unprofitable diſcipline. The maxim of Rouſſeau is frequently before me. "Quiconque revient de courir "le monde, eſt à ſon retour ce qu'il ſera "toute ſa vie." I can only expreſs my wiſhes, that it may be found applicable to myſelf, in its beſt interpretation. My ſtudy has been, in the route I have purſued, to decipher man, under all the varieties of his natural diſpoſition or artificial diſguiſe. And if I have acquired any uſeful knowledge, or eſtabliſhed myſelf in the belief of any practical truth; if I have learned to

moderate my expectations, or to temper my regrets; if I have made any advances in patriotism and philanthropy, and strengthened my attachment to my country and to mankind, the great objects of my ambition will have been fully attained, and I shall neither have travelled nor suffered in vain.

THE END.

ERRATA.

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